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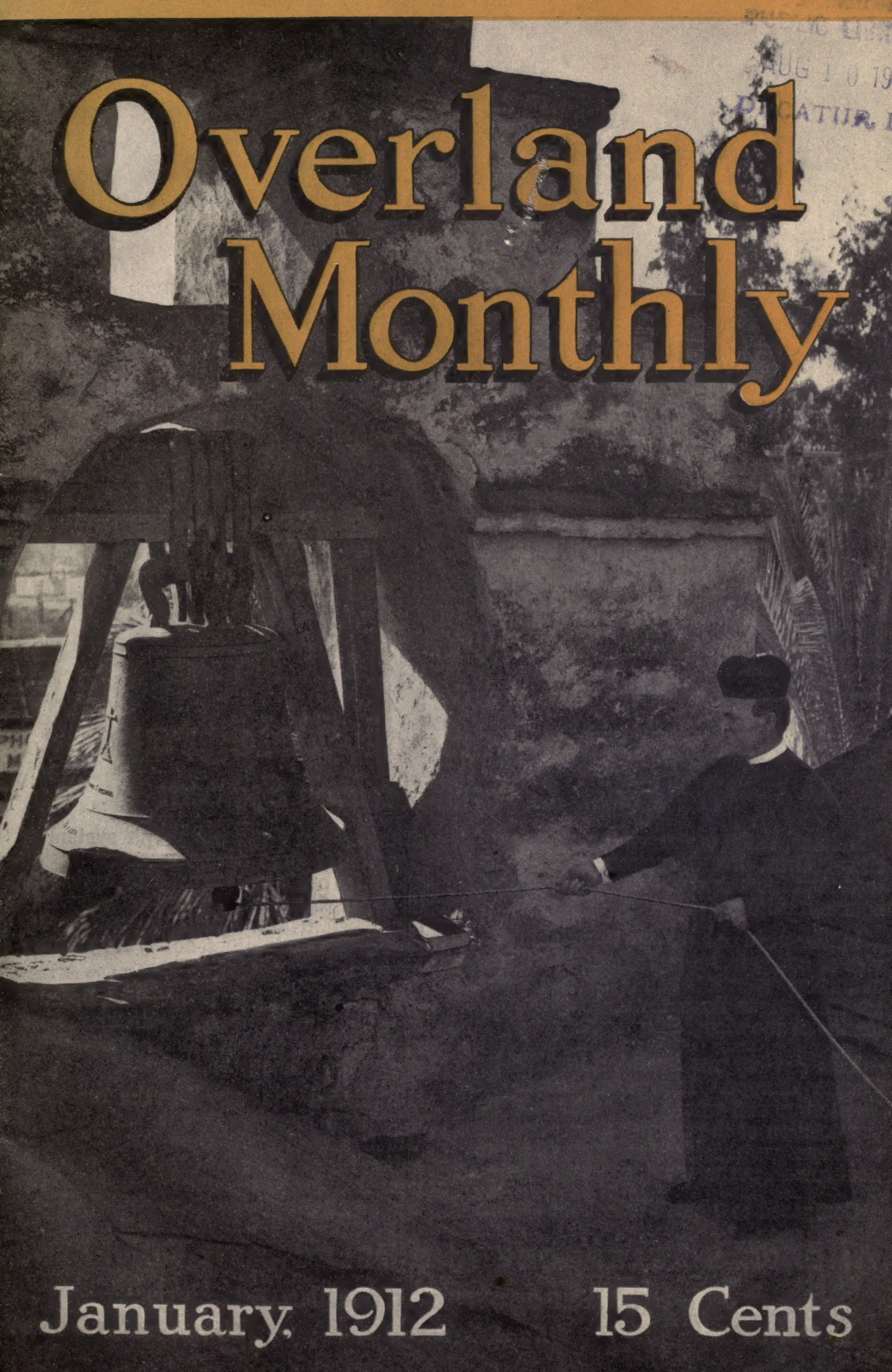
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Vol. LIX--Second Series

January-June 1912



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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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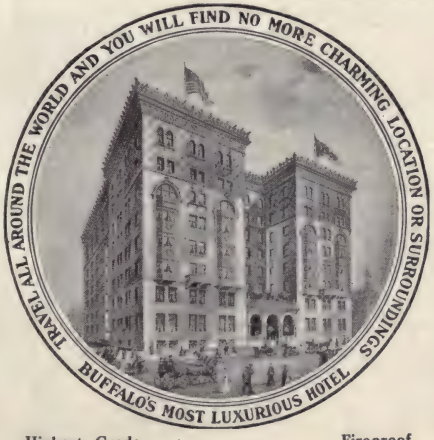
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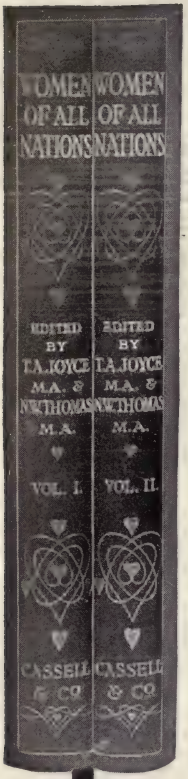
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Their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence

Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M. A., and N. W. Thomas, M. A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

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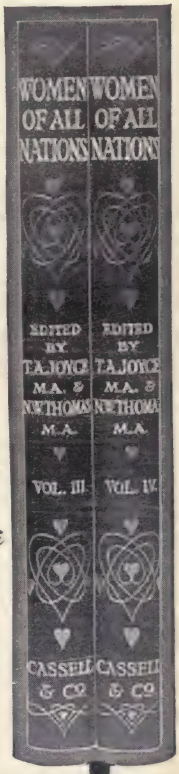
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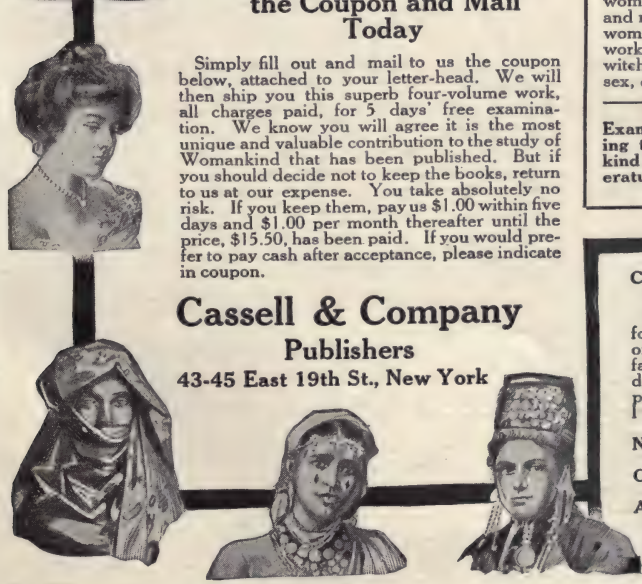
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And all her train were hurl'd.

H. VAUGHAN.



The beach at Santa Cruz,
below the country home of C. C. Moore

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CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOMES: NO. 1

The Beautiful Garden Surroundings of C. C. Moore, Near Santa Cruz

BY JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

IT WAS one of the dazzlingly sunlit days that distinguish Santa Cruz, which I selected for my visit to describe the garden home of Mr. C. C. Moore, President of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

As the carriage slowly ascended High street, my eyes roved over the sea of houses, of streets, of tree-planted plazas, that stretched far and wide below me; to my left, with Monterey Bay and the open ocean for a border,



"An air castle set in the midst of emerald lawns."

in which the golden sun made glints and gleams, as the soft breeze playfully tossed sudden ridges in the blue waters; to my right, the territory had risen till a rock-ledge, covered with mountain growth of wild-flowers carefully preserved, overhung the road; and on the plateau, where the long row of old Monterey pines marked the line of the beautiful Moore estate, these venerable trees formed a protecting hedge, and an impenetrable screen.



Vista from the C. C. Moore home near Santa Cruz, looking over the city towards the distant rolling waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Photo by Appleby.

With a sweep the carriage enters the grounds, an entrancing picture of cool, green fairyland; an air-castle, set in the midst of emerald lawns dotted with groups of canna, flaming up in the shadow of spreading yew and Lawton cypress, it seems only a part of the dream that comes over one on entering this garden of delights. On closer inspection it is really a house built by hands; but so spun in with the pink flowering passion vine, the climbing fuchsia, the ampelopsis, the clematis, the capensis, that its white walls only shimmer through foliage and blossom, as the afternoon sun lights up the picture. The first glance to the right takes in all this as you enter, but your eyes instantly turn to your left, for an enormous willow, with drooping branches hiding the

giant trunk, has cast a fringed green curtain clear across the stream that separates the golf links from the gardens; and now the wind, just stirring, raises the curtain, casting thousands of glittering pearls on the close-clipped grass, and giving the sun full sway for a merry little dance on the water.

Which way to turn in this retreat of floral and woodland wonders is now the puzzling question. In front of us, on either side of the graveled drive, rise other picturesque, flower-covered buildings, more or less of the air-castle style, and all connected by arches and stringers of the passiflora rosea, interwined with the shoots and branches of roses, which serve as columns, here and there, where the distance is too great for a single long arch. In front of, and to the right of the family home, are such wonders of garden craft, accomplished by the most simple looking means that one cannot tear one's-self away, though the clear, swift-flowing stream sings and calls and beckons with its rustic bridges, its cascades and waterfalls, and its rare nymphia lilies floating where the water is calm, above the falls. But we must see these rondels first, brilliant and fragrant, with gaudy lilies, with old-fashioned stock, with fuchsias and phlox and asters in all colors. The long flower-borders edged with the blue lobelia, and built up, tier banked on tier, of gayest-hued snapdragon, from dwarf to giant; of chrysanthemum, of oleander, of dahlia, of the most wonderful varieties and colors. More wonderful still is the reproduction of the rosarium in the Crystal Palace Gardens. To name all these roses is impossible; but that they are well selected, the name of Hiram Grimshaw, the English gardener, an artist in landscape work and flower raising, is a guarantee; he has carte blanche from Mr. Moore to get what he deems best.



"Covered over, and hidden by a huge pepper tree, stands a roomy pergola pavilion built of redwood logs."

And still the purling, babbling stream calls and beckons in vain. Oh, yes; we were approaching it, by slow degrees; nearer to it were beds of calladium, circled in the lawn; still nearer, great spreading beds of cineraria under great, spreading trees. Already the rows of far-famed rhododendron along the bank of the stream were in view, when my attention was

irresistibly attracted by the head of a large, beautiful dog, a yellow St. Bernard, that thrust itself under my hand, with a tail-wagging invitation to pat his head. "With the greatest pleasure," I said; "but you are a new dog, I think." And so it was; Queen was a late acquisition, but my older friends, Bobbie and Patricia, who had taken prizes at the dogshow, now came up, too, well-bred, well-mannered collies; and also Don, grown very fat, and another new dog. Quite young, I thought, and with the head of a hound.



"The clear stream sings and calls and beckons, its rare nymphia lilies floating where the water is calm."

"What breed is he?" I asked, and the irate gardener answered, "I don't know; but he's got no breeding. Look at the big holes he scratched into that bed again, this morning." Well, it must be exasperating, but the dog did not mind: he was playing with a white cat. by this time, stone-deaf, but fat and sleek as everything else on the Moore place.

We were standing in the shade of a cedar of Lebanon, now, and clustered about it were trees of exotic growth, the ficus elastica, some beautiful species of a rare, slender cypress; and in among these were still the homely, full-bearing apple, and a pear tree full of ripening fruit. Suddenly a flock of pigeons rose up from their quarters in the distant barn-lot, came slowly sailing toward us, and vanished behind a new building, one of the cottages in the grounds, which the Moores keep adding from time to time for their increasing number of guests. This one cottage is unique, of redwood, with the bark on, finished in redwood, dressed inside, rustic to the extent of having a chest of drawers built into the window recess, and having, throughout the house, only wooden bolts and buttons for door-fastenings; but with bathrooms of the latest luxury, and with a fine mirror above the rustic chest of drawers. Flowers surround the building, new as it is; on the posts of the pergola, vines are climbing; and on the sunny lawn sur-

rounding it, close to the redwood wall, the whole length of it, there grows a collection of tuberous-rooted begonias, rarely seen clustered and rioting in one place; the purest white, the most brilliant scarlet, salmon, straw-color, rose pink and pearl color, shell pink, orange red, lemon color, dark maroon,

above, over which tumbles the water in broiling fall, a giant willow shading the bridge, falls and stream. A garden pavilion stands in the shade, beckoning swings depend from its huge limbs; comfortable garden-chairs are scattered about in groups, and everything invites to repose. This is the



Redwood gate entrance to the C. C. Moore country home near Santa Cruz. Photo by Appleby.

and some of the blossoms seven inches across.

From here leads another broad walk clear to the broad and rolling fields of the Moore estate; but we cross the first rustic bridge now, thrown across the stream, an artificial rock ledge

end—or is it the beginning—of the golf links. The cabalistic figures on mysterious plates do not impress me so much as do the tree-groups and the clusters of shrubs. Silver-barked birch here, a clump of hawthorne there —bamboo, dogwood and variegated

elder; but, away from the brink of the stream, with its overhanging trees, there is sunshine and clear space of lawn, from where the eye penetrates the grateful shade beneath the spreading pepper trees, locusts and laurels on the other bank. Rarest shrubs throughout the grounds, and running to the banks of the streams. While we muse over a new plantation of tree-peonies, and what their beauty will be, a fish-hatchery on a small scale catches the eye. And as if wonders were not to cease, this glorious day, down the stream I see a man with a large panful of chopped raw meat; and now I hear him, beating the side of the pan with a big iron spoon. And presto! the still waters are alive with fish, leaping and flying, as the man throws spoonful after spoonful of meat into the water. They are trout, lively, lusty fellows, hatched on the place, some of them two feet long, and this is no fish story.

Whether these fish are ever barbecued I don't know; but I saw the barbecue grounds, and the place where a sheep, a pig, or half an ox can be roasted, "in the open," right in the midst of the picnic grounds. Then I wanted to ask: "Have the Moores any other Aladdin-like surprises on their grounds?" but I was saved the trouble: whichever I wandered more sylvan wonders were revealed.

The closing view was as much of a fairy scene as the opening picture; it was a night-scene. Completely covered over, and hidden by a huge pepper tree, stands a roomy pergola pavilion. I don't know what else to call it; built of redwood logs, with the bark on, open between them, roof and sides; comfortable seats and handy tables scattered everywhere, and lighted up, at night, by flower-bulbs, large and small, ruby, emerald, sapphire blue, pink, sky-blue, orange, every tint that a flower was ever known to have, colors of dancing light to adorn a Midsummer Night's dream in fairyland. This was the closing view of the day—for the Moores have many other wonderful attractions on the grounds of their beautiful country garden home in Santa Cruz.

BABY VIOLET

BY H. H. R.

Sweet little messenger of love,
Thou pure, pale blossom from above.
To earth-worn hearts and vision lent,
Bearing a promise, Heaven sent.

Within thy gentle, tender eyes,
Earth saw the light of Paradise,
Celestial flowers, incense rare,
Still clings unto thy petals fair.

Among us this fair flow'ret dwells,
And through her childish grace dispels
Each cloud that shadows face or mood
With winning arts of babyhood.

MY EXPERIENCES IN FIJI

BY C. S. MULLINS

LIKE MOST Europeans, my head was filled with vague grotesque fancies of what the South Sea Islanders were like when I landed in Suva, the principal town of the Fiji group, one sultry, intolerable day in September. I was intensely curious over everything I saw, and listened with open ears to all the gabble, for I had been appointed sergeant of the native armed constabulary on the island. Suva is a typically Oriental island port, and is about as dirty as they make 'em. The dock was a riot of various Eastern races, all scrambling, shouting, quarreling, screaming and gesticulating to attract the attention of the passengers and earn a fee for carrying luggage on, or other services, or to offer something in trade. The islanders were clad mostly in a few scant rags of vari-colored strips of cloth in keeping with the picturesque surroundings and the comfort of the wearers in the prostrating heat of the early day, for it was not yet 9 o'clock. After running a noisy gauntlet of fruit peddlers, coral sellers, hawkers of beads, mats and vicious looking native weapons, we finally reached the shore, which was lined by a mob of yelling, capering small boys, all keenly anxious for us foreigners to pitch small coins into the water so that



Fijian women printing tappa cloth; the designs are pressed on with banana skins.



A Fijian war dance before the battle.

they could display their expertness in the water by diving after them.

Once ashore, I passed along the main street lined with tall palms, other native shade trees and old-fashioned, dilapidated wooden structures, to police headquarters, where I was to familiarize myself with my duties as quickly as possible.



A native canoe under full sail.

Properly selected, the islanders can be transformed into very good types of native police if vigorously drummed into shape and capably officered. Their uniforms consist of blue dungaree tunics and white "sulus" as skirts; they go barefooted, wear no hats, stand six feet high, and when fully armed are about as dangerous a looking lot as one would care to face in the brush. They prove invaluable in helping to preserve order and to run down criminals among the mixed Oriental peoples populating the island.

As soon as my new uniform was ready, I was given charge of a likely looking squad, and had to drill them from 6 a. m. to noon. During the afternoon I was expected to study the native lingo, so as to qualify myself for mixing with the natives and conversing with them when in the pursuit of my official duties. Like all green men at semi-soldiering in such service, I had to stand the chaff and criticism of the older constables, who stood by and criticised my work

among themselves. I had undergone such "hazing" in other employment, and bore the badgering as best I could till it gradually wore away with the improvement of my efficiency and acquaintance with my fellows. My nights were free, and I made use of them to wander about the town and familiarize myself with its confines, its rough home quarters, and the classes of people I would be called upon to deal with through my constabulary duties. The heart and business center of the town consisted of four hotels, five native mission houses, and several general stores, where everything needful and a great many things that were not needful for the natives were kept on sale. The five big missionary houses was a flaring sign to the world that there was infinite need of civilization thereabouts—and there was. Over the long reaches of tropical vegetation could be seen the dim outlines of the mountains where lived fierce and treacherous natives that had rarely seen a white man, many of the tribes still being given to the horrible practice of cannibalism. Some of these tribes are almost constantly at warfare, and while on their depredations do not hesitate to attack tribes that are friendly and look for protection to the local government. Before I quit the country my police duties led me into these wilds, and I came into personal contact with many of these fierce and ungovernable natives.

Kipling has described in his inimitable way the actions of the time-expired Tommy Atkins. I have met Tommy under varying conditions in the rounds of my duties; the European soldiery, however, is always controllable under such circumstances, but the Oriental gun-bearer is in an altogether different class when he is mustered out with a regiment or so of his fellows. At the time I was learning the criminal intricacies of the town, it was overrun with time-expired Hindoo soldiers. I don't know from what part of India they hailed; they were a most treacherous lot, and were eternally fighting over gambling disputes. These wranglings usually ended seriously, for they never hesitated to use a knife or any other weapon at the slightest provocation. Every night furnished a series of cutting scrapes for the police to handle. They were a shiftless, incorrigible lot, continually stirring up trouble of some kind, and would steal rather than seek work.

The native Fijians living along the coast and in touch with semi-civilization are entirely different in character. For the most part they are lazy and inoffensive, and lead that inconsequential and careless life that seems bred in the bones of the tropical island native. Occasionally, however, when they gather in crowds and become excited over some tribal feeling, a wild emotional impulse sweeps over them, and unless it is quickly curbed, danger is likely to ensue. Experience has taught the whites that while the natives are in this mental condition



A Fiji chief in full war dress.

they will not attack settlers unless there is some special provocation.

The missionaries have at last succeeded in introducing one vital change in the customs of the coast natives—marriage. Before the advent of those Christian men, there was nothing like the semblance of marriage known on the islands. A girl was seized by any marauder that fancied her, and born off to his grass hut, where she was forced into household drudgery. If she proved obdurate, she was severely beaten, driven out of the tribe and had to find shelter with any people she could.

The missionaries have made these marriages very serious and very ceremonial affairs, as it is the only way to inspire them with any regard for the institution. Ceremonies that are surrounded with mystery are the only ones that impress them. After the bride and groom are united by the priest or missionary they are taken to the home of the wife's mother, where the most sumptuous feast that can be concocted by an island Lucullus is prepared. Bride and groom and guests are usually buried in a setting of turtles, yams, taro, bananas, pigeons, fishes, and those countless South Sea Island dried foods that tempt the native appetite. Cocoanut bowls are used instead of plates, and fingers instead of forks, all hands shouldering each other in keen eagerness to dip into the cooked messes and fish out tid-bits of their liking. Kava, the native drink, is freely passed around, amid lively toasts and familiar badinage, which arouses great hilarity among the plain-spoken feasters. Kava contains no alcohol, but has an exciting and rather odd effect on the drinker. After a man has been drinking it inordinately for awhile, his muscles become temporarily paralyzed, his knees give way and he is unable to walk until the effects of the liquor wear off. Those who persist in drinking kava break out in a skin disease that looks somewhat like sunburn, but is not so painful: the skin dries, cracks and peels. The malady is almost incurable. Taken in small quantities and temperately, kava is a very refreshing drink, and settlers and travelers acquainted with its effects do not hesitate to drink it temperately. It is made from the root of the yagona tree; these are dried and crushed into a powder; water is added, and the vessel is set aside till the liquor has ripened.

These girls of the coastal tribes are exceedingly pretty in their bronze coloring, although sometimes rather broad and flat in features. They are far more energetic than the women of the mountains, and occupy their time in fishing, mat making, swimming and staining tappa cloth. Tappa is made from the bark of a tree; this bark is placed on a smooth log under water and beaten with sticks till the required thickness is obtained. It is then hung in the sun till properly dried and bleached. The decorative painting is done with stains printed with banana skins. Native herbs and sometimes human blood is used in this dyeing when the cloth is intended to be presented to some chief of distinction, or white man whom it is designed to impress. Blood-stained tappa is very scarce, and is considered very valuable by the natives. Ordinary tappa is very common in the villages. Sometimes the designs are artistic in a native way, but for the most part they are simply squares, circles and the usual fantastic line figures. The finished tappa article furnishes the ordinary dress of the natives. Sails for the native craft are often made of a coarser quality of material.

The great men among the natives are the chiefs of the tribes. They thrive in great numbers, each village having its "bulli" or chief, and each district being under the rule of a "turaga levu," or high ruler. Wherever these men go they are surrounded by a throng of retainers who carry everything required by the chief on his walk except his dress, and that never amounts to much, as the photographs accompanying this article will show. These retainers manfully surround

their chief in his defense if any danger threatens. The great dignity and supposed superiority of the "bulli" forbids him soiling himself with any manual effort. These chiefs are usually fat, lazy and useless, but they are fortunate enough to inherit their position, which is handed down to them through generations.

The natives of the mountains are a very different class, and so far civilization has not even scratched their savage customs. Cannibalism is still practiced. Missionaries, government commissions, traders and others have attempted to open up friendly relations with them, but so far without results. At the slightest sign of approach they disappear into the deep fastnesses of the mounatin jungle, where it is impossible for a white man to follow them.

While constable, several of my trips brought me in contact with these ferocious mountaineers, and I had more than one opportunity to study their customs at close range. Lowland tribes live in dread of the raids of these mountain cannibals, and seek the aid of government agents whenever they apprehend them. In this wise I was once warned of their approach. With a small force I made a detour in hopes of intercepting them on their raid and catching them in ambush. There were twenty well-armed men under me, a force easily capable of handling a large number of spear-armed warriors. When we reached the enemy's country, scouts were sent out, and all of us covered our trails as carefully as possible. After combing over the country, we learned from a native that the cannibal band had itself made a detour in order to raid a small village. I was advised that if I hurried I might overtake the marauders, before they attacked the village. We set out at once at our quickest traveling gait, but despite every effort we were unable to reach the scene till after the attack. The village was already smouldering in ashes, and nearby under some trees we located the cannibals preparing several of the captives for the feast. The victims lay bound near the fire, and the savages were so busily occupied gabbling over the loot they had taken from the village and in deviling their victims that they failed to discover my men, as I posted them around the circle so that they could do the most effective work with their guns. The first volley won the fight, and after that it was simply a question of picking off a cannibal before he dived into the brush. Only two of my men caught spears. Luckily the wounds were superficial. An arrow pierced my left leg, but the wound didn't prevent me from tramping back to headquarters.

The tribal wars still prevailing on the islands have many peculiar and horrible customs. The head chief of a tribe or district is generally the biggest and most powerful man in the village. From his word there is no appeal. Before a battle, he musters all the fighting men of his district, and each warrior is assigned to his place and duty. Every man then disappears and makes ready for the fray by polishing up his war clubs and spears and covering himself with grotesque body ornaments. The face, arms and legs are plentifully bedaubed with chalk and charcoal, and the head and body drenched with cocoanut oil. The chief dons his most elaborate girdle of tappa cloth and many strings of boars' tusks, sharks' teeth, and wild birds' feathers, all trophies of his success in the chase.

After these preparations of arming and putting on the war paint is finished, the village "lalli," or clock, is beaten, summoning all the warriors. When the "lalli" is beaten, the neighboring tribes, if they are friendly, will also assemble and render any assistance required. If they are hostile, they will immediately inform the enemy, and offer them the use of their own weapons. When the rival forces meet, a very peculiar ceremony takes place: each tribe will extend in one long frontal line and yell their war cries, intermittently bawling strange



Fijian women bathing at Nai-va-ka Falls, Tavinui.

sounds designed to frighten the enemy. At the same time they assume the most absurd contortions, while they fiercely brandish their weapons. These jumping, twisting and weird antics continue till both sides are covered with streaming perspiration and in a frenzy of rage. Suddenly, and as if by concert of their pent emotions, they bound towards each other, and a hand to hand fight follows. The conflict may continue for hours till one side is completely exhausted, and drags itself away or is ruthlessly clubbed to death. If the attacking party happens to be the victors, they rush to the village and proceed to burn and plunder it. The women who have not escaped are made prisoners and dragged away. These marauding attacks, nowadays, are chiefly confined to inland villages, on isolated islands, where the missionaries and the government have not as yet been able to make any headway.

In those towns where the natives come in contact with civilization, the Fijians are a most peaceful lot, and pass their time in fishing and selling native wares: in a way they even attempt to copy the white man's dress and customs. Their canoes are mostly dugouts with an outrigger attachment, and vary in length from six and one-half feet to thirty feet. The sails are made from coarse tappa, and are very strong and durable. They make long sea trips in these "wagas," carrying their provisions in bundles tied to the outrigger supports.

Like all tropical islanders, the Fijians are very expert fishermen, and in those prolific breeding waters they will bring in a boatload of many varieties of fish and several turtles within a few hours. No Caucasian with a qualmy stomach can fancy fish as they prepare them: the fish, without being scaled, are placed on the coals, toasted and eaten. This is in keeping with some of their habits, which are uncouth and almost beastly at times. Their huts are constructed of broad leaves spliced together and strengthened by the stems of cocoanut trees. Once afire they go up in smoke. Dead grass covers the ground used as a floor, and this is soon littered with family refuse, which, with the attendant dampness, breeds various kinds of Oriental odors, and incidentally fevers. The huts are about as unsanitary as can be conceived, and it is not surprising that epidemics periodically sweep the villages.

The girls are natural-born swimmers, and are veritable mermaids in the water. Occasionally one may happen across a party of bronze figures doing "stunts" in the water in a way that would rouse the envy of an American swimming champion. They are far from being shy when engaged in these aquatic gambols, and seem to enjoy being watched by strangers while they show their lithe skill and dexterity in amphibian tricks. Their diving and swimming is marvelously graceful, but all the South Sea Islanders are extremely accomplished in this respect.



SMITH

BY JAMES P. HUGHES

(This story shows the practical side of sheepherding in the West.)

SMITH SLID off of a box as the train drew up in the yards of Sheridan, Wyo. Smith is an ordinary, not to say common variety of name, but Smith was an ordinary, common variety of man. He was part of the drifting current of humanity that goes from one coast to the other, paying no railroad fare, but still he could not be classed under the genus hobo. He worked when there was a demand for men at good pay, but the periods of his activity were separated by judicious intervals of travel and rest.

As it was the middle of April, Smith believed he could get work in this section, and with the combined intention of looking for employment and getting something to eat, he drifted into the business section of Sheridan. After eating a modest meal, Smith invested his remaining five cents in what was advertised as the largest and best glass of beer in Wyoming for that price. Time was when Smith would have spent the entire thirty cents in slaking his thirst, but he had decided to turn over a new leaf. He was going to make a good stake and go home to the folks in Little Valley and be a respected citizen. He entered a combination real estate, insurance, abstract and employment bureau office and slouched up to the counter.

"Got any work?" he asked.

"Lots of it. We are shipping to Buffalo to-day. Ever work in a lambing camp?"

Smith did not have the least idea of the duties of lambing camp employees, but he was not going to allow lack of information to keep him from getting work. Native shrewdness made him surmise that it had something to do with sheep, so he assented.

"What are they paying?" he asked.

"If you're any good, you'll get forty-five and chuck. Furnish your own blankets."

"Alright, but I'm broke. Guess the outfit can stake me to a bed when I go to work."

The next day Smith and a dozen other prospective lambing camp men were taken to the inland town of Buffalo, forty miles to the south by stage. There they found themselves the center of controversy. A dozen flockmasters were in town getting men for their camps, and all were short handed. Smith thought that this would offer a chance to raise the figure of his wages, but he discovered that while the sheep men would fight to get a man, forty-five dollars per month was the pay, despite strenuous competition.

"Here, you, go with the Scotch outfit," he was told by a man who appeared to be in charge of the recruits. "Report to Mr. Baldwin at the Capital saloon. He's lambing down on Powder river, and the camp wagon goes out to-night with chuck. Got a bed?"

"No."

"Must reckon he's going to sleep on cactus," snickered a by-stander, but Smith had no chance to make reply. He was hurried to a drygoods store, his guide taking charge of the proceedings. Before he could thoroughly get his bearings, he was tossed a couple of blankets, a "tarp" and a pair of sougans.

"Charge it to the Scotch outfit," said his guide. "Bumpass is pulling camp for them. He'll be by with the wagon

in a half hour and pick it up. What's your name?"

"Smith."

"That bed is for Smith, Scotch outfit," and Smith was dragged on. In the same manner he was provided with a slicker suit for the rainy weather, a half dozen pairs of socks and a pound of tobacco.

That night he crawled into the big, six-horse supply wagon, driven by one Joshua Bumpass, worse for wear and whisky, and they started on the long trail to Powder river. Smith lay on his bed in the back of the wagon and tried to sleep with two other men, who had also been tolled off to the Scotch outfit. Bumpass was not lonely on the wagon seat. He sang snatches of songs acquired at the dance hall and occasionally moistened his vocal organs with the assistance of a demijohn. Josh was not particular about the tune he was singing, and cared rather less about the words, but he was very effective when it came to volume.

Hour after hour the wagon lurched through the night. The darkness had begun to pale in the east when Smith awoke and took his seat next to the driver. Far off on another hill, Bumpass pointed out a speck which seemed to be moving along the skyline.

"That's Charlie Robinson," he said. "He's got a band of yearlin's belonging to the Willow Glen outfit. They git him out a half hour 'fore daylight, and he wears three dogs to a frazzle every day tryin' to keep 'em between Four Mile and Powder river."

"They go some, do they?" asked Smith.

"They shore are some travelers. It's a good thing that Charlie's mostly legs or they'd be leavin' the bed ground in the morning by the time he got through cookin' his supper for the night before. Talk about yearlin's, though, I had a bunch one year that these is snails to. They had a couple of old black wethers for markers, which the boss bought for leaders, and he got 'em. They was your nat'ral born leaders, and I had to kill 'em both. If I hadn't, they'd run me to death. I told the foreman that they got so far in the lead the coyotes just cut them out and ate 'em right before my eyes. He reckoned that it would teach 'em a lesson, and I 'lowed it would, too."

By this time the wagon was going up a long grade. On the crest, silhouetted against the morning sky, was the tall figure of a man, clad in rough clothes and with a broad-brimmed black hat. He was walking along the skyline towards the trail on which the wagon was approaching and three dogs followed at his heels. It was Smith's first experience with a real sheep herder, in spite of his statement to the employment agent in Sheridan. As the wagon stopped on the crest of the hill, Robinson sauntered up.

"Howdy, Bumpass," he said, in the soft accents of the South; "been to Buffalo?"

"Yep. I'm dragging a bunch of lambers out to the camp on Powder river."

"Drink it all 'fo'e you got heah?"

There seemed no necessity to ask if there was whisky along. It was only a question of whether or not it had lasted as far as his camp.

"Reckon there's a little left. You know, Charlie, I always save a drop for you. It would be jest like suicide to pass your camp without unloadin' a little of that old forty rod. He'p yourself."

"That shu' falls on ma stomach like a benediction on a fagged out congregation," said Robinson, as he set the demijohn back on the wagon seat. "There goes them yea'lin's. Heah, Brownie—'way out around 'em—'way out—we git fo'ty-five and chuck fo' this—way out around 'em."

Fleet as a deer the handsome collie shot for the lead of the band, which had been feeding almost on the run, and, during the conversation, had spread out an incredible distance. The dog went at a speed which to Smith seemed impossible; leaping in long bounds over the prickly cactus. The sheep nearer saw him coming, and, turning, fled to the rear. By the time he had reached the lead, the en-

tire band was rushing to a common center. Turning the band with his fast dog, Robinson now began to maneuvre the sheep with a slower animal. He raised his arms horizontally, and bent them at the elbows until the hands pointed to the sky. The dog stopped, and then returned to his master.

"Now, Fuzz," said the herder to a fuzzy-faced English shepherd, "at 'em slow—Fuzz—up this way—easy, now —e-e-easy."

With a gesture this way and one that, he directed the movements of the dog until it seemed as though he moved like an automaton, so perfectly did he execute the commands of his master. The sheep were gradually rounded up and were soon in a more compact mass. Again Robinson raised his arm, bent at the elbows until the hands pointed to the sky, and the dog returned.

"We've got to be draggin' along," said Bumpass. "They want these lambers right away."

They moved along slowly, over low hills, each surmounted with a flat mesa, through gulches and undulating "flats."

"Those were sure smart dogs," said Smith, dropping into the vernacular of the country.

"Pretty fair curs—but only fair," said the driver. "Charlie is always showing off his dogs before strangers. Wait till you see Old Scott down to camp. He's the daddy of 'em all. He knows more about sheep than any man in the country. Any herder that gits Old Scott only has to git his meals and draw his pay. The outfit wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him. He's some sheep dog."

They had dinner at a ranch house and then pushed on. The trail which they were following was now only a faint track. The stops to rest the horses became more frequent. They were now sixty miles from Buffalo, and were nearing the camp of the Scotch outfit.

"There they are," said Bumpass, pointing to a wagon, which was covered like the old-time prairie schooners, with a stove pipe sticking through the canvas roof.

Smith had expected to see a ranch house or some similar building with corrals and other necessities for working the cattle, but, instead, the camp was only a sheep herder's wagon with a supply conveyance standing near. Ten miles to the south there was another wagon, and further on there was another. This was the lambing camp. But for the presence of the sheep and their herders, the scene was just as barren as the remainder of the range. The supply wagon drew up alongside the herder's home, and Smith and the other lambers began to assist in unhitching the horses.

"Where'll we put them?" asked one of the men.

"Put them?" asked Bumpass, with a sarcastic laugh. "Where in hell do you think we'll put them? In a boxstall? What do you know about that, Kelley?"

A bushy head, the face covered with a beard, no two hairs of which were parallel, stuck itself through the rear window of the wagon.

"Hello, Josh," said the head, "what's up?"

"Lamber wanted to know where to put the horses."

"Tell him to turn them out in the far pasture," said Kelley.

It dawned upon Smith that there was no place for the horses but the range, and he wondered what would be done with them. He saw Bumpass take from the supply wagon six pairs of hobbles, which he deftly adjusted to the forelegs of the animals. A portion of grain was then placed in nosebags, and each horse received his evening meal. After the horses had been taken care of, Smith joined Bumpass in the herder's wagon, while the other lambers were put to the useful task of splitting wood and carrying water for Kelley, the camp cook. Smith's entrance into the wagon was like a trip to fairyland to a small boy. Concerning the home life of the sheepherder, he had given little thought,



Driving the bands to the mountain plateaus for the summer feeding.

and now he was seeing the practical side of the work. The wagon had the ordinary running gear of a farm wagon —but upon it was builded a miniature house. At the rear end was a bunk, supplied with mattress and bedding, which stretched from one side of the wagon to the other. Beneath the bunk were a number of drawers in which provisions were kept, and on each side were boxes sunk between the wheels where bread and meat were stored. The stove was a small, four-holed type, in which Kelley was baking bread. The foreman of the outfit, "Doc" Duncan, had just come in, and Kelley was preparing the finishing touches to the evening meal.

"You fellows out there come in and get your chuck and eat outside," said the cook. "There isn't room in here." After the other lambers had taken their suppers and sat down on the wagon tongue, Kelley served supper to those inside. It was well cooked, and the food, though plain and substantial, tasted to Smith as well as could the best efforts of the most highly paid chefs in the metropolis. "Air tights" or canned goods made up a large part of the menu, spinach and sweet potatoes being served from cans.

"There was a couple of cow-punchers around here this afternoon," said Kelley, as he poured out the steaming coffee, "and they 'lowed as how we would have to pull camp pretty soon. They didn't seem to be doing much. Just loafing around like cowpunchers always does. I never did see such a lazy outfit as cowpunchers. I remember when I was cookin' for the Flying M layout, old man Hendricks hired a couple of punchers for the spring round-up along in March. They laid in the bunk house for four weeks, and when he tried to get them to dig post holes for a fence across Dry Creek Canyon, you ought to hear the roar. Do you suppose them cowpunchers would dig post holes like an ordinary human being? Not much! They trapped a couple of badgers and fixed them up with collars and chains. They'd ride on their cayuses, draggin' them badgers along till they struck a place where they thought there ought to be a post hole, and then drop a few grains of corn. Them badgers would start to diggin', for a badger will go to China for corn. In ten minutes by the clock they'd have a nice post hole dug. It was pickin's for the punchers, but I never seed a cowpuncher who wasn't lookin' for pickin's of some sort. When I was cookin' on the round-up with the chuck wagon, I'd ask the horse wrangler for some firewood. Would he carry it into camp like a white man? Not much. He'd get on his nag and rope a couple of sage brush, drag them in, and then drop his loop over a cottonwood log. They're the laziest skunks on the face of the earth, them cowpunchers."

"Did those fellows try to start anything?" asked Duncan.

"No. They kept pretty much to their business. They was raising their usual holler about the range being all sheeped off and no place to work the cattle for the spring round-up this side of the river, but they didn't go to prognosticatin' any trouble. Reckon they'll start anything?"

"Naw. Ever since that killing up at Ten Sleep, where Barnes and Waters were sent up for life, the cow outfits are getting plumb tame. They hate us as much as ever, but they haven't got the nerve to go through with it."

It was growing dark. The sheep had come in from the range and were bedding down for the night on a knoll behind the wagon. The men were also getting sleepy.

"Where do we bunk?" asked one of the new men.

"Got your beds, haven't you?" asked Kelley.

"Sure."

"Well, I reckon you can sleep in the far pasture. Better close the gate, though, 'cause it's goin' to be windy tonight, and you might catch your death of cold."

With the exception of the regular herder, whose wagon was being used for the camp, and Kelley, the cook, all of the men spread their beds outdoors.

The heavy "tarps" kept out the dew, or even rain, while the sougans and blankets performed the double service of mattress and covering.

"You'll have to take the drop band," were the first words Smith heard the next morning when he was awakened by Bumpass.

After a hurried breakfast in the wagon, he went over the hill about two miles, where the sheep were feeding.

"Don't let them get away too far," said Duncan, who was looking at the herd, "or the lambs will be scattered all over the range. And don't dog them. Old Scott here knows the work, and all you have to do is to keep them from stringing out all over the country."

Smith's experience in watching Robinson work his dogs stood him in good stead, but with Old Scott he had to give but few directions. The veteran of the range seemed to know intuitively when the sheep should be turned, and after Smith had given a sign of assent, he would shift the band in another direction, and then keep his post to see that they did not continue their feeding in forbidden territory. Smith soon learned that the herder who had Old Scott was indeed fortunate. The long, lonesome hours did not pall upon him. The habits of the sheep, the intelligence of the dogs and the wild, primitive surroundings were full of charm. Once in a while he would see the sheep suddenly turn and run from a spot where there was no dog, and he would get a fleeting glimpse of a coyote, frightened away himself by the presence of the herder and his dogs.

Day by day, Smith tended the drop band. Early in the morning, the newly born lambs and their mothers were cut back from the main herd and turned over to the other lambers who were hired to take care of the small bands until the lambs were old enough to keep up with the herd. Smith was learning through experience the art of herding, and was surprised to discover there was much to learn. By the end of the lambing season, he found he would do the work better and easier than when he started. When the last of the young lambs were thrown in with the main band, Duncan approached him.

"You can have this band if you want it," said the foreman.

Smith took the job. By degrees the band was slowly worked westward toward the Big Horn mountains and the ranch house of the Scotch outfit. Bumpass called weekly with new supplies and moved the camp wagon on with each visit. The first week in July found the sheep in the shearing pens, and there the heavy winter fleeces were removed. Rough, strong, but dexterous men held the struggling animals with one hand and stripped off their wool with power driven clippers. Wranglers marked the naked sides with new paint brands, and by the end of the week the band was in the mountains for the summer range.

The lambs grew fat on the tender grass during the fleeting months, and in the fall the wagon again rumbled down the steep slopes on its way to the winter range. The mutton herd was cut out and shipped far away to Omaha. It had been months since Smith had tasted whisky, and the old desire had departed.

"Want to go to town before we start for the river?" asked Duncan.

"No. I guess I'm getting along alright as it is."

Through the winter his work kept him on the range but a few hours a day. The sheep left the bed ground late and returned to the wagon early in the afternoon. During the long nights he read many books. He even took up a helpful course in a correspondence school. His mail reached him only at long intervals, but this gave him an opportunity to be more thorough in his studies. In the early part of January the blizzards came, and many times he was forced to leave his warm bunk in the dead of night to force the terrified band to stay upon the bed ground in the face of the storm. Drifting before it, they would have been lost and

scattered, at the mercy of the elements and the coyotes.

The end of the first year found him again in the lambing camp on the Powder river. During the year he had made five hundred and forty dollars, and his expenses, including books, clothing and tobacco, had been less than one hundred. Under the old life, Smith would have journeyed to town, and in two fevered weeks would have spent the accumulation of a year. It was a different Smith now. He went to town, but it was to open a savings account, where his money drew a creditable rate of interest.

Smith continued to study and learn much of the wool growing business. In the fall he was made a camp mover, with a raise in salary, and the following spring he was assistant to the foreman. Two years later he replaced Duncan, who had gone into business for himself. The balance at the bank was growing rapidly now.

One day in the spring when he had been in the employ of the Scotch outfit for five years, he was in Buffalo getting lambers for the yearly season.

"Hello, Smith," said a voice which he recognized as that of Old Man Greenwood, owner of a big cattle ranch on the lower Powder river.

"Howdy, Mr. Greenwood," said Smith, and he regarded the other somewhat curiously.

"I want to have a little talk with you," said the cattleman, seriously. "I want to know how a good man like you is sticking in the sheep business. That is what's bothering me."

"I'm just the man who will tell you. It's not through the love of the game, believe me. It's business. Just business. You're in for cattle. You have in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars tied up in your ranch and stock, and what are your returns? Not a cent over ten per cent. Isn't that right?"

Greenwood nodded.

"Now, all this talk about a sheep man being a devil on general principles is rot. We're out for the money, and so are you. The government gives free range, so one man is as good as another. Now this is why I'm in sheep, and am going into it on my own hook as soon as the Lord will let me. A band of three thousand ewes is worth ten thousand dollars. That is invested capital outside of water holes, which will pay for themselves in the natural increase in land values. With wool worth from seventeen to twenty-three cents a pound, and with a high protective tariff in our favor, the fleece alone pays operating expenses, a fair interest on invested capital and the loss through deaths on the winter and summer ranges. The increase is our profit. It's a profit of from twenty-five to fifty per cent net. If you're from Missouri I can show you. Do you suppose that I would have stood to be cussed from one year's end to another if there wasn't something in it? Not much! The sheep men have all the best of it now, and you are asleep if you don't know it."

"By Jimminy," said Greenwood, in astonishment, "I never looked at it like that before—it sure does look reasonable. Say—did you say you wanted to go into business—I tell you—come out to the ranch with me—I want you to look it over and then we'll talk business."

Smith went to the Double Bar X ranch and they talked it over. It was there that the Powder River Sheep Company was organized. It is now one of the largest wool growing outfits in Wyoming. It was there that Smith met Old Man Greenwood's daughter, Doris, but that's another story.

HOW I LOST ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

An Incident in the Trial of One of the Conspirators who plotted the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

BY COL. CHARLES H. BLINN

ON THE nineteenth day of November, 1864, I was mustered out of the service of the United States as a private soldier in Company A, First Regiment, Vermont Cavalry. I had served three years and four months during the Rebellion. I had seen grim war in all its varied phases; had been in some of the great battles; in many of the long marches and campaigns of the Army of the Potomac; had been a prisoner of war at Lynchburg and Belle Island, and was more than willing to quit.

The Battle of Cedar Creek was fought on the nineteenth of October, 1864, and the great victory of Sheridan (snatched from the defeat of Wright, in the early morning when he was driven back several miles) presaged the collapse of the Rebellion. All the winter of 1864, Grant was hammering away at Petersburg. Sherman was making that wonderful march to the sea, and Thomas had sealed the fate of Hood at the Battle of Nashville. The mighty Mississippi was flowing, unvexed, to the sea. The armies of the South were exhausted and discouraged, illy fed, illy clothed, and without hope of further recruiting. Every evidence was in the air that the inevitable end was rapidly approaching.

On the 6th of April, 1865, the greatest General of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee, disheartened and broken in spirit, and weary-worn, heard the immortal Grant utter, under the appletree of Appomatox, the expression, "Let us have Peace."

The dark cloud of war which had hung over the country for four years had been pierced by the angel of peace. Beneath the daisies were sleeping, careless of the voice of the morning, three hundred thousand men. On crutches and with empty sleeves were a half million more. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Cold Harbor, Antietam, Shiloh, the Wilderness and Chickamauga, were forever recorded in history, the cause of which one side believed, and the other side knew was right, while over all the bloody years was written the word "Silence."

In the midst of the rejoicing, while church bells were clanging and bands were playing the anthem of peace, the great master-mind, the supreme leader, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated. Gloom fell upon the land. A diabolical plot to murder the President, Vice-President, Secretaries Seward, Stanton and others, was laid bare to the appalled country. The plot of the malefactors was as follows: John Wilkes Booth was assigned to murder the President; Lewis Powell, alias Payne, to murder Secretary Seward (Payne was a deserter from a Florida regiment of the Confederate Army); George Atzerodt, a Confederate spy, was to murder Vice-President Andrew Johnson; David E. Herold, a young drug clerk, was assigned as a page for Booth. Others in the conspiracy were Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt. The plot was hatched at the

house of Mary E. Surratt, mother of John.

The conspirators, except Booth, who was shot ten days later, and John H. Surratt, who escaped, were tried by a military court, and in May, Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt were hanged.

After the close of the war, I entered the Vermont Central Railroad office at Burlington. My duties were performed at night. The Government had offered one hundred thousand dollars' reward for the capture of any one of the assassins. My work being at night, and in a railroad office, I was constantly on the watch for suspicious characters, and yet not so efficaciously on the watch as I imagined.

The station in which I was employed was at the wharf, and not at the regular passenger depot. The ice in Lake Champlain broke up about the middle of April. On the 16th the first steamer of the season arrived. The landing was made at about two o'clock in the morning.

When the gang-plank was run out, one solitary passenger came ashore and walked into the station. He was a tall, rather thin man, his throat tightly muffled, his complexion pale and sickly. A bright fire was burning in the stove, which he approached eagerly and with out-stretched hands. Then he turned to me and asked politely if I had any objection to his remaining in the station until his train left for Montreal, over the Canadian border at four o'clock, two hours later.

"It is against our rules, sir," I said, "to allow passengers to remain in the station." I hesitated as I spoke, for the man looked weary and half-sick, and it was some distance to the depot in the town.

The stranger made further appeal to remain, explaining that he was on his way home from a hospital where he had been confined for many months with a severe illness. In interesting detail, he related some of his experiences, and his story sounded so plausible that my sympathy was aroused, and I consented to his remaining, though the station was a freight instead of a passenger depot. In thanking me, he explained "that it was good to get home again," meaning that Canada was "home." In spite of his fatigue, he held my attention for some time with a lively account of his experience "in the States." His manner was cordial and friendly, his conversation very entertaining, his whole demeanor that of a gentleman. He finally stretched himself on the hard bench in the room, as if exhausted, though he continued talking good-naturedly, with his head resting on his arms. I went into the office, and on my return saw that he had fallen asleep. The man had made such an appealing impression on me that I tip-toed about my duties, with caution, lest I should awaken him. In repose, he looked emaciated and sick, and his wretched appearance really bore out his story that he had just come from a hospital. I aroused him, with some pity, when the train pulled in. He awoke, as I remembered afterwards, in much agitation. The startled and scared expression which crossed his face for a second I can still see.

It was day-break when I finished my station duties and prepared to go home. In crossing the outer office, a bit of white under the bench caught my eye, and I stooped and picked up a handkerchief. I was startled to see clearly written across its corner the name "John H. Surratt," the man at whose mother's house the plot to assassinate Lincoln had been hatched.

Quicker than wind I flew to the telegraph office, and sent the following message:

"Carrol T. Hobart, Conductor, Montreal Express, St. Albans, Vt.—John H. Surratt on your train. $100,000 reward. Answer.

"CHAS. H. BLINN."

The breathless anxiety of the next half hour can be better imagined than expressed, but the answer finally came:

"Train crossed the border fifteen minutes ago."

Thus went glimmering the basis of what doubtless would have made me to-day a second Rockefeller.

John H. Surratt entered a monastery near Montreal, where he remained for six months.

He then fled to Europe, where, two years later, he was discovered by detectives who had scoured the world for him. He was serving on the Papal Guard at Rome, and was apprehended, extradited and brought to the United States in a war vessel, June, 1867.

The trial took place at Washington. I was subpoenaed to attend, and journeyed from St. Albans, Vermont, to do so. On my arrival, the leading counsel for Surratt sent for me and offered a large sum of money if I would change my testimony and the date of my meeting with Surratt to a later date. I declined the offer. After waiting more than three weeks in Washington, I was called to the witness stand.

More than two weeks were consumed in obtaining a jury, which, when selected, was a motley lot; an unbiased person would have declared they would never agree on a conviction. Surratt had changed very little since I saw him at the railroad station in Vermont. He was ably defended by Judge Richard T. Merrick, one of the best known lawyers of his time. The trial dragged for nearly two months, and after two days' deliberation the jury disagreed.

The war bitterness of two years before had in a certain sense been mellowed by time, and the fact that the prisoner's mother had been hanged with the other conspirators had influenced public opinion to a degree. Surratt was admitted to bail, and after a year or more the case was dropped from the calendar, and doubtless from memory.

GLORY GOLD

BY EFFIE McDOWELL DAVIES

A ropin' contest at the Fair,
With bands a-playin' loud and fast.
And cowboys loomin' everywhere.
The ropes are swingin' now at last,
For we are out for Glory Gold!

Your lined-back steer is on his side,
Then lose no time to mount your grey—
"Twenty seconds—roped and tied,"
Is what you hear the judges say.
Gee, how you ache for Glory Gold!

And yonder is The Girl, whose eyes
Shine proudly, as you gallop by;
And from the grandstand cheers arise.
The purse is yours. Whoop-ee—Kei-yi,
And every dollar's Glory Gold!

TRAIL SONGS OF THE COW-PUNCHER

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOMAX

IN THE seventies and eighties, before there was so much as a hundred feet of barbed wire fence west of the Mississippi, Texas was practically one huge grazing preserve. Those were the days of free grass, when the range was open to all alike. Just as, in the days of "forty-nine," the West was given over to the gold seeker, so a few years later the Southwest became the property of the beef baron—not the beef baron of the modern packing-house trust, but the keen-eyed cattle king of the open. His territory was a regal one; he could breed his steers at large on the prairies of Texas, fatten them upon the richer grasses of Montana, and market them at the pioneer railroad towns of the old Kansas Pacific that, in 1867, began to push its adventurous way due west from Kansas City straight into Colorado.

The cowmen early found that the genial climate of Texas made that State an ideal cattle nursery. Indeed, one of the old songs says:

"Work down in Texas
Is all the year around;
You will never catch consumption
By sleepin' on the ground."

Here the cattle could run unprotected on the range winter and summer alike; so here they were kept until they were husky two and three year olds. But the cowmen had learned also that the heavy grass of Idaho, Montana and the Dakotas fattened prime beef cattle, and these territories were also decidedly nearer a market than were the far-away plains of the Southwest. It became the custom, then, in March and April, for the stock owners of Texas to round-up their herds and start towards their northern pasturage.

"Early in the spring-time we round-up the dogies,
Brand and mark and bob off their tails.
Round-up the horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
And throw the dogies up on the trail."

Under these conditions, it soon came about that well-developed trails were located. There were no railroads. The cattle went overland. And just as one of the famous streets of Boston is said to perpetuate the path an old cow made one day as she sought water so the famous cattle trails of the West were first cut into the face of the unbroken prairie by a single herd as it pushed its way toward its new range. A lone horseman usually rode ahead, a "pointer," since he pointed the way for the herd. Back in the sixties, old John Chisholm, a queer old frontier stockman living at Paris, Texas, riding ahead of one of the first large heads, and selecting what appeared to be the best-watered and easiest route, left the Red River in Texas and broke the way to Kansas. His selection proved popular: the Old Chisholm Trail became, perhaps, the most famous of all the overland cattle routes, until each town, each mountain, each river along its tedious length, stood for some story, some tragedy, some farce. About the best known of all cowboy songs begins:

"Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
And I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail.

Coma ti yi youpe, youpe ya, youpe ya,
Coma ti yi youpe, youpe ya."

And the song is as long as the trail, having more verses than any one man ever knew. "The Lone Star Trail," the "Old Mackenzie Trail," the "Goodnight Trail," the "Old Shawnee Trail," were notable, too. As herd after herd followed one another up to Kansas, these trails were cut in ever-deepening furrows. Bleached bones and whitened skulls of cattle scattered to either side recalled grimly to mind the hardships of former drives. The occasional mound, headed by a rough pile of stones, told the tale of some unlucky cowboy who had failed, perhaps by the fraction of a second, to pull his gun in time! Or, maybe, some Indian picked him off from the shelter of some nearby hill.

Following the "pointer" came the herd itself, a body of from two to six thousand beef cattle strung out for a mile and a half or more. When the herd was rounded up at last, it was often larger than when it started; but the ex-cowboys themselves tell us that usually the increase in the band was rapid along the journey, for it was the custom of many cow-drivers to rush their cattle through the ranges of small owners, "grangers" or "nesters," sweeping along with them such cattle as chanced to come their way. And some bosses bore the reputation of never hiring a cowboy who had not proved himself a good "rustler," quick at finding and roping strays into the traveling herd. If the brand upon the newcomer seemed likely to lead to detection, why, it was a simple matter to slap a larger, sprawling brand over the old one. And if the new brand looked too fresh, there were chemicals among the supplies to make it look as old as the steer.

Flanking the moving herd at intervals, rode the cowboys, and a bunch of cowboys also closed in behind. Their dress was gay. A cow-puncher usually wore a shirt of fine woolen, blue or red, or even yellow, with a contrasting, bright-hued silk handkerchief knotted about the throat; and a pair of yellow or brown pants, which were stuffed into high boots. His wide-brimmed white felt hat weighed a pound or more; for he, unlike Uncle Sam's mounted soldiers, never wore a band to hold his hat in place. It had to be heavy enough to stay on of itself, as he ran his pony after a steer that broke from the mass. His saddle was the finest money could buy; his spurs, in which he took special pride, were often of silver, or of the finest steel, inlaid or engraved.

A gay group they made as the long line trailed out across the prairie, the chuck-wagon close after the rear guard of cowboys, and the horse "wranglers" with their herd of tough little cow-ponies, furnishing a tail-piece for the whole. The dust rose from the shuffle of hoofs and hung in a haze, which softened the light flashing upon the "long horns," and the glint of the cowboy's fluttering neckerchiefs. The air was full of the noises of the moving herd; the lowing of the cattle, the beat of the hoofs, the rattle of their clashing horns; the keen whistle of the cowboy's rope as it shot out to drag back some steer that broke for the open, the popping of the long whip, which he used to carry; and above all, the calls, the shrill cries, the songs of the men as they struggled to keep the slow ranks compact, or as they urged on the stragglers, the runt yearlings, the "dogies," as they were called, that lagged in the rear. It is little to be wondered at that they sang:

"It's whooping and yelling and driving
the dogies,
Oh, how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on,
you little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your
new home."

Pushing the herd ahead was tedious work. To keep their fat the cattle had to feed by the way, usually for an hour or more at morning and at noon, and again in the evening, so that eight or ten miles daily was a good drive. The

cowboys aptly called such progress "drifting" the herd. One song says:

"It was a long and lonesome go,
As our herd rolled on to Mexico;
With laughter light and the cowboy's song,
For Mexico we rolled along."

And another:

"It was long by Sombserva we slowly punched along,
While each and every puncher would sing a hearty song,
To cheer up his comrades, as onward we did go,
On that crooked trail to Holbrook, in Arizona, oh."

As these songs explain, the cowboy sang to enliven his work as he followed the trail, as he rode the range, as he rested about the campfire, or as he stood guard during the still night over the cattle sleeping on the ground. He sang about what he did, what he saw, what he felt, the men he knew. Sometimes life seemed all work, and his plaint was:

"A cowboy's life is a weary, dreary life—
Some say it's free from care;
Rounding up the cattle from morning until night
In the middle of the prairie so bare.

"Spring-time sets in, double trouble will begin,
The weather is so fierce and cold;
Clothes all wet and frozen to our necks,
The cattle we can scarcely hold."

Or sometimes he thought more of the dangers:

"I've been where the lightnin', the lightnin' tangled in my eyes,
The cattle I could scarcely hold.
Think I heard my boss man say:
'I want all brave and true-hearted men that ain't afraid to die
To whoop up the cattle from morning until night
Way up on the Kansas line.'"

But still oftener, perhaps, he laughed at his troubles:

"I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm Trail,
Rope in my hand and a steer by the tail.

"Oh, a ten-dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle,
An' I'm a-goin' to punching Texas cattle.

"We hit Caldwell, and we hit her on the fly,
An' we bedded down the cattle on the hill close by.

"It's cloudy in the west, a-lookin' like rain,
An' my blamed old slicker's in the wagon again.

"Last night I was on guard an' the leader broke the ranks,
I hit my horse down the shoulder and I spurred him down the flanks.

"I jumped in the saddle, grabbed holt of the horn,
Best old cowboy ever was born.

"I don't give a whoop if they never do stop,
I can ride as long as an eight-day clock.

"I'm on my best hoss, an' I'm goin' at a run,
I'm the quickest-shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.

"With my knees in the saddle and my feet in the sky,
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by."

The deeds of daring and of crime that made the early days in the West so lively often furnished the subject for a song. Each desperado was re-

nowned in verse. Of Jesse James they sang:

"Jesse James was a lad that killed a many a man,
He robbed the Danville train:
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in the grave.

"Oh, it was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

"Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children, they were brave;
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,
Has laid poor Jesse in the grave."

And although Jesse was an outlaw, popular sympathy was with him, for the song adds:

"Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never would see a man suffer pain."

And in the same spirit they said of Sam Bass, the Texas train-robber:

"A kinder-hearted fellow you'd seldom ever see."

Only the elect of the "bad men" were embalmed in verse. Famous cowpunchers were the subjects of many well-known verses. For instance:

"Bill Peters was a hustler
From Independence town;
He warn't a college scholar,
Nor man of great renown;
But Bill had a way o' doin' things
And doin' 'em up brown.

"Bill driv' four pair o' horses,
Same as you'd drive a team,
An' you'd think you was a-travelin'
On a railroad driv by steam;
An' he'd git thar on time, you bet,
Or Bill 'u'd bust a seam.

"He carried mail an' passengers,
An' he started on the dot,
An' them teams o' his'n, so they say,
Was never known to trot;
But they went it at a gallop,
An' they kept the axles hot.

"And Bill didn't 'low no foolin',
And when Injuns hove in sight
And bullets rattled at the stage,
He druv with all his might;
He'd holler, "Fellers, give 'em hell,
I ain't got time to fight.

"He driv that stage for many a year
Along the Smoky Hill,
And a pile o' wild Comanches
Did Bill Peters have to kill—
And I reckon if he'd had good luck
He'd been a-drivin' still.

"But he chanced one day to run agin
A bullet made o' lead,
Which was harder than he bargained for,
And now poor Bill is dead;
And when they brought his body home
A barrel of tears was shed."

Often, again, a song recounted some tragedy. In the spring of '73 a man named Crego hired a bunch of cowboys to go with him to the range of the buffalo to collect buffalo hides. The summer was one of varied hardships, as the song tells us, and finally:

"The season being over, old Crego did say,
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day;
We coaxed him and we begged him, and still it was no go;
We left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo."

Another song popular on the trail tells of the tragic end of a young cowboy who told his comrades that he meant to quit his wild life and go home when his contract was out. But that night while he stood his guard the

herd stampeded; he went down under their thousand hoofs, and—

"Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise,
no tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little board, and this is
what it said:
"Charlie died at daybreak, he died
from a fall,
And he'll not see his mother when the
work's all done this fall."

Another song tells us:

"It's little Joe, the wrangler, he'll
wrangle never more,
His days with the remuda they are
o'er;
'Twas a year ago last April when he
rode into our camp—
Just a little Texas stray, and all alone.
It was late in the evening he rode up
to our herd,
On a little Texas pony he called
"Chaw"—
With his brogan shoes and overalls, a
tougher-lookin' kid
You never in your long life ever saw."

For little Joe, the pet of the camp, rode with the rest when the cattle stampeded in a sudden hail storm.

"The next morning, just at day-break,
we found where Rocket fell,
Down in a washout twenty feet below;
And beneath the horse, mashed to a
pulp, his spur had run the knell,
Was our little Texas stray, poor Wran-
gling Joe."

But the cowboy was oftener gay than sad, and he never tired of laughing at his own trials when he first began to learn the ways of horses and cows. There is a song called "The Tenderfoot Cowboy":

"I thought one spring just for fun
I'd see how cow-punching was done,
And when the round-ups had begun,
I tackled the cattle king.
Says he: 'My foreman is in town;
He's at the Plaza, and his name is
Brown,
If you'll see him, he'll take you down.'
Says I: 'That's just the thing.'

"He put me in charge of a cavyyard,
And told me not to work too hard,
That all I had to do was guard
The horses from getting away;
I had one hundred and sixty head,
I sometimes wished that I was dead;
When one got away, Brown's head
turned red,
And there was the devil to pay.

"They saddled me up an old gray hack
With two set-fasts on his back;
They padded him down with a gunny
sack,
And used my bedding all.
When I got up he quit the ground,
Went up in the air and turned around,
And I came down and busted the
ground—
I got one hell of a fall.

"They took me up and carried me in
And rubbed me down with an old stake
pin.
'That's the way they all begin;
You're doing well,' says Brown.
'And in the morning, if you don't die,
I'll give you another horse to try.'
'Oh, say, can't I walk?' says I.
Says he, 'Yes, back to town.'"

The cowboy's life was an active one, allowing little place for sentiment, and less for moralizing. His songs are timed to the lope of his horse, or suited to the taste of the comrades he met about the chuck-wagon. But in the dark or starry hours of night herding, the steers—as wild as any buffalo or buck of the plains—could often be quieted by the sound of his voice. Many a herd was held on the bedding-ground by the old favorite "Lorena," and it was during such hours that the puncher learned to talk to his charges much as a chiding mother might quiet her restless child:

"Oh, say, little dogies, when you goin'
to lay down,
And quit this forever siftin' around?
My limbs are weary, my seat is sore;

Oh, lay down, dogies, like you've laid
before—
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.
Hi-oo, hi-oo-oo-oo.

"Oh, lay still, dogies, since you have
laid down,
Stretch away out on the big open
ground;
Snore loud, little dogies, and drown
the wild sound
That will all go away when day rolls
round:
Oh, lay still, little dogies, lay still.
Hi-oo, hi-oo-oo-oo."

And it was then, too that his heart grew tender and his thoughts turned to sweetheart, to mother, to home, "over on the Gila, in the white man's country." And then, too, his mind dwelt on God and immortality:

"At midnight, when the cattle are
sleeping,
On my saddle I pillow my head,
And up at the heavens lie peeping
From out of my cold, grassy bed.

* * * *

"Sometimes when a bright star is
twinkling,
Like a diamond set in the sky,
I find myself lying and thinking,
It may be God's heaven is nigh.
I wonder if there I shall meet her,
My mother whom God took away;
If in the star-heavens I'll greet her
At the round-up that's on the last
day."

But the work-a-day daylight scattered the night thoughts:

"In the east the great daylight is
breaking
And into my saddle I spring;
The cattle from sleep are awakening,
The heaven-thoughts from me take
wing,
The eyes of my broncho are flashing,
Impatient he pulls at the reins,
And off round the herd I go dashing,
A reckless cowboy of the plains."

Such were some of the songs and such were some of the moods of the men who, in the sixties, seventies and eighties, roped the long-horn steers upon the plains of Texas, and whooped the lagging dogies up the old Lone Star and Chisholm trails to Kansas. The cowboy's vocation led him often into the teeth of death; and almost daily his life and often the life of others depended on his coolness, his strength, his skill. Cut off as he was from all newspapers and books, he was forced to provide himself with something to fill the hours of loneliness. Therefore he created his songs, the songs of the range, the camp-fire, the Indian fight, the round-up, and the cattle drives, songs that yet haunt, ghost-like, the old northward-trending trails, now dim and grass-grown and half-forgotten. His life was full of hardship, and he sung to break its tedious monotony, but he sang, too, because his heart was light. To catch once more his spirit in words of his own:

"Oh, the cowboy's life is a dreary life
Though his mind it is no load,
And he always spends his money
Like he found it in the road."



THE LONELY WOMAN AND THE SILENT MAN

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

THE LONELY WOMAN was going on a long journey. Accordingly she had arranged everything with painstaking care. Every stick of furniture in the little room, every book, every bit of bric-a-brac was listed and ticketed for final disposition. Even the clothes she had worn were done into a neat bundle, and labeled with the address of a well-known organization for charity.

A packet of old love-letters, a few time-worn souvenirs of a dead past—fragments of a long-neglected diary—these were laid calmly on the graying coals, where they smouldered a second and leapt into a rollicking, mocking flare of crimson flame. When the last bit of paper had sifted to ashes, the Lonely Woman swallowed a lump, blinked back the mist from her eyes and turned away. The sigh smothered in its birth.

When the clock struck twelve she paused in her feverish efforts at occupation, and glanced about the room critically. She realized all at once that a deep weariness was upon her, and with a little, hard-drawn breath, sank down in a chair before the burnt-out fire. Presently, with a mechanical movement, she bent forward and threw a stick of fat wood on the coals. When it had blazed up, she dropped back again, closed her eyes and tried to steady her thoughts: to recall if there were anything she had left unattended to. On the table beside her were scattered some loose papers, a bit of needlework, and a book or two. Rousing herself, she picked up a crumpled letter, yellow with time, and smoothed it out. It was dated nine years back, and this is what she read:

"Dear—Will you wait for me? An unexpected stroke of misfortune has swept away everything, and I must go out into the world and battle anew for the ground I have lost. Forgive me, Valerie; it was for your sake I took the risk. It is for your sake I mean to wring victory from the future—with all odds against me except the One Great Thing: our love. You will give me your confidence as well?

"Faithfully,

"HAL."

She had read it for the thousandth, and the last, time. With a little, stoical gesture, she gave it, along with all the rest, to be licked up by the yellow flame. Then she picked up a newspaper, five years old, and turned to the familiar paragraph, almost illegible now from frequent handling.

"Married on June seventeenth, Harold Chetwynd to Anita Driscoll. The young couple sailed immediately after the ceremony for Trieste, Austria, where Mr. Chetwynd is at present engaged in business."

The Lonely Woman sat quite still for a long time, struggling valiantly to put back the regiment of old, painful thoughts that kept clamoring for entrance at the door of her tired brain. Suddenly she pressed her fingers to her burning eyes and held them there till they ached with physical pain. The plaintive mewing of the landlady's cat, wakened from its protracted doze on

the hearth, brought her to sharply. With a little hungry, sobbing movement, she bent and snatched up the animal, cradled it in her arms, and buried her convulsed face in the soft, snowy fur. For a moment the long-repressed tears flowed unchecked. Then she jerked herself together impatiently, placed the cat on a chair and rose.

On the mantel in front of her stood a tall bottle of colorless liquid. She uncorked it cautiously, and whiffed the pungent, sickening odor. It was a wretched thing to do, but—well, she could not go on any longer. She had fought a losing fight for five long years and—— All at once the woman seemed to grow rigid, white as paper. Her breath ceased for an instant. She couldn't have been mistaken, she knew that. Surely, it was the sharp crack of a revolver she had heard in the adjoining room? She turned quickly, and hurried out into the deserted corridor. A dim light flickered through the transom of the Silent Man's room. She waited a second, her heart beating so that it hurt her. Presently came the sound of a stifled groan. She crept up to the door and rapped softly on the panel. There was no response. She laid a shaking hand on the knob and it yielded easily.

Crumpled beside a table, with the fire-arm still smoking at his elbow, a thin streak of blood trickling from his temple, sat the Silent Man. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole body trembled and shook.

"Oh," cried the woman, "what have you done!"

The man dropped his hands and looked up, sullenly. A grim smile twisted his features.

"The trouble is," he said, "I *didn't* do it."

"You—you meant to——" She paused, a whimsical mixture of sympathy and contempt in combat on her white, startled face. Her hands caught unsteadily at the back of a chair for support.

"Exactly. But either my aim isn't as true as it used to be, or some unconscious, cowardly impulse caused it to swerve." He gave a little, disagreeable laugh. "Better luck next time."

The woman shrank involuntarily. "Your temple is bleeding," she gasped; "you are hurt. I can see that you are suffering. You must let me send for a physician——"

"No!" He spoke almost fiercely. A look, half of anger, half of annoyance, swept across his features. "It's nothing but a scratch," he continued in a milder tone. "Confound my fool bungling. But I'll have no interference."

"Then you must let me do something for you, if you're determined not to have medical aid. I understand something of surgery—at least enough to bind up a wound. May—may I?" The Lonely Woman spoke timidly, a bit weakly, too, for it was many years since she had spoken in friendly fashion to man, and her boldness slightly dismayed her.

He shrugged at her suggestion and shook his head impatiently.

"Thanks, but I can attend to that myself. I——" His voice collapsed. A sudden weakness overtook him, and he fell back limply in his chair.

The woman, quick to comprehend the situation, turned and hurried into her room. She returned almost instantly with arnica, bandages and a small flask of brandy. A few drops of the liquid brought him to. He smiled faintly in appreciation, and submitted passively to the Lonely Woman's gentle ministrations. She had gone heroically to work dressing the wound, and the touch of her soft fingers on his flesh thrilled the Silent Man strangely.

"You are very good," he said.

The woman flushed with embarrassment under his glance.

"I wonder why?" he pursued quizzically.

"I am merely humane," she replied, quietly. "I am very glad I could be of some service."

"Humph! Doubtful service," he muttered; "though, of course, I don't undervalue your motive—and I thank

you profoundly. Now, hadn't you better be going? That feels quite comfortable. I shall do very well, you see, and if any one should happen along—"

The woman smiled faintly. "As it is," she said, "I'm past all that. I've lived so long alone that other people never even enter into my calculations. However, if there's nothing more I can do, I will leave you alone. I hope you will—do—nothing——"

"Rash? Don't worry. I've had enough for one night. Besides, I find I'm growing sleepy."

"I'm glad of that. After a good night's rest I'm sure you will see things differently. If you should have any trouble with the—the scratch, won't you call through the partition? I can hear distinctly——"

"I'll remember. And it's generous of you to understand and respect my secret. You are not like the women that inhabited the world I used to live in. You are more like a human being. Good-night." He rose weakly, followed her to the door and closed it behind her. When he went back to his chair he noticed that the pistol had disappeared. His lips drew up in a half-amused smile. But in a second the smile had vanished and into its place came a strange look of gravity.

* * * *

When the Lonely Woman entered her room she was shaking like a leaf. The night's experience had made fearful draughts upon her endurance; her nerves had all gone to pieces. She looked at herself in the glass and thought how white she was. She wondered at the sudden wide blackness of the usually calm gray eyes, as she placed the revolver carefully in a drawer.

What *might* have happened in the next room?

What might have occurred in this one? She shuddered as she turned from the mirror. Her glance fell, with a sort of dull horror, on the bottle of colorless liquid in its same place on the mantel. She picked it up quickly, and locked it away with the arnica and brandy in her medicine chest.

She listened a moment, with her ear against the partition, and satisfied that all was quiet in the adjoining room, tremblingly disrobed and crept into bed.

* * * *

The Lonely Woman was roused from a late sleep by an imperative knock on her door. She started up, flung on a kimono and slippers, and hastened to answer it. Her landlady's florid face frowned at her through the opening. A chill of apprehension swept over her. It was seldom Mrs. Sullivan ever paid a visit to any of her boarders, and then it was distinctly on business. It was on business she had come now. In response to the Lonely Woman's invitation, she bustled into the room and disposed herself importantly in the nearest chair.

"I regret very much, Miss Herndon," she began in a deprecatory tone, "that I am obliged to ask you for your room by this afternoon."

"My—room! This—afternoon?" She looked up in amazement.

"Yes, not a moment later." The older woman spoke curtly, with an uncompromising stare.

"But—but why? For what reason?"

"You can best answer that question yourself, I presume. I suppose you know that I try to keep the reputation of my house above board."

"I know—of course. But I cannot understand. Oh!" A wave of recollection sharp as a sword thrust pierced her brain. Then: "Oh!" she said again, "how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel!" The landlady laughed harshly. "You might have thought of the consequences when you went into Mr. Hartridge's room at midnight."

"But—you don't understand. I—" It was on the tip of her tongue to say that she could explain. She checked herself sharply. Could she? No; she could not. There had been no promise given, none asked. But he had thanked her for respecting his secret; the understanding had been tacit, and she felt honor-bound to keep silent. Not even the thought of self-preservation could tempt her to lay

bare the Silent Man's moment of weakness. When she spoke, her voice was quite calm.

"Very well, Mrs. Sullivan," she said, "I shall give you your key within an hour's time. I have nothing to say beyond the fact that you are mistaken in your assumption. I hope you will believe me and accept my explanation that the whole thing was due to an accident; an accident the nature of which I am not at liberty to divulge."

The landlady raised her brows. "Certainly. Let it be just as you say, Miss Herndon, only," here her ruddy face relaxed a trifle, "I am forced to take this step on account of——"

The Lonely Woman lifted a protesting hand. "There's no need to discuss it further, Mrs. Sullivan. You've been very good to me all these years, and I'm not ungrateful. I'm only sorry the thing has occurred to place me in a false light. But I thoroughly appreciate your point of view, and—and I'd best pack my things at once, I think."

The landlady rose, shook out her skirts, and offered clumsily to do what she could to help. But the Lonely Woman declined gently, and as the bulky form of Mrs. Sullivan disappeared through the doorway, she caught her cold hands together in an agony of shame, and felt the scalding tears well to her eyes. A little dry sob strangled in her throat.

The deep booming of the town clock announcing the noon hour roused the Lonely Woman from her torpor. She rose stiffly from the chair into which she had dropped, and began to dress herself mechanically. Everything she had was already packed. She had attended to that the night before, when she was preparing for that other journey. There were just one or two little things to be looked after, and at half-past twelve she turned the key in the lock and crossed the corridor unsteadily to the landlady's room. Mrs. Sullivan had just gone out, and she laid the key on a table, drew a deep breath and hurried noiselessly down the little flight of winding stairs. At the foot of them she paused blankly. She was going—where?

* * * *

The white world shimmered and glistened in the starlight. The wind was asleep, but the relentless March air bit into the flesh like a live thing. The leafless trees lifted ghost-like arms to the star-dazzled sky, the brisk step of an occasional pedestrian lent the only touch of life to the weird stillness.

The eyes of the Lonely Woman were fixed straight ahead of her in a strained, burning gaze. Every little while she shivered unconsciously from the cold, though an inward fire was consuming her. Humiliation, rebellion, a deeper sense of loneliness than any she had ever known, tore in turn at her heart strings. All the long, bitter day she had walked and walked, eating nothing, resting not at all, in the feverish effort to wear out the unutterable desperation that held every quivering sense in its grip. Before this new terror that had reared its monster head in her path, the eating misery of the past five years shriveled and vanished. What should she do? Where go? The thought of people terrified her. Hour after hour she had shunned them, the merest strangers, dreading with poignant morbidness lest the stigma that had been put upon her was branded in letters of fire on her shrinking face. And yet——

The light touch of uncertain fingers on her arm caused the Lonely Woman to start up with a little cry of alarm.

"So I have found you at last!" The tone of the Silent Man was almost one of joy: it was husky with emotion. He sat down beside the woman and waited a moment for her to speak. As she ventured nothing, he went on gently: "I've felt that I owe you some explanation of—of last night. To-day, I feel heartily ashamed of myself; then I was desperate. I'd endured the torment so long, it seemed to me that hell itself would be a paradise beside the life here. Some day, if you'll let me, I'll tell you the whole story. But now"—his eyes sought her pallid pro-

file in the dim starlight—"there's another to be taken up."

For the first time the Lonely Woman opened her lips to speak.

"Why were you looking for me?" she asked with a touch of resentment. "Why did you follow me?"

"Because I know the truth. I know why you were turned out of the house. And I want to do what is in my power to set matters straight."

The woman jerked in her breath sharply, swallowing hard for self-mastery.

"I chanced to overhear a certain conversation between yourself and the landlady this morning just as I was waking up. When I was able to make my appearance, you had gone. I immediately looked up Mrs. Sullivan and explained the situation. The poor lady was quite overcome. She desires you to return at once."

The Lonely Woman laughed bitterly. "I don't think I could—just bear it—now," she said, unsteadily.

The Silent Man said nothing for a moment. A fury of self-contempt swept over him. Then: "I'm sorry," he said. "I despise myself utterly. What must you—a woman like you—think of me?"

All at once she turned to him with a little gesture of sympathy. "I think," she said, "that—perhaps I—understood."

"You?" He smiled incredulously.

"Yes—I."

"Suicide? Self-destruction——"

"Yes."

"Surely——"

"Your accident saved my life," she interrupted in a low voice. "I had made up my mind to take the same journey—the same night." A violent fit of shivering seized her. The Silent Man quickly unbuttoned the cape of his long coat and wrapped it about her shoulders.

"Unhappy?" he questioned gently.

She nodded slowly. "Everything had slipped away," she said. "The loneliness was worse than death."

The man looked at her with slow wonder in his eyes and a certain grave comprehension. For some reason, quite inexplicable to himself, much as he might have treated a grieved child, he suddenly took one of the Lonely Woman's hands in his and pressed it reassuringly.

"I know," he said. "I understand, I think. If it was some one for whom you cared dearly——"

"Yes," she interposed, in a little, sobbing whisper; "yes."

Another fit of shivering seized her, and the man rose abruptly, drawing her to her feet beside him. "Come," he said, "we must be going home. You'll catch your death of cold out here."

The woman's face hardened. "No," she said, "not there. Don't you see?" Her lips quivered despite the rein she held upon herself.

"You needn't mind," he told her awkwardly. "No one knows anything of the affair but Mrs. Sullivan, and she has promised strictest secrecy. I think it would be better if you returned there instead of going to some strange place." He waited eagerly for her response. In the dim light the white, pensive face of the Lonely Woman was really beautiful. The Silent Man felt his dead heart stir with vague interest.

After a moment she turned slowly, and their eyes met. "Very well," she said, "I'll come."

* * * *

The Lonely Woman came down to dinner wearing an all-white dress. It was the first time she had discarded the sober black for, perhaps, years. A crimson rose lent a bright spot of color to the spotless severity of her toilet. Her eyes dropped to her plate as she took her seat, and the pink surged throbbingly into her soft cheeks. For even without looking up, she knew that He was there.

The Silent Man had been watching with suppressed eagerness for her arrival. He had felt a distinct uneasiness as to how she would receive his gift. It had been many years since he had sent flowers to a woman, and his boldness filled him with increasing

apprehension. The sight of the rose, one of his, caused the blood to lighten his grave, stoical face with vivid scarlet. He picked up his knife and fork and attacked his meal with unaccustomed enthusiasm.

It must have been fully fifteen minutes later that the Lonely Woman's eyes sought his across the table with a little smile of appreciation for his thoughtfulness. When had anybody ever sent her a flower? A wave of intense gratitude surged over her. Gradually the world had come to seem a better place to live in; she might yet be—happy! And a month ago she had been willing, nay, had deliberately, planned to leave it forever!

When dinner was finished, she rose abruptly and hurried out to the friendly darkness of the veranda. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts —away from the prying gaze of strangers. No desecrating eye must probe into her heart and discover there the tiny blossom of joy whose existence she was cherishing with such jealous care. And a month ago——

The Silent Man's shadow cut across the glimmering moonlight. The Lonely Woman started up with a little exclamation of embarrassment.

"You are wearing my rose?" he asked, with a whimsical smile.

For answer she nodded gently, and touched the flower with soft, tremulous fingers. Its sweet, elusive perfume drifted to them on the night air. The man felt his heart beat. Looking down at her, he was conscious of a sudden, keen yearning for the Lonely Woman —a desire to have her always near him, a mad, irresistible longing to touch her.

"In the past four weeks," he began awkwardly, "we've learned more about each other than most people ever know. We have both been used rather roughly by fate. We've both been weak, and wretchedly unhappy. But I think we were walking blindfold through life, and—and stumbled across each other. Life has plenty of good things and happiness to offer, though we were doing our best to pass them by." He moved a step closer, bent and drew both her unresisting hands into his. "Can't we quit the old life, dear, and make a new one for ourselves—together?"

The Lonely Woman did not look up. She did not even speak. Presently the man felt a warm drop light on their interlocked hands. Without a word he drew her to her feet and forced the appeal of his earnest eyes upon her. Her head hung low in mute surrender. Then all at once he found himself holding her close to his heart. He held her there a full minute, and when it was gone, the world had changed forever for them both.

THE SIFTINGS

BY LURANA SHELDON

Into the present's strong, dividing sieve
 The sere, dead ashes of the past are flung;
 A wide earth's errors from the ages wrung,
While man and man, in learning how to live,
 Burned fast the fagots of experience
Upon the altars of each crumbling creed,
And in the flame of sacrificial greed
 Seared deep the brand of his own ignorance.
Now once again progression's pyres glow,
 And from the sifted embers of the past
 The unscathed truths into the fires are cast,
That from the ashes of all pain and woe
 The purer light of knowledge may arise;
A last strong flame to gild man's victories.

AN ACCEPTANCE

BY BILLEE GLYNN

CARRUGERS was a genius. He knew it. That no one else did was no matter. He was still "It" in letters ornamental and flourished—a glory-laden, divine-gaited, storm-hurling son of the gods, born to bequeath the world in which he lived.

Yes, he knew it. He felt it in every stir of his young blood, as he also carried the dream of it, the old dream of it, in his young eyes. For it had become almost a mania with him.

But that wasn't all. Hadn't he placed that unique classic of country life, his short story, "The Immigrant," with The Advocate: a real masterpiece which had attracted no end of attention, especially among his fellow clerks in the office at Aubrey. Even the editor of the Aubrey Weekly Intelligencer had congratulated him upon the effort, offering him a signed column in his own paper; the column he had been creating with such painstakedness ever since, till the high places of his soul revolted.

Moreover, hadn't he placed other short stories with other magazines in the big world outside, the big, hustling, metropolitan world to which his voices ever cried; yes, even in New York City itself! And if they had been magazines of the lower class, they were none the less magazines, magazines which blazoned the voices of his genius, and printed his name in big black type on their title page.

And the very tip of his achievement had been to place a poem with one of the biggest magazines—a top-notcher—whose acceptance and payment of eight dollars for eight lines had fairly taken his breath away. Eight lines only, but a poem none the less, a poem he had not thought much about at the time, and with regard to which he was certain he could do infinitely better.

Carrugers considered himself a genius. Even his friends had come to that conclusion, and admitted it frankly, as his enemies proved the point by disputing it with unnatural emphasis; and encompassing him, ever fluttering him about, with a distinctive, negligent charm like the trailing grace-garment of a woman, was the significance of his isolation—the calm, sure glory of one who had not only written things, but had found publishers; in the same locality were others who had written things and had failed to get them published. For there were others. One of these was conspicuous, even in Aubrey.

Maria Stiggs, society editor of the Intelligencer, had for time indefinite been signing herself "Lena Leona Lowland," and signing herself only. Maria Stiggs, spinster, had, too, for time indefinite, been pushing a carefully sharpened lead pencil in the direction of fame and the magazines—and pushing it only. In other words, Maria Stiggs, possessed of a small income, no man to spend it, and a temper, had become by her own efforts a more finished spinster and a very finished critic, especially in regard to editors and "young upstarts." Maria Stiggs was a failure.

Under these circumstances, it is quite apparent that Maria Stiggs regarded Carrugers with lofty indifference. Carrugers tolerated her from the height of the Heaven-born, and passed on, his shoulders straightened, his young head held high.

It was sad, of course, but every one could not possess the gift or achieve

success. So Carrugers told himself. And Carrugers passed on to other things beside.

When a man's wings trail to the edges of the universe the wish is inevitable and not far behind to kick the earth from his feet once and for all at the spot where he stands. Because Carrugers was Carrugers, Aubrey, with its five thousand provincial souls and irksome office work, had become too small for him.

So the dream grew, as dreams will, grew as the sun grows out of the East to a May dawn. And to Carrugers, walking home at night to the little fruit farm on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his elder brother and a housekeeper, the voices became cries, his surroundings disreputable. Even the sylvan music of the woodlands no longer charmed or stirred his poetic faculties; the birds twittering in the fresh morning air; the shimmering haze-lapped dream of the early hills.

This was nature, perhaps, but he wanted life; to prove himself in the world that knew a man. And to Carrugers, as to all genius, opportunity at last came.

When his brother took suddenly ill and died, it became incumbent upon Carrugers to do other than office work in Aubrey. He placed the farm in the hands of a renter, a selling agent, and bought a ticket for the city, his baggage consisting of one small trunk and one valise of manuscripts.

The future stretched before him in prismatic hues. He was young and hopeful and twenty-two, the age at which the world is made for one, not one for the world.

* * * *

It was the afternoon following the night of his advent in Chicago that Carrugers, with his Brightest and Best stowed safely in an inside pocket, found himself sauntering somewhat nervously across the editorial rooms of a well known magazine, the Brightest and Best of the big West. He realized he was walking on a strip of mottled brown carpet, and straight toward a red-haired girl sitting at a typewriter.

Except for this one person the office was apparently vacated. In his career Carrugers remembered vaguely that it was lunch hour. He was glad of this, and also of the red-haired girl. She was plain, defiantly plain.

In a voice not at all in accord with the loudness of her appearance, but very soft and silken, she told him that Miss Sydney would attend to him, and that Miss Sidney was within a certain door on the left. There were other doors on the left, but eventually he found the certain one—and Miss Sidney. He stood there, nervously, his head thrown back, while a young woman ran a cool, gray glance all over him.

She wasn't pretty; he knew that even in the battle with his confusion. Her face was too pale in spite of its focus of red lips and clear, unwavering eyes, and the features were neither classical nor regular. Yet there was character; he sensed that. Depths inexpressible in the eyes beneath their frown, and neither the dignity of the chin nor the almost masculine line of the mouth could quite disguise the brooding pathos and delicacy of the lower face. Moreover, she was young. Carrugers felt himself struck by something he knew not what.

Then he stammered an explanation. It consisted mostly of a variation on the one chord—that he had brought his Brightest and Best to the editor of the Brightest and Best, and wished to see him personally; also that he had written for many magazines, and particularly one. No, he used no nom de plume; he wrote simply under his own name—J. L. Carrugers.

The young woman regretted with a smile at having overlooked his work in the magazines; regretted also that the editor was out. But she, herself, would look after his story and see that it received due consideration. He could call in three days. She hoped they would find it as good as she could wish it to be. Then she frowned and smiled again, and Carrugers bowed himself out without knowing how, and felt himself very much elated without

knowing why. He felt confident that he had not in the slightest degree deceived the young lady regarding his own talents.

In the bundle of poetry which filled his valise there were two other story manuscripts. That same afternoon he submitted these to two publishers.

What was there so insuperable about Mount Olympus to an artist born? The important thing was to be on the spot and in touch with real life, its plot and counterplot. And the check for his Brightest and Best laughed up at Carrugers, digit-headed, naught-eyed, from the dirty city pavement; the check so glowingly proffered him in the outstretched, enthusiastic hand of the young woman eager in her welcome of a new "find," a hand that Carrugers suddenly recalled was something of a white wonder and worthy of remembrance. Somehow, he had forgotten that she was not the editor; not the Great One he had really wished to see.

That evening, as a way to a theme from real life, he bought a ticket to unreal art at a Bowery show. And afterwards the high-flood, the moon-lust of the big city by electric light rolled laughing about his naked soul, which cried out in protest. It was not till the next day, however, that he found the theme.

Sometimes of a dull morning this great Western giantess, a metropolis where all the world come to grin and scrape their shoes, rolls and tosses a little longer than usual in the gray blanket of her sleep before finally throwing off covers for good and rising to the supreme practical fullness of her life. Also at these times there is often a wet chill drifting off the lake, and it is cold.

Carrugers, an early riser, and lightly clad for such an hour, stood on a street corner and shivered. The fog wrapped him in isolation, held him there numbed and aghast while he watched the huge leviathan of city life struggling into consciousness. Sounds fell about him like leathern hammers. And the tap, tap, of increasing footfalls as the thin stream of early pedestrians grew, the while bringing faces that swept to him, question-eyed, hungry, vindictive, and swept away again. Battling a gnawing feeling of homesickness and troubled by the question of the faces, Carrugers turned back to his room.

Then something came to him, and he wrote, hungrily, passionately; not of the city life, with its swarming, stifling millions, but of home; the little farm, rich in its solitude, its peace, and Aubrey, a place of dreams, a maiden aimlessly winding the sunlit coils of her hair by the gleaming mirror of the river. He had fancied he hated these things.

It was this story of his country life that he took to her when he went back to learn the fate of his Brightest and Best. Carrugers could no more doubt his Brightest and Best than he could doubt his own soul.

So when he went in to her with this supreme self-confidence in his eyes, the young woman did not immediately tell him; instead, she thrummed the table with the white wonder that was her hand, and smiled a welcome. Anything better calculated to keep an author's hopes at high pitch than that smile could not well be imagined. Carrugers meant to accept the good news with graciousness, and in this elation he felt himself suddenly, generously sorry for that suggestion of pathos, of tragedy in her face. Sometime, he promised himself, she would perhaps tell him, and he would write her story. Neither would he forget to mention the white wonder of her hand, nor the significant poise of her head in its hood of dark hair.

Then right in the midst of his pity, right in the midst of his lingering glance on her lower face where the smile and the pathos most dwelt, her firm, delicate chin drew into sterner lines, and with the smile still hovering about her lips, she told him; told him so kindly that he did not quite comprehend at first; but, standing there dumbfounded, took to comprehending in a dim, slow, matter-of-fact

way other things besides. That she, herself, was reader for the magazine; that she, only, had to do with his Brightest and Best; that for some unknown reason he had taken a sudden and altogether unnatural dislike to her. Then in the blank space in his mind which followed he was aware of mechanically taking the other manuscript from his pocket and laying it on her table, beside the other one, and against his own wishes. He picked "the other one" up and turned it over in his hand, looking at it wonderingly. Then realization came to him like the swift flash of a knife.

With the manuscript crushed in his hand he swung savagely to the end of the room and back. With his hand trembling on the table and leaning over it toward her, he asked the question in tense, faltering tones:

"Then, what kind—of stories—do you want?"

It was to that question the "something" she usually restrained leaped out:

She arose, the far-down depths of her eyes glowing strangely, and by a touch of her hand drew him to the window.

"There," she exclaimed, pointing to the whirlpool of the street beneath and speaking in a voice of subdued passion that thrilled him in spite of himself, "there is the kind of stories we want. Stories that echo the very drum-throb of humanity, stories that breathe atmosphere and deal with the divine rawness of life. Stories that live and move the same as a man walks and breathes. Neither pink-tea effusions nor concoctions of hysteria; yet stories that laugh and weep as men laugh and weep, wiping away their tears. Stories built on action as the body is built on the skeleton, but clothed in the divine raiment of flesh, of blood and personality, flesh at its best and at its worst, but always divine. Write me stories like that and I will find you all the fame that can ever come to a man. Go down, instead of up. Find your wings in the gutter and they will be wings. Be proud of humanity, live in it, glory in it, and above all tell it true in spite of every form, every convention, and every prejudice known to it. Write as a man not ashamed in the hope of his world, nor too ready to take his hat off to a star. Write like that, and man will accord you homage."

She paused, pressing her hands together and looked him with glowing eyes in the face.

"But you—you," he stammered, "you, who talk like this must surely be akin to a genius yourself."

Her hands settled themselves, and her glance wandered to the street, the pathos growing at her mouth.

"I thought so once," she said slowly, "but I know better now. It requires some one stronger, some one less afraid of the big forces of life than I. I failed as thousands before me have failed, as thousands to come will, and it is no shame to fail at such a task. Only it is better not to be a genius at all than a half one, a mediocre success. I could not stand that. I don't think any one could who really knows. It is better only to know that you can feel and to try and give the glory to one who can write. Can you?"

Carrugers met her eyes steadily, but blushed. He had been thinking of Maria Stiggs, who had also failed.

"I will try," he said, more earnest than he had ever been. "I will go now —and bring it to you as soon as possible. I think I know what you mean."

"Do!" Then as she went back to her chair, her manner suddenly changed to that of the reader.

"You know," she went on, half-whimsically, as if in defense of herself, "I am doing you a great favor by this sort of conversation. I am not obliged to talk or to give advice to story writers. I judge them. It is because I do not wish to judge you too quickly or harshly that I have said these things. But I always judge sooner or later. I always know."

Yet the warning in the words was utterly lost upon her companion. Standing there still profoundly moved by her first outburst, the big glory of the world, the world of genius she had

conjured, seemed suddenly like a full-blown rose to have opened out to him. And as he put out his hand to pluck the perfect wearing of it, he felt that it was not only for himself but for her, as his champion, she who had failed, to pin the flower upon her breast.

In the impulse of that thrill he bent very close to her. "I will try not to fail you," he said huskily. "Believe me." And then he was gone.

* * * *

Thus it was that Carrugers began his Quest, down there, too, in the glut of the street, where his sensitive young soul, in spite of its fervid desire, sometimes stood still and shivered. And because of this, perhaps, he pursued it all the more eagerly. And with the travail of man it seemed to him he had conquered. Down there in the bizarre, glory-touched web of the streets, in the rhythmic movement of the mass, in the faces and voices of laughing-eyed children, of ragamuffins, hucksters, coquettes, the steel plunge of commerce and the cower of sentiment, passion and placidity, servility, rebellion, compromise and regret, the whole big-singing brew of things apparently meaningless, he wrought to depict the meaning of the life around him. He followed the path she had pointed till at the last moment, by what appeared a divine streak of luck, he fell unexpectedly on the banana-vender, the center of that thrilling incident of the street, and carried his theme back to his room in triumph.

He submitted this new story to her. He remembered standing there, his back to her, his face to the street, where spread his dream, or hers, rather —as she read it, the hope of success tingling in all his veins. Then he turned at her voice, to the same smile of sympathy in her eyes, the same firm melancholy of chin he had remarked at their former meeting.

"I am sorry," she said, "but this is not what we want. I am afraid, after all, you did not quite understand. It is not the prose poetry of detail, of outward fact, we desire, but that of elemental fact bearing the present in bloom."

And so she had gone on with that supreme conceit, that dramatic power of hers, till once again, in spite of his hurt feelings, he stood thrilled and transfixed; and once again he kneeled to kiss the feet of her gods, and vowed the vow of his success.

And this time, through the streets and by-lanes he pursued his quest even more relentlessly; pursued it till he seemed, in the earnestness of his endeavor, to hold it in the very hollow of his hand. Then setting it down clearly, methodically, painstakingly, he sent it to her; sent it, not that he feared rejection this time, but that he feared himself. For he had suddenly conceived a strange shyness with regard to her.

In his room that afternoon he found the manuscript returned, together with the two others that had been rejected at the offices of the smaller publications; there was a cruel little note from her, light in its touch as the sting of a wasp.

He read it mechanically:

"I cannot say how much I regret returning this to you, but in justice to the magazine, I cannot do otherwise. If you read the manuscript carefully over yourself, I think you will understand my reasons, and appreciate my position in the matter. Perhaps you will try again.

"F. SIDNEY.

"P. S.—If you should ever need my help, do not be afraid to come to me."

Crushing the note in his hand, Carrugers threw it on the floor and stamped on it. With it he tossed away his faith in her; why should she, a failure, judge him?

He told himself that he had written action and modern life as he paced up and down, fingering nervously the last dollar in his pocket. And as a finale to each repetition, he also told himself that with provincial editors in provincial towns he was done forever. He would send his manuscripts to New York City, where they knew stories when they saw them. Then he became

aware that it was the last dollar in his pocket, and that postage was always at par, as well as appetite.

Writing the last two stories had consumed weeks, and he had been short of money to begin with. His brother's funeral expenses had eaten up practically everything in the way of ready cash, and there would be nothing more until the farm was sold.

He bought postage and sent his manuscripts to New York, where they knew stories when they saw them.

Then he went out to look for a job.

About that job, either, he did not mean to be proud. He would go even back to his old work as stenographer for a few weeks until the checks arrived on the acceptance of his stories.

There proved to be no position of stenographer open for him. Advertisements he pursued morning, noon, and night; he called on brusque managers, who snapped inquiries at him, then told him he was too late or that he failed to fill requirements. He filed applications at the employment bureaus of typewriter firms; he stood in long lines of unemployed, patient men and women converging to a single wicket in a single office, and learned to swear beneath his breath when the wicket closed with a snap before he got to it; he wore his feet out tramping long distances to save carfare, and went home at night to partake of a diet of water and brown bread.

So it was that he began to envy even the common laborer on the street; the Dago, sombre-eyed and "brother to the ox," who swung his pick beneath the eye of his foreman in the broiling pavement sun and mopped his brow with a hand of grime.

At such sights, Carrugers now paused, thrilled, at the man's ten hours, his fifteen cents an hour, his sureness of work on the morrow. It seemed unaccountable the piling up of a dollar and a half, day after day, like that, a thing beyond expectation.

Reflecting over his last crust of bread, Carrugers decided to become a common laborer. He had lived for nearly two weeks on fifty cents, and the landlord of the miserable garret to which he had moved was threatening seizure and ejectment.

But the fates were against him still. The field of common labor possessed its conditions of employment, too. And heavy-jowled foremen shook their heads as they regarded his meagre shoulders, his haggard face, his white, neat hands, and they turned him away. They were paying for muscle, and wanted it.

So turned the wheel. Then one day at last he stood on the street with no place to go, and that former hunger he had thought genius lost, in the intolerable hunger of his body.

In this condition he wandered into a beer-stall and stood there, his back to the door-jamb, jealously watching the patrons of the place pay for their drink and select their sandwich. While hungrily regarding the scene, a hand fell on his shoulder. A voice followed, with harsh inquiries and blustering suddenly a proposition. Half an hour later, when he had, too, sipped his drink and eaten his sandwich, he was aware that because some one else had "failed to turn up," he had pledged himself to the low-browed Greek proprietor to take the job of shining shoes, the wages to be three meals a day and commission.

His blood boiled at the thought, and yet he was very much surprised at his blood. The three meals stood out distinctly, and the commission meant room-rent.

When the garret keeper took him back that night on chance because he had found "work," it seemed to him he was having an unusual streak of luck.

His blood continued to boil at times, however, despite the three meals a day and commission; gradually he fell into the habit of arguing with this feeling calmly.

Was not the shining of shoes, after all, an art? Society looked down on it, but Society required its shoes to be shined just the same; but then he had always looked down on Society. Moreever, was it not approved of ethics to

be humble—and have three meals a day? Besides, he was expecting something, expecting it in a vague, matter of fact way. It came at last, too.

One night about a week after he had got his job he stood staring at his five manuscripts back from New York City. As if to make their rejection more emphatic, they had come to him in a bunch by the mail deliveries of that day.

Yet it was not them he saw as he stood there staring, but the face of the girl who had first rejected them. Her words came back to him: "The stories an editor never wants are stories as bad as the author's worst, but the stories the editor always will want are stories as good or better than his best."

He had failed, and yet it didn't seem to matter much; nothing mattered. Indeed, his failure brought a sort of deliverance. He knew, for instance, with the same certainty as if he had suddenly fallen into a fortune, that never would he have to shine another shoe for that frowning Greek; that three meals a day, or no meals a day, or a roof over his head, did not matter to him any more. Then he remembered for the first time that story of country life which the girl had returned to him, corrected, advising him to take it to another editor. He searched for it in his valise, and laid it alongside of the others.

Except as further confirmation, it didn't matter, either.

For some undefinable reason, the next morning he followed her instructions. But when the editor to whom she had referred him accepted the story on the spot, promising payment on publication, it neither thrilled nor stirred him. It set him thinking, mechanically, indifferent, that was all. Perhaps she would also correct the others, not that it made any difference. Yet he went with them to the office, and, because it was after hours, to her private address, as indicated on her card.

It seemed an age that he stood waiting, frowning into the fireplace; an age that drifted wearily, colorless and insipid. Then he became suddenly aware that she had entered some few moments before through the portieres at the side; he remembered vaguely something had stirred and was standing there staring at him; yet not staring, either, for it was a gaze of utter comprehension. And that look in her eyes brought it all back to him, all that he had forgotten how to feel. He put his hands to his head as though something had struck him there, and backed to the door.

"I beg—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I know; I should not have come. I will go immediately."

But she only smiled a quiet smile, and approached him gently.

"I want you to stay," she said. And the pity in her tone hurt him more than all he had suffered.

He took the chair she offered him, sitting with bowed head. Then by and by he knew she had drawn another chair beside him, and he felt a touch on his shoulder.

"Won't you tell me about it?" she said, simply.

He did. In a dry, harsh, abrupt tone he told her the wretched story, told her with an austere meagreness more illustrative than detail, pausing at intervals to control the fierce beating of that flame within which threatened to break out in spite of all his restraint. At the end, he raised his eyes, and there was a moisture in hers.

Then he made an effort as if to leave, the manuscripts in his hand. But with a little movement toward him, she protested. Something had suddenly come to her, for her eyes were bright as stars.

"Of course I'll correct them," she said, "but not now. I am going to give you another chance, and I think you will make good. Do you remember, but perhaps you did not know, there was a poem with that first manuscript you left me. It is good; I am going to pay you for it now."

She paused, as if in momentary

struggle with the color that had flamed into her cheeks, and he looked at her vaguely, understanding her delicate charity, but incapable of contradicting it.

Then she went firmly, steadily on. "I want you to buy food with that money, not the kind of food you've been getting, but food that is food; I want you to feel the warmth of blood, of ambition, and endeavor in your body again, and then I want you to write, write as you never wrote before or thought of writing. If you will ever be able to write it should be now, now when you've touched the very bottom—when you have lived.

A note of passion had come to her voice, and she linked her hands nervously.

He rose abruptly, pacing up and down the room.

He paused before her, his eyes glistening: "I believe you are right; that I should do it now if I've got it in me. And I will. Only have faith in me, have faith!"

He remembered little else after that except that she thrust the bill in his coat pocket as he went out. He was walking on air, soft, free, delicious air, and straight to a woman with bright eyes whose smiles and tears were for him.

She was sitting by the fire that night when he came with the new story. A chair was drawn near her, as though she had been expecting him. He had stepped in quietly, and as she did not turn her head, paused there, gazing at her a moment; at the mingling of light on the dark hair, the exquisite melancholy of her face in repose. She was his judge and his jury, and he was content, even though he had come to her with the hope of the newly-born, knowing he had done his best. Then he moved softly to her side, to the chair that seemed to invite him, and handed her the manuscript. Neither of them spoke, yet there was a dramatic tenseness in the air. She flashed him a smile, that was all, and fluttered the pages, a smile of faith in him!

Then she began to read, aloud. He turned away his head, his brain throbbing, and gazed into the coals. She read now with the hovering accent of the critic ready to pounce on error or defect. She paused once or twice, then floundered altogether. Yet he did not look up. But he winced beneath the sudden change in her tone as she went on. The coals as he gazed had blurred into one molten mass. The throbbing had become a confusion in his mind. He turned to her, his mouth open, a little gasp in his throat.

"Don't," he stammered. "Oh, don't!" And once more he sat before the fire with bowed head, a man who had failed!

Only the fire spoke now, and the wind outside, and at length he roused himself. She was not looking at him, but into the coals, a pure, unwavering gaze that seemed to include infinity. Her apparent oblivion of him hurt strangely. He arose and began to pace the floor. "My God!" he heard himself saying; "it was bad enough to fail, but ten times harder since you taught me to feel these things, for now you've taught me to love you."

His thought was voiced involuntarily, and he shuddered even as he said it. The silence that followed frightened him. Then through the mist that still encompassed him, he heard her reply, low, broken and suggestive.

"But I—I am glad—that you have failed. Every real genius, I think, loves his art too much—to love—a woman!"

Her eyes sought him, moist, joyful eyes. Yet even now he could not believe. His hands gripped the back of his chair; he gazed at her steadfastly as he recalled his vain efforts.

"Are you forgetting," he asked bitterly, "that I am a failure?"

"No; it is because of that, and perhaps because I am one, myself."

"But there is nothing now left except the farm," he argued, still battling with the profound temptation of his emotion.

She arose and went to him. "There are ourselves," she said, softly.

TO POINT THE WAY

BY JOHN C. HARRIS

ALONE, standing on the spray-driven deck of the Santa Clara, Mr. Harold Camden peered over the side into the swirling water below him, and his gaze seemed to be fixed on some absorbing object in the depths of the sea.

Eight bells struck the hour of midnight, arousing Camden from his thoughts. He shuddered for an instant as a gust swept along the deck. The purr of the engines and plunging of the ship moved a certain sense of fascination within him. The lights of the deck cast a weird glow into the fine fog that hung over the ocean, and he was content to return to his thoughts.

He looked back over the stern into the night, black, starless, impenetrable, and his memory returned to the past, to the life he was leaving in disgrace. Even far beyond flew his thoughts to his home, his mother and father, and the mists of the sea seemed to blur the clearness of his eyes.

He pictured his home and the leave-taking. The long journey and finally the opening conflict of youth against the rumbling wheels of commercial machinery. He saw the first victory in his favor, and the second and the third. When the flush of success was in his heart, out of the world came a shaft of abject failure, sending a pang of defeat into his soul. Camden's past three years showed a course dotted with successes and failures. Successes that few men attain and failures that have driven many to the end.

Far away in the distance, in his reverie, he saw a girl, tall, young, and fair. He closed his eyes to blot out the memory. Nearer, he saw another and another. Around each girl, to him, there seemed to be a failure, a defeat.

He was leaving the town. A certain feeling of relief came with the realization, and then a great regret. Once again, standing closer, there appeared to him the form of a woman. A girl grown to womanhood, tall, majestic, commanding. He saw the same pain written on her face as on the day when he had gone to her, ashamed, unmasked, a cad. She stood before him even in the murk of this night, and seemed to point forward into the gloom.

Half-following the direction of her phantom arm, Camden saw a white, broad light sweep the black waters, to disappear and return again. He forgot his reverie. His thoughts flew to the four winds of heaven, and silently he watched the lighthouse slip by to port. One bell struck the half hour, and again there was darkness ahead.

Before his eyes her form once more took shape, and he muttered in a whisper, "She pointed the way. She helped me when the others dragged me on." The days of friendship flooded back to him. The first fascination of a pretty face; the intense interest for a month; the complete satisfaction of knowing that she cared; a perfect truth to her; and now he knew he had shammed, had pretended, and had lied. He recalled her trust and devotion, and in the half-rain, his cheeks paled, for he remembered her kiss.

She was different to him. Very different, and above all, she was human. He had been "interested" many times in his life. He had told himself and her that he loved. She believed him, but he could not believe himself. He met and sought other girls and became "interested." He excused himself from

her and lied. He kept up his deceit and she knew it, but yet she cared. Two bells struck and Camden made an unsteady course toward his cabin. The wind was rising and the sea becoming rough. A storm was ahead.

Before Camden finally fell asleep he thought of the future of his life, his destiny. He was a ship, plunging through life. Now calm and clear, then dark and stormy. As the captain, he knew in his heart the course. He had his chart; he knew the rocks, the temptations, the shallows, the blunders, the reefs, the wrecks, but when it was dark a lighthouse rose up to point the way. To him it was dark now, and she had pointed the way. The iron plates creaked, and the old ship shivered and groaned while Harold Camden slept and dreamed.

* * * *

Four days later Camden came on deck and joined a small gathering of passengers. The sky was clear and blue. The sea was blue and clear and smooth. A brilliant sun cast its generous warmth over the decks. Down forward, sailors lifted hatches. Steam spurted from the winch pipes, and general activity contrasted with the quiet and serenity of the past few days.

Directly over the bows of the ship rose a hazy blur—Hawaii, the home of peace, the haven of tired souls, the eternal end of sadness, the land of flowers, music and song. In that speck, far away on the horizon, Destiny and Dame Fortune had decreed that Harold Camden was to find a new life, a new mind, and a new ambition. Camden felt satisfied with the decree of the gods, and was eager for the landing.

The speck seemed to rest on a long, low, flat shore line, which in turn loomed nearer. The haze grew into a lofty mountain, a perfect green, topped with a summer mist. Along the shore the blue ocean broke white against the yellow sands. Cocoanut trees and palms swayed gently in the morning breeze, and homes took form behind the long dull wharves and piers. Many ships lay at anchor in the breakwater —ships from all over the world. Tugs whistled shrilly; Government boats screamed their signals, and in due time the Santa Clara lay at her dock.

A thrill trembled in Camden's veins as he brushed by excited groups of passengers and made for the gangway. His eyes gave out an eager gleam. His mouth, set, powerful, attracted considerable attention to the man as he went down the side. His foot touched Hawaii—he was in Honolulu.

Camden hesitated for an instant seeking the exit from the pier. His senses realized an exquisite perfume. He felt a light touch upon his shoulder. He turned and started, for he found himself gazing down into eyes of deep violet. Dark hair crowned a high, fine forehead. A sweet, girlish face smiled into his, her lips parted and brown arms raised as she placed a wreath of yellow lais about his neck. "Aloha," she murmured softly. "Aloha."

Camden picked up the suitcase he had let fall to the ground. "Thanks," he returned, if anything a little nervously, and turning, he walked briskly down the pier. At the end near the steps he stopped for an instant and turned. A slight, girlish figure moved into clear view, her head slightly bowed, turned towards him. He muttered an imprecation and ran on down the steps.

Many miles over seas an American woman was trying to forget.

* * * *

Honolulu appealed to Camden. The life, the luxury, the laziness. A certain relaxation, a feeling of safety, of assurance, that was born in the warmth of the land and sea, and lived on the freshness of the perfumed breeze that gently stirred the pepper trees.

Camden made many acquaintances in the first few months of his stay. Somehow or other, men would come to him with their tales of woe or news of success. He seemed to be possessed of the happy faculty of being able to lament with the down-nearted and cheer them. Camden received many invitations to dances, but his attendance was rare.

Girls, seeing his seeming indifference, became piqued and made vows. Widows forgot buried husbands, and others their alimony, but elderly mothers surpassed all in their efforts to cultivate his acquaintance. Camden fought, not against the widows and mere girls, but against himself, and Camden won.

One evening, late in the fall, Camden left the narrow, crazy side streets of the town, and boarding a street car, sped on his way to Waikiki Beach. The evening was warm and sultry for the late season of the year. The usual breeze was fitful and hot. The scent of myriad flowers perfumed the air and, with the added fragrance of the sugar-canes, overpowered him with its richness. The sun was low in the West, glowing a fiery red, and sending bars of gold toward him over the acres of submerged rice fields. Birds circled high in the heavens singing their evening song. The never-ending boom of the surf on the shore came to him as the car sped nearer to the beach. Finally it stopped, and Camden stepped down before the Moana Hotel.

The sun had gone now, and the twilight of Hawaii was over the land. Camden strode into the lobby of the hotel, past the clerk who nodded a welcome to him. He found a corner on one of the verandas overlooking the sea, and sat down.

Ten months had passed since he had first set foot on this magic island. Hard work had resulted in success, and on the morrow he was to sail for San Francisco, the cold, merciless town he had left, as he then vowed, never to return. Camden drew a cigarette from a heavy silver case, a present from a girl, and lay back comfortably to enjoy the smoke. A crescent moon hung low in the sky, and a silver edging touched the ripples on the sea, forming a glowing path leading far away to the horizon. His eyes followed the path of silver, and to him it led to America, California, San Francisco.

A couple passed, clearly silhouetted in the moonlight. They stopped to wonder at the beauty of the night. He saw the girl slip her hand into the hand of her companion, and they stood still for a long time. Camden saw all this, and he smiled a wry, satisfied smile.

A sound of ruffles very close caused Camden to listen attentively, and a moment later a white figure stood before him, and spoke to him: "Harold, is that you? They told me you were here somewhere, and I wanted to see you."

Camden was on his feet, and Anna Forbes rested back in the comfortable chair. "By all means, Anna," Camden replied cheerfully. "I am glad to admit that I wanted to see you, too, before I go, but what is the trouble now with that husband of yours? Not drinking again, or gambling, or——"

"No," she interrupted, "not that, not that; but you guessed right. It is he, and it is trouble. Don't question me: I will tell you. When I married Jack Forbes I loved him, and he said he loved me. I have watched and longed for the love that never came. He did not love me, and now I know it. He lies to me and I have caught him. Last night he told me he had a directors' meeting at the club, and I left the house and followed him here to Waikiki—he and another girl. He came home late this morning, and lied, lied, lied, until I grew tired of listening to him. I hate him, and am going to leave him and divorce him, and——"

"Ruin him," interrupted Camden, who had been smoking quietly. "Leave him, divorce him and ruin him," he repeated. "Anna Forbes, you will do nothing of the kind. You will love him, study him, break him, and hold him. It is your duty to make him love you. Study him and know him before you leave him. Let him know the cad he is. He knows it. He must. He wants some one to tell him, to show him, to point the way. He is worth while."

Anna Forbes rose and held her hand out to Camden. The pulsing minors of guitar and mandolin trembled from the softly lighted dining room in the east wing. "Harold Camden," she paused, "I am going to find my hus-

band. All I wanted was some one to point the way."

Camden lit another cigarette. The music stopped, and out on the silver sea a ship steamed by on its way to the northern island.

* * * *

The following morning Camden paced up and down the lobby of Young's Hotel, impatiently waiting for the time when he would leave for the dock. His impatience was too much for his self-control, and he set out to walk the few blocks to the wharf. On the way, the sounds of the town failed to affect him. The sun was commonplace to him as was the perfume laden air. The spars of the Mongolia rose above the dock, and an American flag floated from the masthead. Camden strolled leisurely along the dock to the gangway. Stevedores shot unwieldy bales into the hold of the immense liner, but all these details escaped Camden's eye. Out from the dream he was living came a sweet fragrance. A wreath of yellow lais fell about his shoulders, and again he looked into the eyes of the flower seller. "Aloha," she smiled. "Aloha. You leave Hawaii, to-day, but you will return? Yes, you will return. You must return to Hawaii, to my Honolulu."

Camden's eyes rested admiringly on the girl before him. He had heard of her—Luana, the flower seller. "Perhaps, yes, Luana," he replied; "and here is fifty cents extra for the lais you gave me many months ago. I have it in my trunk in my cabin."

"No, sir," the girl replied quickly, "you must not take the lais from Hawaii. When the ship leaves, you must throw it on the water. You must not! You must not! It is not good luck!"

Camden laughed at the girl's concern. He left her gazing after him as he had done months before.

Passengers and their friends trooped up the gangway, standing here and there around the decks. The time for sailing came, and the siren thundered out the warning of visitors "all ashore." The winches groaned and creaked, and the gang-plank swung clear of the deck. A slight motion was felt as the ship drew away from the dock. The distance widened. Camden stood on the port side watching the fluttering handkerchiefs. At his side stood an exceedingly handsome woman. "Good-bye, Jack, dear," she called, waving to the mass on shore. Camden followed her gaze and saw Jack Forbes, in spotless white, smiling and gesticulating to his departing love. "Damn fool," he drawled, and unconsciously shook his head.

With a start, Camden ran hurriedly to his deck cabin and unlocked his steamer trunk. Under his evening dress he found a paper package and returned to his place on deck. The liner had warped clear of the dock and was turning. Out on the end of the pier he saw Luana, the flower girl. With a flush, he raised the wreath of lais from his shoulders and threw it far over the side. Again he threw, and a wreath of dried, faded lais lay on the water quite near the fresh flowers. Luana was waving her "good-bye."

* * * *

Five days later Camden landed in San Francisco, the town he had left in hate. The old places looked familiar and pleased him. He craned his neck as he drove through the wide streets to his hotel, and wondered what changes Time had brought to his hopes.

When his baggage was placed and his room cleared of bell boys and porters, Camden moved hesitatingly to the telephone and called a number. His voice faltered as he spoke: "Girl, is that you? I am home again. I want to see you—— No? You won't? You are—I don't——" The receiver had been hung up.

Camden closed his eyes for just one short instant, and then, taking off his coat, he lit a cigarette.

THE FALL OF GUY LOFTUS

BY HARRY COWELL

TO SAY THAT Guy Loftus was vain would in no wise distinguish him from other men. "He's the vainest man I ever met," was the verdict of all who knew him, and no one was better known in San Francisco. Vain of his looks was Guy, vain beyond belief; eaten up by family pride; purse-proud, too; but the thing he most piqued himself upon was his immunity from what he called "the ridiculous disease of love." He had a tongue, had "High-and-Mighty," and it was his delight to keep his friends in roars of laughter by taking off the absurd antics of lovers "in the last stage." In short, Mr. Loftus was a character.

It was not Guy's fault, however, that his ancestors had fed gulls, and, incidentally, fishes, over the rails of the "Mayflower;" that he was the only son of his father, who had been a millionaire; that he had inherited his dead mother's beauty; that women had petted and spoiled him from his childhood. It must be said in his favor that, though he took off love-sick women, as well as men, to the life, he never boasted of his conquests—which were as the sands of the seashore—only, unceasingly, of his invulnerability, making a jest of the wounded.

One afternoon, having made his escape from the boys of the Bohemian Club, who were never tired of laughing with him, and, in secret, at him, Mr. Loftus, homeward bound, boarded a Sutter-street car and sat in a corner reading an evening paper; still chuckling to himself over his latest witticism, his parting shot at the blind bowman whose darts are the dread of the world.

All at once, without looking up, he became aware of eyes upon him; a woman's eyes, of that he was certain. This was nothing new, but the fact that he was quaking to such a degree that the crisp newspaper crackled on his knees was new, and filled him with consternation. Somehow, he felt that his hour had come. He made up his mind not to look up. Then he laughed at himself; the idea—he, the immune; Guy Loftus, bachelor by the grace of God and in his sober senses, afraid of a pair of eyes, even the color of which was unknown to him, though he could swear they were of invincible darkness.

He tried to read. The paper shook visibly, and proclaimed his shame. One minute he was red as life; the next, white as death; and an insufferable sweat broke out all over him as he imagined himself the cynosure of the car. He decided to get off at the next crossing. He must be ill. Yes, that was it; the thing to do was to see a doctor at once. Then, bethinking him of the "ridiculous disease," the sweat broke out anew. Bah! What a fool he was! What a coward! He raised defiant eyes, just in time to catch a glimpse of a disappearing profile, and then nothing but a riotous mass of auburn hair.

He arose at once with seeming unconcern, as if the next street were his, also. Some one touched his arm familiarly. Turning, he saw a club friend who cast a hasty glance down the car and then favored him with one of those peculiar looks of understanding that pass between men where a woman is concerned. Loftus, furious, he knew not why, growled a "hello," but paused for the sake of appearances.

The car stopped. High-and-Mighty, who was never known to hurry, made a rush for the rear platform. Before he reached it, however, the fatal two bells had sounded, and the car was under way again. His friend and some of the passengers smiled.

At the next crossing, Guy got off very leisurely, and found himself at Laguna street, four blocks beyond his destination, Van Ness avenue. He began to walk up the hill, slowly, saying to himself that he was going home; but at every step he hastened his pace, and, arriving breathless, almost on the run, at Octavia, he stood still, looking up and down the street, in the hope that She might be in sight. A few children skating on the sidewalk; a peddler crying strawberries—that was all. Guy Loftus could have wept, like a woman, from sheer vexation.

Who was she? Which way had she gone? Why had he not looked up at once? What an idiot he had been to have stopped for Gerston! Anyway, if he hadn't been such a fool he could have jumped off the car after it had started up, and found out where she lived. Would he know her again? Oh, nonsense! She was nothing to him—no woman was anything, or ever would be. He hoped to goodness Gerston would keep his mouth shut.

The day following, Guy Loftus haunted Octavia street, for three blocks either side of Sutter street, in vain. Women he saw, no end of them, but none with eyes of invincible darkness, perilous profile, and wild masses of auburn hair. The children began to notice him, to ask him what number he was looking for. One little tot, eyeing him suspiciously from the top of a long pair of stairs, where she had taken refuge, piped down to him: "Say, mister, are you a bad man?" Thus did three years put thirty to ignominious flight.

After that he took to standing outside the theatres as they emptied themselves into the streets. All to no purpose.

Next, he patrolled Kearny street, the two fashionable blocks from Market to Sutter, meeting men and women of his acquaintance by the hundreds, but never the unknown. The newsboys besieged him to buy papers, making game of him; the flower vendors, to buy a bunch "for her." Once or twice he noticed a policeman eyeing him suspiciously, even as the tot had done.

Daily he ran the gauntlet of curious tongues and amused glances. Gerston, of course, had talked. Soon the whole town knew that Guy Loftus had not been at the club for weeks, had not accepted a single invitation, but had been seen standing at theatre doors and parading certain streets, always as if looking for some one. It was even whispered that he had suddenly become demented. No wonder. Hourly he told some boon companion to go to—well, not Heaven, or to mind his—well, not blessed business.

This state of things lasted about a week, when one fine morning Loftus appeared at the club as if he had been there but yesterday. No one ventured to ask him where he had been, and soon he had, as of old, a little circle around him, smiling at his witticisms, drinking at his expense. As usual, he led the conversation.

"By the way," said he, "talking of women, who, do you fellows think, has the best profile in San Francisco?" He turned to an artist present whose specialty was portraits. The artist couldn't say, exactly; but mentioned half a dozen, all well known to the questioner, who in a few moments was holding forth on the beauty of Titian hair, and wondering why so few San Francisco women nowadays had it "of nature."

In the course of an hour, the barroom of the club had made the acquaintance of the names of fifty women with profiles and Titian hair. To Loftus, only one name was unfamiliar, Blanche Gresson, on the perfection of whose profile a young photographer of the "secessionist" school descanted at some length. "I have a study of her up at the studio," he concluded, "that

isn't half bad. I'd like you to take a look at it."

Mr. Loftus promised to drop in some day when he was passing and take a look at it. Soon after he left.

On the street, he took deep breaths. He was sick at heart. The fellows at the club were a pack of vulgarians. The free-and-easy way in which they talked about women was a disgrace. The name Blanche meant whiteness—in that wine-bibbling youngster's mouth——

Nevertheless, that very afternoon he happened to pass the youngster's studio, and dropped in, not, of course, to take the promised look at the study of Blanche Gresson, but to give the "secessionist" a chance to see what he could do in the way of making a portrait of the handsomest man in town.

The artist was delighted, took a dozen poses, and waived a deposit. Guy "did" the studio, admired the work, and after lounging around for half an hour, called to mind that his young friend made studies of women his specialty. "Right you are, my boy," said he, in his old manner; "a fellow must be at least a churchman to think that the proper study of mankind is man; it is, of course, woman."

The boy laughed at his patron's wit. "Oh," he cried, "I came pretty near forgetting to show you that study of Blanche—that's it," and he held out an index finger.

"Thanks," smiled Mr. Loftus. "I've just been looking at it. The work's fine, but the profile—nothing much; merely a forehead, a nose and a chin." And with a "so long," from the door, he disappeared.

That night he "showed up" at a dinner, a literary gathering, and a dance; and for a week or two went everywhere he was invited, which was everywhere that was anywhere. Profiles and auburn hair seemed to be ubiquitous. He met hardly a marriageable woman without Titian locks, and the number of not over-shy young ladies that chatted with him, their faces half-averted the while, was simply astonishing.

One of his hostesses, a widow, told him with a world of interest in her voice that he was not looking well, and advised the country. She herself was going to Monterey. He paled, and surprised her by exclaiming: "I never once thought of that!"

The next morning he left town, and was making the rounds of the summer resorts at an unheard-of pace, stopping but a few hours at some places. After rushing about the country for a fortnight, he returned home, looking more worn and disappointed than ever.

Again he took to patrolling Kearny street from Market to Sutter. About ten o'clock one morning, he literally ran into his best friend, one Leonce Latouche, stammered an apology, and would have passed on without recognizing him, had not the other held him fast by the shoulders, chiding: "What in the world is the matter with you, Guy? Nothing? Then, why do you never come to see your friends any more. You haven't been near us for months. The wife's afraid we must have done something to offend you, you're such a touchy chap. Won't you come to dinner to-night, and have an old-time confab. We don't go anywhere, you know. By the way, Alice's sister is staying with us, a jolly, nice girl; I'm sure you'll like her; thinks she saw you somewhere or other; knew you from the photograph you sent. Why, it must be ten weeks since you were up to the house."

"What does she look like?" asked Guy, his friend having paused to take breath.

"Who—Rachel? Oh, a sort of red-headed Venus; nothing like as pretty as the wife, but an awfully nice girl, just the same."

Loftus was very sorry, but he could not possibly go to dinner that evening; he had a dozen different engagements. He stroked his mustache in a way he had when settling questions and dismissing persons. Leonce, who was used to Guy's mannerisms, did not budge. He merely smiled and said: "Letting your beard grow, I see. What is that for?"

"The devil!" exclaimed Loftus, rubbing his chin. "I forgot all about it!" and, casting a hasty, half-fearful glance up and down the street, he was off without a word of good-bye, making straight for his barber's, which, luckily, was just around the corner.

A negro with due and profitable obsequiousness, took his hat, coat, collar and necktie; his barber bowed him into a chair; and the next minute he was stretched out, a towel under his chin, the three days' growth of beard covered over with a creamy, fragrant lather. Guy still felt ill at ease, almost frightened. Never before since his sixteenth year had he gone a day without being shaved. Whose business was it, anyway? Leonce was a cad to have noticed it. Yet it was just as well he had done so. What if She had seen him thus! All the while the razor was being stropped, he lay there, torturing himself, imagining the poor impression he would have made.

The barber, having gently turned his customer's head to one side and wiped away the lather just over the cheek bone, began to shave him. All at once, Guy sprang to his feet, made through the doorway like mad, while the barber stood transfixed.

Among the profiles passing in the street, with a strange, unreal motion as of a biograph—heads that reached above the curtains of the shop window alone being visible—was the perfect one long sought, unmistakable, the Titian hair atop.

At the junction of Post and Kearny Mr. Loftus overtook the unknown; and she, feeling a hand on her shoulder, and thinking it that of her brother-in-law who was to have met her at the Mechanics' Library, turned abruptly, and found herself face to face with a man in his shirt-sleeves, hatless, collarless, a towel about his neck, one cheek white with lather, the other red with blood. She shrieked. A crowd gathered.

Then Guy Loftus came to his senses and would have retired as gracefully as possible, had it not been for the fact that the timely hand of the law held him fast, and "What's this?" demanded a policeman. He looked around helplessly, and met the wide-opened eyes of his friend, Leonce Latouche.

"For God's sake, man, what's the matter? Are you crazy, or has the barber been trying to murder you?"

"That's it," gasped Guy, "trying to murder me."

"Murder?" questioned the policeman. "Murder?" echoed the crowd.

"Why, it's Mr. Loftus!" exclaimed the unknown.

"What, you here, Rachel?" This from her brother-in-law. Then, smiling: "Let me present Mr. Guy Loftus."

A voice from the crowd: "Loftus, by all that's holy." And Gerston, with several clubmen at his heels, pushed forward. One was a newspaperman. General confusion.

"Young man, ye'd betther come wid me," interjected the policeman.

"This way, officer," said Mr. Loftus, in his most dignified manner. "This cut on my face was no doubt accidental. In fact, I'm sure it was." And to show his belief that the barber was innocent of any murderous intent, Guy magnanimously put himself again at his mercy.

That evening, Mr. Loftus, en regle, dined with his old chum, Leonce Latouche, and on being a second time presented to the "red-headed Venus," bowed unflinchingly. As for the lady, she neither smiled recognition nor said "We have met before, I believe!" thereby indicating the kind of wife she would make, and proving that Guy was not very far wrong in thinking her a jewel among women.

THAT CLAIM

BY N. A. WOOD

THE STOUTLY built party paused at the desk to ask something in a low voice. He jerked his thumb in the direction of the fireplace across the lobby.

The clerk glanced in the direction indicated. "Yes," he replied, "that's a newspaper man—Billy Reeves of the Tribune."

Another person, a man in a corduroy coat, entered the hotel, and walked toward the fireplace. The stout individual, the one who had inquired at the desk, chose one of the two unoccupied chairs in front of the blaze. The man in the corduroy coat sank into the leather cushions of the other. He held his hands to the flame as though to draw in the red warmth through his finger tips.

"Nasty fog this morning," he commented to any one who cared to listen.

The stout one grunted and opened his newspaper. A younger man, who lounged in the corner seat, closed the note book he had been examining, put it in his pocket, and adjusted the end of his trousers over his purple hose.

"It's mighty near ten years since I've seen any fog," continued the man in the corduroys.

"Then you have not spent much of that time around the bay." A gentleman, apparently, to judge by his clothes, a professional man, seated at the left, made the remark.

"No, I haven't. I'm from Arizona."

The gentleman of ample proportions glanced over the top of his newspaper at the speaker. Then, when his face was again hidden by the paper, he smiled.

"Well, I guess you haven't seen many fogs, then," laughed he of the professional garb.

The Arizonian plunged into an exposition of the climate of his native territory. The youth in the corner, the one with the purple hose and the nose glasses, also entered the discussion.

The portly individual, for all that he was apparently absorbed in his newspaper, was interested. Though his eyes followed the printed columns, he listened, nevertheless, to all that the others said. At last he folded his paper, and voiced what was supposedly an exclamation:

"Now I know how it feels to lose a fortune," he remarked.

The others turned to him.

"Lost a fortune?" inquired the man of professional appearance. "Have you——"

"Yes," answered the stout person. "But the expression, 'lost a fortune,' is hardly correct. I have just read a paragraph in this paper that tells how I missed one."

"Well, you take it coolly enough," the man from Arizona observed.

"Just read this, and you will see how I came to miss it."

The younger man took the paper and read the story that the pudgy finger indicated.

"Winkleman, A. T.—In an abandoned shaft on one of the claims of the Gila River Consolidated Mining Company, an exceptionally fine vein of gold-bearing ore was uncovered yesterday. A peculiar circumstance regarding the discovery is that the original worker of the claim ceased operations and abandoned the shaft just after the rich vein was uncovered."

Then followed a description of the property and its location.

"You mean," asked the young man, as he handed the paper to the one of professional bearing, "that you were the original owner of the claim."

"I was."

The man in the corduroy coat caught sight of the name of the town with which the story was dated. He asked for the paper when the other had finished reading.

"But why did you abandon it?" asked the second reader of the article.

"I didn't. My partner did it for me. You see, there were two of us."

The gentleman from Arizona had by this time completed his examination of the story, and was about to make a comment; but the other began his narrative before he could speak.

"Some twelve or fifteen years ago I was in Tucson, Arizona. I had been prospecting a bit around in the Santa Ritas, and even over into old Mexico; but I hadn't found anything worth developing, so in the spring I drifted into Tucson. There I met Jim Edwards.

"Like myself, he was looking for some of the gold lying around loose in the hills. He had a pretty good prospect up in the Catalinas, but he was shy an outfit. I still had my burros and pack saddles, and quite a supply of grub left over from the other trip. When he suggested that we strike out together, I was agreeable.

"Edwards and I left Tucson in May. His prospect was about forty or fifty miles north, in the Santa Catalina range. We reached it alright, but found that it did not amount to much —small quantities and low grade. We scratched around for a week or so, and then hiked over into the San Pedro country and down the Pedro to the Gila.

"At the forks of the San Pedro and the Gila rivers is the town of Winkleman. That's the place the story in this morning's Tribune is dated from. It's quite a little burg, since the railroad got in there and the big mining companies are opening up, but there was not much there in the days Edwards and I were roaming in those hills. Just a store and a saloon, and that's about all.

"Jim found an old friend in the saloon, so we hung around Winkleman longer than we should have, and finally struck out up the Gila.

"The first day out, before we had gone more than seven or eight miles, one of the burros bogged in quicksand. By the time we got him on solid ground he managed to get his pack soaked, so we decided that the best thing to do was to camp right there and give the blankets a chance to dry out. It does not take long to dry things in the Gila Canyon, with the sun pouring a hundred and twenty degrees of heat into them. Besides, Jim and I were tired after the poker party at the saloon the night before.

"After we had hobbled the burros and spread our blankets on the rocks, I proposed that we take a walk up the ravine to see what the country looked like.

"About three or four hundred yards up from the river, the wash crossed a big dike, making a fall of some twenty feet. Of course there was no water in the creek; creeks in Arizona run water about once in ten years. In order to ascend the creek we had to climb one bank of the ravine and cross the dike where it was not so high.

"Right there we found it.

"Along the upper edge of that dike was as fine a surface cropping as I ever saw.

"Jim was the first to see it. He cut loose with a shout and stuck out his fist. 'Shake, old man,' he said. 'Here's where we camp.'

"Apparently there wasn't very much to our find, but what there was looked mighty good to me. The dike ran along the hill for just a short distance and then broke off sharply. It was the same on the other side of the creek. Just as though the small section of the mountain that held this one ravine had broken loose and slipped down towards the river. Later when we found the rest of the dike higher up, there was none of the rich out-cropping.

"We posted our location notices that

same afternoon. I wanted to hike right out for Phoenix and file, but Jim was for staying and working it a bit first. We discussed the question after supper. Jim argued that, since we'd have to have outside capital to develop with, we ought to find out a little more about the vein, so as to be able to talk convincingly and show good samples of ore, and I agreed to stay.

"We began work the next morning. Not having much powder, we had to go after it with a pick. We could expose quite a bit of the ore by scraping away where the dike crossed the ravine. In order that we could get up to the diggings without much climbing, we rigged up a sort of a combination ladder and stairway up the face of the fall in the creek. That was what caused all of the trouble.

"One morning, after we had been picking for about a week with the dirt showing better every day, one of the ladders broke as I was climbing up. Before I could save myself, I was pitched down into the bed of the creek. The fall jolted me badly, and when I tried to get up, I found that one of my legs was out of use, how badly I did not know.

"Jim carried me to camp. He was a mighty handy fellow around a sick person—most prospectors in the South just have to be. He fixed up some splints out of mesquite limbs, and bandaged my leg with strips of canvas. Then he made a hammock from one of the tarps, and swung it between a couple of trees. He was so good to me at that time that I can hardly believe that he intended to do me out of the claim. But the sight of a little of that yellow stuff has made many a man forget he was a human being.

"I'll never forget the tortures of that summer. The heat and the flies would have been bad enough alone, but there was the ants and scorpions and tarantulas and a hundred other crawling things. Once one of those red devils, a Gila monster, crawled out of the rocks within three feet of me, on his way to the river.

"Edwards kept digging through the hottest weather. At first he used to come in at night cheerful and smiling, and while he was frying the bacon or mixing the biscuits, he would tell me all about the headway. Every time the vein widened a bit he would make a special trip to camp to let me know. But after a while, I noticed that he talked less, and when I asked him questions, his replies were discouraging. At first I thought he was dissatisfied—doing all the work, you know, and I coming in for a share of the profits.

" 'Jim,' I said, one night, 'this hardly seems fair. Here I've been on my back for six weeks, not able to do a thing, and you doing double work. You even have to wait on me and cook my grub. But when we get out of here and sell the claim, I'm going to see that you are repaid.'

"He thought a while before he answered. 'It isn't that, partner. You're welcome to anything that I can do for you. It's the claim that I am worrying about. Sometimes I think that we are wasting our time here.'

" 'Why, is it petering out?'

" 'Haven't seen a bit of good rock this week.'

" 'And it looked so good at first.'

" 'I know. That's why I've kept pegging away so long. I've run into another formation. But I'm going to work it a while longer. In a week or ten days you'll be able to ride into town on one of the burros, don't you think?'

"A few days later he came with the tools. 'I quit,' he said wearily. 'Let's start back.'

"We reached Winkleman's the next day. I had had all the prospecting that I cared for, and I couldn't walk on my leg yet, so I turned my outfit over to Edwards. He said he was going to prospect the Gila further down. I see now why he went that way. Phoenix is in that direction. I caught a ride with a San Pedro rancher. He carried me about forty miles and from there I got a stage into Benson and the railroad."

The stout gentleman paused.

"Ever see Edwards again?" the young man with the glasses inquired.

"I have never seen or heard of Edwards since. In fact, I have hardly thought of the claim for years. This paragraph in the paper recalled it to my mind. He no doubt knew that there was a fortune there, but why he did not later return and develop it, I do not know."

The one in the corduroy coat continued, as he had all through the narrative, to look at the teller with amused interest. He was about to speak when the tall man, he of the professional bearing, interrupted:

"I think," announced that individual, "that I can clear up that part of the mystery."

The stoutly built party paused in the lighting of a fresh cigar to glance at him sharply.

"What sort of a looking chap was this fellow, Edwards, I believe you said his name was," the other continued. "Tall, extremely tall, and built well in proportion to his height?"

"Yes," the story-teller agreed, after a moment's thought.

"Dark complexioned, with black, stubby beard?"

"He was very dark."

"And did he have a scar, a large, ugly-appearing scar—looked like a burn—on one of his arms. His right, I think."

The stout party thought a moment before replying. "Yes. That's right, but the scar was on his left arm, though—a powder burn."

The tall man smiled. "I am a physician," he announced, as he watched the other closely. Then with a note of reassurance in his voice he went on.

"About the time you mention, twelve or more years ago, I was a student in a Los Angeles hospital. One day we had an emergency case—a man who had been run down by a street car and fatally injured. I remember him well. It was my first case. He was the man I have just described to you. The poor fellow did not have a chance. He lived but a few hours. At intervals he regained consciousness, but his speech was incoherent. We did not even learn his name. I can remember one thing, however, that he constantly repeated. 'Gold! Gold! And it's mine. All mine. No, it's not his. He did not find it. It is mine.' I tried to question him about the gold, but he would only cry, 'It's mine, I tell you.' He died with the cry on his lips. But as I said, we did not learn his name. He was buried in the unknown plot along with the rest of the city's unidentified dead."

The four strangers about the fire were silent for a time. At last the young man in the corner rose, slapped the pocket that contained his notebook and hurried into the street. The stout gentleman chuckled.

"May I inquire," the man in the corduroy coat asked of him, "why you have entertained us with this bit of fiction?"

The other's chuckle was more audible.

"As you know, I have spent quite a little of my life in Arizona," continued the man in corduroy. "I know all about that hole in the ground you have been describing. There isn't an ounce of gold within a mile of it. I dug that hole myself."

The stout man's chuckle became a laugh.

"Did you notice that young chap that just went out?" he asked, when he had controlled his risible impulse. The others nodded. "Well, he is a newspaper reporter. Name is Reeves, I believe."

The man from Arizona smiled. The tall man laughed.

"Now let me tell you who I am," the fat party went on. "I am connected with the mining company mentioned in this newspaper article. It is a new concern, and our stock is still before the public. Any little notices we get in the press are a big help. I planted that story in the Tribune this morning."

"In other words, you are a press agent," the man in professional garb suggested.

"I suppose that is the title, but I'm

new at the game. This is my first attempt. I congratulate myself that it has been quite successful, too. That young chap is hurrying to his office now with visions of a big first page story."

"I shouldn't wonder," commented the tall man, dryly.

"And with your aid, doctor, it is a better one than it might otherwise have been. That experience of yours in Los Angeles fitted in quite nicely."

"I have never been in the Southern city."

"But the man in the hospital?"

"He was Jim Edwards, you know. And that character has been proven fictitious."

"Do you mean that? But why did you tell of him?"

"Because I suspected that your story was a hoax, and I took that method of confirming my suspicion. If you remember, at no point in your yarn did you describe this partner of yours. Now, there was one chance in a thousand, if he existed in life, that I would be able to name four of his distinguishing features. If he existed only in your imagination, as I suspected, the task would be easy. You see my point?"

"I see your trap," grunted the fat man, as he fumbled nervously with his cigar case.

"So I described nobody in particular and you agreed with me on every point, with the exception of the scar on his arm. We disagreed as to which arm it was. If you had said that it was the right arm, I doubt if I would have gone on with my story. But you said it was the left, and also explained the burn, thereby proving yourself not only an able liar, but also a clever one. You incited me to attempt to be as original. With what success you know. But I am disappointed in you with regard to one or two particulars," he continued. "Didn't it occur to you that if that young chap with the note book—I don't know who he was, but he was assorting some bills just before you came in—well, don't you think that if he had been really interested in your fabrication, interested enough to print it, he would have asked a few questions—your name, at least?"

The stout gentleman thought long and hard. "Have a cigar Mr.—er—" he said at last.

"Thanks! My name is Reeves. I work for the Tribune."

SOLACE

BY ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM

I could not bear to greet the day,
 Tears dimmed mine eyes the while,
'Till in a sunbeam's eager play
 I saw your smile.

I was not brave to face the blind
 Lone way my feet must seek—
'Till in the whisp'ring of the wind
 I heard you speak!

INSECTS THAT WORK AND FIGHT FOR MAN

BY JOHN L. COWAN

SO MUCH has been said and written concerning the depredations of insect pests that there is danger that we will go to the extreme of regarding all members of the insect world as engaged in a warfare against humanity. Therefore, it is well to remember that the insects that work and fight for man are neither few in numbers nor despicable in their endeavors.

Most familiar of the insects whose labors contribute directly to the support and enjoyment of humanity are the honey bees. These have been kept for the sake of their honey and wax from the remotest antiquity; but never before have their products entered so largely into the world's commerce as now. The invention of the movable frame beehive, by Rev. L. L. Langstroth, in 1852, made possible the development of bee-keeping into a great and important industry. The Bureau of Entomology, of the United States Department of Agriculture, sets aside about $10,000 annually for the study of apiculture, and employs several trained experts who devote their entire time to the study of bees. One of these experts is a bacteriologist, who does nothing but investigate the diseases to which bees are subject. State and agricultural colleges also find it necessary to give much time and attention to the general subject of bee keeping, both as an independent industry and in its relation to agriculture and horticulture.

It is conservatively estimated that the world's honey production now amounts to more than 300,000 tons annually. Two-thirds of this vast quantity are produced in North and South America. If put up in standard combs of 14 ounces each, there would be enough to make a line 50,000 miles long, or twice to girdle the earth at the equator. In the United States, the honey and wax production amounts to fully $22,000,000 in value annually, representing an investment of capital to the amount of at least $100,000,000. The number of American bee keepers, producing honey for market in greater or less quantities, is estimated at 275,000. Then there are not less than 475,000 others who keep one or more hives to supply honey for family use.

Upon the queen depends the value of a hive, or colony, of bees. During the breeding season she lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs daily; and as these hatch and the young reach maturity they replace the older members of the colony, whose usefulness is past. So it is evident that by the employment of a queen of an improved strain the entire character of a hive may soon be changed. In recognition of the importance of the queen bee, the United States postal authorities permit her to be sent through the mails, a block of wood with holes bored in it, and these holes covered with wire screen, providing a safe and convenient parlor car in which she travels. No other living creature enjoys a like privilege of being carried through the mails.

Great as is the value of the honey and wax production, it is probable that the indirect results of bee keeping are still more important. Bees, wasps and other insects play a very essential part in the fertilization of flowers of many kinds, carrying the pollen from

staminate blossoms to the pistils of others. Fruit growers often complain that bees are injurious to their industry, working damage to the ripe fruit. As a matter of fact, profitable fruit growing would probably be impossible but for the agency of bees in insuring perfect pollenation of the flowers. It is much the same with cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, clover, alfalfa and berries. Alfalfa is the great forage crop of the West, as well as of many other parts of the world. It is



Stringing Capri figs, containing insects, ready for placing in Smyrna fig trees to insure proper fertilizing.

one of the greatest honey-producing plants known, and, wherever it is extensively grown, bees thrive wonderfully and store up an abundance of honey. It has only recently been discovered that bees are even more useful to alfalfa than alfalfa is to bees. Without the aid of these tireless workers to insure perfect fertilization of the flowers, the plant will not thrive, so that it is now believed that many of the failures that have been scored in attempts to introduce alfalfa into certain sections of the Eastern States have been caused by the scarcity of bees, rather than by deficiencies of soil or climate.

The red clover blossom cannot be fertilized by the honey bee, because the nectar is too deeply placed in the honey cup for so small an insect to reach it. Hence the bumble bee proves himself a true friend of man, exploring every clover blossom, and incidentally pollenating it as it passes. Several years ago it was found that the soil and climate of parts of the Philippine Islands were perfectly adapted to the growth of the red clover, and this valuable forage plant was introduced there. The immediate results were disappointing; and at last some one suggested that the cause of the trouble lay in the absence of suitable insects to accomplish the fertilization of the blossoms. The entomologists of the Department of Agriculture made haste to introduce the bumble bee, and the success of growing red

clover in the Philippines is now assured.

Other honey-producing insects are the honey-making ant of the Southwestern States, and the honey-gathering wasp of Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay. Both of these are valuable to the aboriginal inhabitants of the regions in which they are found, but are not of economic importance to civilization. The honey-making ants, however, are among the most curious of insects, the honey being stored in the



Placing Capri figs filled with fig wasps in commercial fig trees.

living bodies of certain members of the colony, known as rotunds, and disgorged in the winter months as needed by the workers. They are valued by the aborigines both for the sake of their honey as a relish for their food, and more particularly for certain medicinal purposes.

The silk worm moth is the most thoroughly domesticated of all insects. In most silk producing countries it is not found in a wild state, and the adult moth has lost the power of flight through long breeding in captivity. In China, the rearing of silkworms has been practiced for at least 4,500 years for the manufacture of textiles. About 530 A. D. the insect was introduced into Europe, and the production of silk soon became an industry of importance in Turkey, Italy and Greece, and later in France, Spain and Portugal. For centuries the Orientals carefully guarded their monopoly of silk production. The story of how a monk carried the eggs of the insect to Europe in a hollow cane is well known, and is not improbable. Japan is now one of the world's leading silk producing countries, and supplies about half of the raw silk imported into the United States. The world's supply is derived from China, Japan, India, the Levant, Italy, France, Austria and Spain. About 55,000,000 pounds reach the world's markets annually, but vast quantities produced and consumed in China never figure in international trade statistics. New York City ranks second only to Shanghai as a silk market, all

American imports of raw silk, amounting to between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 annually, being forwarded to that point for distribution.

The life history of the silk-worm is an interesting and typical example of insect metamorphosis. In countries having a climate similar to that of our own Southern States the eggs are laid in June, and in that condition the winter months are passed. In the following April the eggs are hatched into larvae, or caterpillars, which grow rapidly, casting their skins four times in as many weeks, and feeding voraciously upon the leaves of the mulberry tree. When five weeks old the matured caterpillars, or "silkworms," begin to spin their cocoons, consuming three days in the process. Eighteen days are passed in the chrysalis stage in the interior of the cocoon, when the matured moth breaks the fibres and emerges, its life-cycle complete. About the last of June it lays its eggs; and, its mission of reproduction being accomplished, it soon dies.

The cocoons are the commercially valuable product of the silk worm. These are practically ruined if the moth be permitted to emerge, the fibres being broken into lengths so short as to be of little worth. So the cocoons are placed in ovens and heated sufficiently to kill the chrysalis. The fibres are then carefully reeled in unbroken length from the cocoons, two or more being spun together to give the product the requisite strength.

Although the profitable production of cocoons, or raw silk, on a scale of commercial importance, appears to be impossible in the United States, yet the weaving of silks and the manufacture of silk floss and similar articles, now constitute a great and growing industry, the perfection of American machinery and the efficiency of American workmen more than compensating for the high cost of labor in this country. American silk mills represent an investment of more than $100,000,000 of capital, and give direct employment to more than 75,000 persons. The benefits to capital and labor as represented by manufacturers of machinery and dye-stuffs, transportation interests, jobbers, retail dealers, dressmakers, milliners and scores of cognate interests, cannot in any way be estimated.

An insect benefactor of humanity, with the operations of which most Americans are unfamiliar, is the fig wasp, or *Blastophaga grossorum*, without which the commercial production of dried figs would be impossible. In America, dried figs are eaten as a sweetmeat or dainty, and hardly rank as a food crop; but in the Orient, the south of Europe and the north of Africa they form a staple article of diet of very great importance.

The fig is a peculiar fruit, being, in fact, a mere receptacle for the flowers, which are in the interior. At the apex of this receptacle is a small orifice, giving entrance to the heart of the fruit. The variety of figs eaten fresh contain both staminate and pistillate blossoms, so that pollenation is accomplished without the intervention of insect agency. But the Smyrna fig, the only variety of merit for drying, contains only pistillate blossoms, and unless these are fertilized from some exterior source the fruit falls off when the size of small marbles. The Capri, or wild fig, contains both staminate and pistillate blossoms, and in this the fig wasp lives, moves and has its being. This variety of fig matures three or four crops annually, one remaining on the trees all winter. So when the female wasp emerges from the fruit that is fully ripe and ready to fall, it finds new figs formed into which it crawls to deposit its eggs.

When the Smyrna, or commercial fig, forms on the trees in June, one crop of the Capri figs is fully matured, and the insects just ready to emerge to seek a new place in which to deposit their eggs. The fig growers then take them from the trees, string them on raffia, and hang them among the branches of the Smyrna fig trees in their orchards. The insects emerge from the Capri figs, covered with pol-

len from the staminate blossoms in the interior, find the immature fruit of the Smyrna figs, and enter them for the purpose of depositing their eggs, incidentally pollenating the blossoms, so that the fruit matures perfectly.

This process, known as caprification, has been performed in Asia Minor by fig growers for ages; but the fig wasp was not introduced into America until in 1899. In that year, insects imported by the Department of Agriculture were successfully naturalized by Mr. George C. Roeding, of Fresno, Cal. Prior to that time, attempts to produce Smyrna figs in America had uniformly met with failure, and other varieties that were dried for market proved of little value. As a result of the introduction of the fig wasp, California now produces 8,000,000 pounds of dried figs of the best quality annually. The industry is yet in its infancy, but will doubtless grow to vast proportions, so that American growers anticipate the speedy arrival of the time when importations of dried figs will entirely cease, and when the American product will become an article of export.



Guarding a California apiary against insect pests.

Prior to the discovery and utilization of coal tar dyes, the cochineal insect formed one of the world's most important dyestuffs. This is a scale insect, thriving upon many species of cacti, but particularly upon the nopal, or cochineal fig. Plantations known as nopalries were devoted to the growing of cacti, solely for the sake of these minute insects, which are so small that 70,000 are required to weigh a pound. Cochineal insects were extensively produced in Mexico, Central America and Peru, and were later introduced into Algiers, Morocco, Southern Spain and the Canary Islands. The industry has now declined to an inconsiderable fraction of its former proportions, but a few nopalries are still maintained in the neighborhood of Cuzco, Peru and in some parts of Mexico.

Oak galls are extensively utilized in the manufacture of the best inks and writing fluids, and tannin is extracted from them. In Europe these galls form an important commercial commodity, but in this country they are not collected. They are produced by small, dark-colored, four-winged insects, known as gall-flies, of which

there are about 1,500 known species. These deposit their eggs in the tissues of the growing plant, causing the rapid growth of the plant cells, and a curious enlargement, which is called a gall. In this the larvae hatch, then feed upon the plant cells.

There is another class of insects friendly to man, possibly of still greater importance than those whose labors are directly productive. These are the parasitic or predaceous foes to insects, the operations of which are inimical to man's interests. Many scale insects on fruit trees work incalculable damage, and, at times, have threatened the very existence of important industries, such as orange growing and olive culture. The only effective check upon these scale insects is found in the introduction of their insect enemies, among the most active of which are various species of ladybird beetles native to China, Japan and Australia.

It is estimated that there are about 2,000 species of ladybird beetles, all of which are beneficial in their operations, destroying all species of plant lice and scale insects.

The worm that has worked such havoc in Western cornfields, the cabbage and the tomato worm, the Hessian fly, the army worm, the grasshopper pest, the Gypsy and brown-tail moths. and countless other pests that ravage farms, gardens, orchards and forests are partly controlled by parasitic and predaceous foes, which wage unceasing war against them, to the advantage of farmers, gardeners and fruit growers. Recognizing the vast economic importance of the insects that thus fight for man, the Bureau of Entomology has sent explorers throughout the world to search for and introduce beneficial insects. A similar work, on an even larger scale, is performed by the California State Insectary, maintained for the sole purpose of introducing, breeding and distributing the insect foes of insect pests. Nowhere else in the world is the breeding and distribution of beneficial insects carried on upon so large a scale, or with results so important.



Japanese woman reeling silk from a cocoon.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY W. F. NORRIS

TWELVE YEARS have passed since our occupation of the Philippine Islands, during which period the procedure adopted by the Insular Government has been an open book, to be known and read of all men. Our administration has been the subject of frequent and hostile criticism both from foreign and American critics, in answer to unfriendly comments and in justification of the administration of public affairs in our Oriental possessions we can with assurance submit facts to the consideration of a candid world.

The critics of the Insular Government differ widely in their views; some say the natives are advanced too rapidly to positions of political responsibility for the welfare of the country; others insist that the Filipinos are not admitted to their fair share of Governmental positions. Some say the natives are capable of present self-government; others that they will never be capable of governing themselves. Others holding with the administration that the question of their political capacity can only be determined by the test of experience, and that the grant of national autonomy must abide the same practical test.

The Filipinos and the country they inhabit, our wards and their home, must receive our serious consideration in connection with the question of what shall be the final disposition made of them. The people comprise some seven million men, women and children; their home consists of 127-,000 square miles of territory, extending from about 18 deg. to 5 deg north of the equator. The archipelago consists of many hundred islands and islets, mostly the latter, there being a score or thereabouts of islands of considerable area containing the great mass of the population, the two principal being Luzon and Mindanao, the former the northern, the latter the southernmost of the archipelago; Luzon is the home of the Tagala, the most able, energetic and ambitious of the native races; it is also the seat of the metropolis and capital, Manila, which, under American rule, has become one of the most beautiful and important of Oriental cities. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the home of the Filipinos, but the people who occupy that home.

The Pacific Islands are among the most beautiful that dot the surface of the seven seas. Let any scoffer or doubter embark on one of the Coast Guard boats at Manila and make the circuit of the islands, and he must acknowledge that the home of our Oriental wards is one of surpassing loveliness.

The inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago are not a homogeneous people: they are, perhaps, as motley a population as can be found anywhere on the face of the round globe. There are three native races, two of mixed blood, beside resident Europeans and Asiatics, in addition to the recently arrived Americans. The Negritos are worthy of mention as the first Filipinos, occupying in the islands a position corresponding to that of the American Indians in the United States. The Negritos, or little

negroes, were driven to the interior by the Igorrotes, a semi-savage race, inhabiting the mountains of Luzon, who in their turn were obliged to retreat before the advance of the last arrivals, the Filipinos proper, who constitute the great mass of the population, and who, with the Chinese and Spanish mestizos, comprise the civilized races of the archipelago.

There are three religions represented in the islands, or it might be more accurate to say two religions and one non-religion; the semi-wild men of the interior being classed as the non-Christian tribes by the Americans, instead of infidels as designated by the Spanish Government. The Moros, as the Mohammedans of Mindanao and the Sulu Islands are termed, are a brave, warlike race, and like their co-religionists, desperate fighters when their fanaticism is aroused. Domestic slavery prevails among them, but of the mild, patriarchical type, there being but little difference in the status of the bondman and other members of the family.

The Christian population is by no means homogeneous, being divided into tribes speaking diverse languages, inhabiting different islands. To a considerable degree they are unfriendly in their relations with each other. The Visayans are the most numerous of the Filipino tribes numbering some two millions, inhabiting the islands lying between Luzon and Mindanao, the principal being Leyte, Samar, Panay, and Negros. Iloilo may be properly termed the Visayan capital. It is the second city in importance in the archipelago and the principal sugar port. The city of Cebu, on the island of that name, rivals Iloilo in claiming the second place in the list of important sea ports; it is the chief hemp port of the country. The Tagalogs rank second in numbers and first in energy, ability and intelligence.



A Filipino school teacher.

They are also the most ambitious and aggressive of the Filipino tribes, being the instigators of the insurrection against Spain, and supplying the principal leaders in the Aguinaldo war against the Spanish and the American governments. The Spanish and Chinese mestizos constitute a very important element of the native population, the latter rivaling the Tagalogs in wealth, intelligence and political ambition. The Chinese mestizos have been acting in concert with them, as well as during and ever since the Aguinaldo insurrection. The Spanish mestizos are as a rule opposed to the Tagals and Chinese half-bloods, which circumstance makes them generally favorable to the new government.

Such was the motley population of the Philippine Islands at the time of the American occupation. Speaking thirty languages, and comprising as many diverse tribes, nationalities, races and families. Some are civilized, some half civilized, and some are wild men of the hills and forests. The strongest and most aggressive tribes aimed at the domination of the archipelago, which design was opposed by the balance of the civilized community. The wealthy haciendoro held his numerous dependents in a state resembling peonage, the bare-footed population, through ignorance and timidity acquiesced in their servile condition. The simple-minded men from the hills brought the meagre produce of their small farms to the traders of the coast towns, by whom they were defrauded; by means of this fraud, they were bound to sell their crop to the same dealer season after season. The latter paid his own price and kept his customer in a condition of perpetual bondage by keeping a never-ending balance against his account in his ledger.

By and by the discouraged mountaineer, instigated by the wily agitator of the coast, who always had some political design in view, banded with his equally dissatisfied associates in a raid on the lowland haciendas, and perhaps murdered a few of his most obnoxious oppressors. The men of the coast retaliated, and mimic war ensued between the highlanders and lowlanders. Periodically this condition arises in the several islands.

At the time of the occupation of the Philippines by the United States, there was a demand for immediate independence by a very large and influential element of the population; that demand has continued down to the present day, and has been endorsed by a considerable and intelligent class of our own citizens. An impartial consideration of conditions existing ten years ago makes it manifest to any unprejudiced mind that the grant of national autonomy would have resulted in internal confusion and strife, that a respectable Government could not have been established at the time of the evacuation of the archipelago by Spain, and certainly during the intervening ten years an entire people could not have been prepared to sustain self-governing and political institutions that would command the respect of the civilized world or redound to the happiness of all classes of the Filipino people.

The grant of national independence at the demand of any special class of the community, or of one or more of the more powerful tribes might result in gross injustice to the great mass of the people or to the less populous and intelligent tribes. The Tagalogs, Chinese mestizos and Visayans comprise a very large proportion of the population, and probably a much larger proportion of the wealth and intelligence of the country; but to concede national independence at the demand of these three classes and leave the Government to them would be to place the other tribes under the unwelcome government of the three favored classes at whose demand self-government and national independence was conceded. The remark of an intelligent Spanish mestizo in conversation with myself aptly illustrates the situation: "I love my country, and would be glad to see her independent,



Normal school teacher and class.

but I do not want to be governed by Chinese half-breeds."

The grant of self-government at the request of the higher classes socially cannot be safely made until the lower classes are enlightened as to their social and political rights. The circumstance that all classes, including the barefooted man, join in the demand for independence signifies but little, as the latter are too ignorant to realize their true interests and too timid to insist upon their rights against the will of their superiors, even though they comprehended them. Three centuries of Spanish rule, superadded to ages of barbarism, have not prepared the Filipino for self-government; and it is safe to say that ten years of American training has not been sufficient for that purpose. It is well nigh a self-evident proposition that at least one generation of the inhabitants of the Philippines must be brought up under American influence before they are capable of administering a government modeled after that of their guardians.

Our duty in the Philippines is manifest; it is to pursue the true vocation of a great Christian State among a weaker people whose destinies have been committed to our charge. With their sectional jealousies, their racial antipathies, their tribal animosities, their varied and apparently conflicting interests, they should remain our wards till time justifies "home government" for them. Our mission is to allay the mutual jealousies and animosities, to reconcile their conflicting interests, to create a sentiment of nationalism, to unite all sections by the tie of a common language, and to lay the only enduring foundation of free government, the diffusion of general intelligence among all classes of the people.

Have we pursued the vocation of a Christian State during the period of our occupation of these Oriental islands? Ten years have passed since the establishment of civil government. The relations between the American and Filipino people, established by the Insular Government, is not that of a dominant and servient race, but rather that of guardian and wards. We have not assumed the role of a colonizing nation in our administration of Filipino affairs; in fact, our policy has been the reverse of that pursued

by any of the colonizing powers of Europe. The Philippines present the extraordinary spectacle of a nation in process of formation under the fostering care of the parent State. The islands are connected with the United States through the medium of the War Department, which exercises supervision over them, but the laws of the paramount State do not extend to the islands, which are specially exempted from their operation. The Philippines are, to all intents and purposes, as far as to their own internal affairs, an independent State. They collect and disburse their own revenues and maintain their own judicial and educational systems, and make their own laws. The Filipinos are admitted to a liberal participation in their own government. The Assembly, or lower house of the Legislature, is chosen by popular ballot, five members of the Philippine Commission, or upper house, are natives, as are three members of the Supreme Court, including the Chief Justice. Nearly half the judges of the courts of first instance, all the prosecuting attorneys, outside the city of Manila, are also taken from the native population. The political system is expressly adapted to fit the people for self-government by experimental education, and also for the creation of an independent commonwealth.

The duty of any Christian people whose lot has been cast with a weaker race is to take them by the hand and lead them to a higher plane, socially, politically and morally. If the dependent people be ignorant, the stronger race should educate them; if they be debased by indulgence in vice, the source of the vice should be eradicated, their material prosperity should be safeguarded by conserving their mines, forests and public lands. The American people have not been remiss in their duty. They found the Filipinos ignorant: to remove this obstacle to their advancement, the common school system of this country was introduced, and several hundred American teachers were sent to the islands. The administration found the use of opium was becoming a menace to the health and morals of the inhabitants of certain localities, and stringent legislation prohibiting the use of opium to all classes of the population followed. The public domain has been preserved for the use of future generations by a law prohibiting any individual or corporation acquiring more than twenty-five hundred acres of public land.

The United States is engaged in the attempt to establish a model republic among the Filipinos that shall serve as a political object lesson to the Oriental world. Critics, both European and American, tell us that the scheme is visionary, that a self-governing State cannot be maintained among these people of Malay lineage and Spanish training. While it is true that the success of our political experiment cannot be known till tested by actual experience, thus far there is no reason for discouragement. Ten years ago civil government was established; during the intervening period schools have flourished, the courts have been administered to the satisfaction of both native and foreign litigants, the revenues collected and disbursed, the political affairs of the country peaceably conducted, and a general participation in the government had by the natives of the archipelago. Decided progress has been made in the material interests of the islands; the harbor of Manila has been made safe for shipping and commercial transactions facilitated by the erection of a breakwater extending far into the bay. The ancient but malodorous moat surrounding the walls of old Manila has been filled, the beautiful driveway along the bay, known as the Lunetta, has been widened by filling up the shallow portion of the bay adjacent to the shore, and thus providing an important addition to the city in magnificent building sites along the new-made shore of the bay. The means of interisland communication has been greatly increased by the establishment of telegraph and steam-

boat lines connecting island with island, and tending to unite the various tribes into a homogeneous people. The administration of public affairs has been so conducted as to promote the material welfare of the people, and at the same time instruct them in the science of self-government and prepare the country for national autonomy.

The existence of a self-governing State in the Philippines, or of such a State in the process of formation, cannot fail to exert a mighty influence on the inhabitants of the great continent that lies beyond. The spectacle of an Oriental republic introduces a new era in world politics. The presence of the United States in the Philippine Islands has already profoundly influenced Asia. It is no exaggeration to say that our occupation of the islands and our presence before the gates of Peking, along with the great Powers of Europe, may have tended to prevent the disintegration of the Chinese Empire and the closing of its teaports to the commerce of the world.

The recent political awakening of two great Asiatic nations constitutes one of the most extraordinary spectacles of the age. They are politically the most important of Asiatic States, the most unlike each other, and the two from whom a demand for constitutional government was the least to have been expected. It is manifest that a new political sentiment pervades the Oriental mind when the young men of Turkey and China almost simultaneously demand a participation in their governments. The trend of events makes it unmistakable that a new era is commencing in Asia, and the establishment of our Filipino Republic may prove to be the dawn of the Asiatic day of political liberty.

What the Chinese and the Turk are demanding, the Filipino strove for twelve years ago. It is a significant circumstance that the result of the war with Spain, a war waged for the liberation of the Cuban, cast the lot of this government among the only Asiatic people aspiring to self-government, and with the exception of the Armenians, the only ones professing



The new womanhood in the Philip pines.

the Christian religion. This fact is worthy the consideration of the critics who say and honestly believe that the Filipino is incapable of governing himself; he was a Christian with aspirations for self-government when both the Confucian and Moslem were given over to despotism, as were their fathers before them. In our political experiment we do not encounter the iron bound caste of Brahmanism, the cold indifference of the Confucian, the fanatical hostility of the Mohammedan. The barrier of a different religion does not exist between us and the race whose confidence it is essential to gain that we may not fail in our purpose. It is among this people professing Christianity and aspiring to self-government that we have planted our flag and begun our experiment of founding a republic in Asia.

HOW WONDERFUL IS LOVE!

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

How wonderful is love!
 Love that stirs every life,
And thrills to worlds above
In song of thrush and dove
 To cheer us in our strife.

The birds that sing alway,
 And tiny creatures all,
Are telling night and day
The love they cannot say—
 The love their souls enthrall.

The sparkling dews of morn,
 And rills that laugh and gleam
Are earth and sky-love born,
And golden wheat and corn
 Is of the same love-dream.

All flowers of the fields,
 In summer's golden time,
Are beauties that earth yields
For love the sunshine wields
 In planet-love sublime.

Love touches every heart
 Sometime ere life is done;
It is the soul of art,
And living, thrilling part
 Of all beneath the sun.

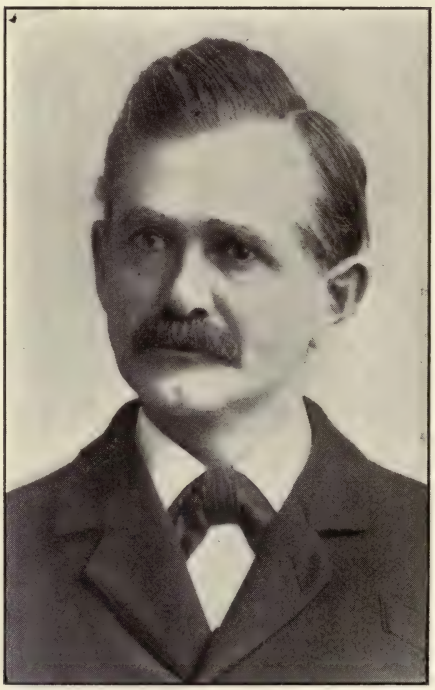
AN APPRECIATION OF EBENEZER KNOWLTON

BY HAROLD FRENCH

(The subject of this sketch was an early contributor to the Overland Monthly. As a favorite scholar of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Agassiz, a peripatetic philosopher, poet and pedestrian, he endeared himself to thousands of his former pupils in California, who regard him as one of the most helpful educators that America has produced.)

HULLO! How's my old professor?" "All serene, beloved!" The question, the characteristic answer, elaborated by cordial greetings of a similar nature, mirth-provoking mots, puns and pleasantries from the party of the second part, might be heard in rapid-fire succession, if you ever accompanied the veteran pedagogue, Professor Knowlton, through the crowds of a San Francisco street, or aboard a Tamalpais-bound ferry-boat. But the gay raillery, the witty repartee, no longer breaks the money-grubbing monotony of Montgomery street; nor does the wiry, grizzled figure, with black leathern haversack, and hob-nail shoon, and quaint-carven alpenstock, mingle with the merry clan, corduroy and khaki-clad, thronging a Sausalito boat.

Of the many familiar faces of the old San Francisco, which disappeared from human ken in 1911, none was better known or more widely missed than the genial visage of Professor Ebenezer Knowlton. During nearly a half century of his unique and useful career as an educator, he grew up with two generations of his pupils, whom he numbered by tens of thousands. His interest in "his boys" he compounded yearly, for his retentive memory kept their individual needs, their boyish ambitions and their maturing abilities so fixed in his mind that long after their graduation he would often follow them up with helpful suggestions that started many on the high road to a successful career. He constituted himself a voluntary employment agent, for he helped hundreds of his scholars to obtain positions in which they made a good start in life. Many prominent business men attribute much of their achievement to the systematic methods they learned from Professor Knowlton.



Professor Knowlton at 66.

As an educator, he put into practice the true meaning of that word which

signifies "one who leads forth." He constantly endeavored to bring out of each pupil whatever individual ability could be developed. His methods of instruction were not confined to the rote and routine of cut and dried curricula. The real, intrinsic value of the knowledge he imparted lay in teaching his students to apply what they had learned in a practical way to the service of their fellow men. System, utility and social service were the ruling principles of his practical pedagogy, and with these he inspired many of his pupils with an exuberant optimism that encouraged them to make the most of their opportunities.

Professor Knowlton was born November 18, 1835, at Skowegan, Maine. He was the third of the same patronymic, his father and grandfather being prominent clergymen and scholars. The family later resided at Kittery, Maine, and in other New England towns. At an early age he learned to make himself at home on the water, as he rowed and sailed about the Atlantic coast.

He graduated from Amherst College in 1860, through which he worked his way by teaching the then new science of shorthand. From 1861 to 1863 he was principal of the St. Louis High School; then he returned to New England, where he took a post-graduate course at Harvard. Here he studied under Louis Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom he became deeply attached.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" took a deep interest in his versatile pupil, and they kept up a frequent correspondence for many years. Professor Knowlton also studied under Louis Agassiz, and enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Thoreau. Such friends left their imprint upon his character, but none moulded his mind more than Oliver Wendell Holmes. In later years he delivered highly entertaining lectures on that "Witty, Wise and Winsome Philosopher." While such incomparable companions stimulated his mental faculties he developed his muscular powers under the instruction of Dr. Winship and Dio Lewis, the pioneers of physical culture. Until late in life he thought nothing of lifting eight hundred pounds or walking forty miles or more in a day. He was an expert oarsman and a veritable Viking when it came to sailing a squally sea. As a wrestler, he delighted in taking a fall out of many a younger man. When he donned the mittens, he often boxed many an unwise wight to a frazzle.

In 1864 he came to California at the urgent request of John Swett, later the Superintendent of San Francisco Schools and of Public Instruction. He became principal of the Rincon Grammar School, and until the early nineties taught English in the Boy's High School. In this branch he excelled, for his intimate acquaintance with the great American poets and philosophers enabled him to impart a personal, sympathetic interpretation of their masterpieces. His original and breezy anecdotes of Yankee life, and his vivid recollections of New England customs, added a spice that was sadly lacking in the colorless, tasteless pabulum served by some of his successors.

Professor Knowlton was a many-sided educator. Not only did his long experience fit him to teach all the branches of the grammar and high school grades, but he mastered many subjects, such as shorthand, typewriting, business system training, and elocution. It was in the former that he began his career as one of the first instructors of stenography. In the last he excelled. His virile chest tones had a timbre and variety of inflection that thrilled his audiences with their power. On countless occasions he appeared on public platforms to deliver orations, to recite or read original verses. For many years he was the Poet of the Day at Bunker Hill celebrations and reunions of the State of Maine Association. Some of these extemporary productions were deemed worthy of publication. Many of these verses did not pretend to be anything but doggerel or jocose jingles, but at

times his Pegasus soared far above the earth earthy. Even Joaquin Miller said to me once, "Professor Knowlton is a poet." This from a bard far above the petty jealousies of the baser breeds of verse-tinkers!

Ebenezer Knowlton appeared above many specimens of vigorous English, written in a sparkling, vivid vein. He was one of the first contributors to the Overland Monthly, when Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain and Charles Warren Stoddard traveled all over the State, diffusing knowledge of the latest ideas of education. Many side line activities made his life a busy, useful one. On certain evenings he taught shorthand at the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. Wealthy parents who had backward children sent their young hopefuls to him for mental renovating and reinforcing. And many a strong and successful man of middle age, prominent in public life to-day, owes much of his good fortune to the fact that in his tender



The professor in his literary workshop.

also wrote for this magazine. His "Yosemite Afoot," which appeared in the Overland Monthly in July, 1870, was a typically happy narration of a walking tour of this wonderland. Bancroft's Yosemite Guide-Book, which was the first notable publication for California tourists, was the work of this pedestrian pedagogue, whose writings attracted thousands to this Sierran Mecca, years before John Muir began his famous word-paintings.

His skill in conducting teachers' insitutes kept him in constant demand for several decades, during which he 'teens he was taken in hand by this old preceptor.

Even such a substantial citizen as A. W. Scott, the Panama-Pacific Exposition promoter, admits that as one of the private pupils of Professor Knowlton he profited to a marked degree by his systematic training in the art of doing things well, and without which the mere advantage of wealth would have been a poor substitute. Like many other educators, the Professor could teach others to take the right trail to treasures upon earth, but as for himself, he was so busy trying to do

good for others that he had little time to pile up pelf. Ebenezer Knowlton made his mistakes as every strong character does. He had his little eccentricities,; he overlooked opportunities that flocked about him; but the life of the man was that of an idealist, who was not content to live alone for those who loved him. His ruling passion was to serve his fellow men and to bring them good cheer. Many misunderstood the man, but those who knew him well regard him as an idealist, living a generation ahead of his time. Like Thomas Paine, the world was his country, and to do good his religion. He was a *frater homo* to every nationality. An ever-growing spirit of social consciousness diverted him from the sordid, selfish struggle to get something away from the less fortunate. His ideals of a business career for his pupils were based on productive industry for the purpose of facilitating social service, rather than the present form of legalized robbery.

His hand, heart and head were always ready to help others to help themselves. Often a boy would come to him with this common story: "Professor, I've got to leave school and go to work." For example, Christmas was nearing, accentuating the bitter mockery that it usually is to the poor. The boy's mother had her heart set on at least seeing her son graduate from grammar school, but the father, confronted with the seemingly hopeless problem of making both ends meet, needed the few dollars a week the boy could earn. "Too bad! I'm sorry! However, I'll see what I can do. In the meantime you keep telling yourself these magic words: 'I know it's all for the best." Thus would the Professor comfort the boy in the first scene.

Next scene, after school, the Professor has a long heart-to-heart talk with the boy, in which he confides to his teacher that he felt a new love for books since the Professor began reading selections from first-class authors. "Ma would like me to learn to be a book-dealer, or a publisher, or something like that. Dad says that's only rubbish, and books won't never buy me nothing," he would continue.

"Tut! tut! I thought I taught you better grammar than that," the Professor would interrupt. After a short digression upon the common error of using double negatives, he would return to the vital subject. "Tell your father I shall call to-night at 7:15. I am due at 8 o'clock at the Metropolitan Temple, where I am to speak, but can spare half an hour at your home."

Act 3.—P's large retail book store. Rush hour of 5 p. m. Manager, an old pupil, greets lithe figure in grey, with satchel in hand and coat on arm: "Hullo, Professor! You're looking younger than ever. No, I'm never too busy to listen to my old teacher."

Terse, to the point, the Professor would say: "I want you to put a boy to work, to-morrow morning; keep him two weeks. If he doesn't make good, don't fire him until you send for Doctor Knowlton."

"Well, seeing it's you, Professor, I'll have to take him, though I've turned away twenty applicants for holiday jobs this very day. I haven't forgotten how you boosted me with this concern twenty years ago."

Act 4, the boy's home, 7 p. m.—Mother washing dishes, boy helping, father lounging and smoking pipe. Boy—"Say, Dad, guess who's coming here to-night! Professor Knowlton!"

Father—"Huh! Wot business has that old fool got butting in here? I s'pose he's going to beg me to send you back to school."

Mother then gets her last word in: "Well, I think he's pretty good to go out of his way to see us folks this stormy night."

The boy shouts: "Here he is now."

Enter grizzled, broad-shouldered man, with water dripping from his mackintosh, and exclaims: "Pardon for coming five minutes ahead of time, but I walked a mile in the rain in just twelve minutes." The Professor then outlines a plan to the family whereby the boy may work during the holiday vacation, then from 3:30 to 6:30 week

days he may run errands for P's bookstore.

"Now, my good sir, let your boy go back and graduate, and in the meantime he can at least pay for his food. I'll give him some coaching after school that won't cost him anything, and then I'll vouch that his employers will give him a steady job."

The sequel of this episode in this boy's career would be that he was given the right kind of a start, in congenial employment. Periodically, the Professor would drop in at the store to see how his protege was progressing. At eighteen the boy had become a fairly good salesman, but lacked a wider knowledge of books because, boy-like, he had found diversions evenings which, though harmless enough then, were developing into probable stumbling blocks in the future.

"Come with me on a tramp, Sunday, and let's talk things over," the faithful old Professor would say. The boy would find the idealistic philosopher awaiting him at the ferry with a hearty hand-shake and a good-natured punch in the ribs. After a peripatetic lecture fifteen or twenty miles in length the boy would return to his tasks and the studies that would increase his efficiency with quickened zeal and loftier purpose. Similar instances are legion.

"Over thirty years ago I was a pupil of Professor Knowlton," wrote George W. Caswell, a prominent wholesale merchant, on hearing of the latter's demise. "I attended his classes in American and English literature, and he made them most interesting. His depth of knowledge and his enthusiasm in presenting and portraying the characters of history made me look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the time of going into his class for study, and whatever interest I have since maintained in general literature I believe I am very largely indebted to him for. I always regarded the Professor as a man of exceptionally strong individuality. There never was a day or a time when he did not seem to exert the most forceful and intense interest in all the things of daily life. He was a man of pure heart and high purpose; his language and thoughts were always poetic, and the large number of poems which he wrote testify to his great facility of poetical expression."

A nature-lover, poet and philosopher, Professor Knowlton was at his best when tramping a Tamalpais trail.



On one of his last tramps in the country.

Two generations of boys and girls learned to look forward to the joyous Saturdays when the Professor would take his classes on excursions to the redwood-robed ridges of Marin. He knew every foot of Auld Tam, while he made countless excursions to Mount Diablo, Mount Hamilton and other peaks of the Coast Range. The snowy crest of Shasta bore the print of his alpenstock, while the ring of his hob-nails on the granite of the Sierras echoed in many a lonely gorge —recalling one of his favorite epigrams that "An echo is the only thing in nature that can bunco a woman out of the last word."

During the last few years of his life he lived alone far up the slopes of Twin Peaks, surrounded by his books and the cherished mementoes of a long and useful career. He left the School Department in 1907 without claiming his pension. Instead, he satisfied the needs of his Thoreau-like existence by occasional lessons and literary work, while he enjoyed himself most of the time taking cross-country tramps, reading and visiting his many and appreciative friends.

After his seventy-fifth birthday he began to fail rapidly, for symptoms of a fatal malady made their dread appearance. Game to the last, this gritty old pedestrian kept on his feet, and even on the day that he died alone and unattended by kith or kin, he made his usual trip down town.

We, who knew him well, prefer to think of him as we often saw him swinging along the trails, bound, mayhap, for Bolinas, whither he tramped through summer's scorching days or winter's driving storms, every other week, making a round-trip trek of thirty miles to carry a high school education on the installment plan to children that he loved. "Brevet Grandpa" was a title he gave himself in several thousand households where the youngsters squealed with delight when they saw or heard him coming.

As one who walked over 3,000 miles with this jolly old pedagogue, I am at a loss to find a more appropriate closing paragraph than this gracious tribute of Professor Alexander McAdie, district forecaster of the Weather Bureau:

"Like others, the old Schoolmaster loved the outdoor life. Trudging along a country road or climbing the slopes of Tamalpais, his spirits rose with the distance. Resolutely making the best of everything, a blithe companion, he poured forth a running comment on every incident and every feature of the journey. And withal a most helpful and generous companion. Quick to see suffering or injustice, prompt in response to any call to be of service to others, he traveled the road with a cheery word for every one.

"Fain would I see the old familiar figure once again and hear his ever-boyish shout of salutation."



The Professor at the Lone Tree, Mt. Tamalpais.

A TWILIGHT FANCY

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

I sit where pales the misty light
 And softest, gentlest winds are straying,
And fancy that a vision bright
 Is walking where the rose is swaying.

I see her often in my dreams,
 So lovely and with step so airy;
For she but moves in gauzy gleams
 As moves each bright and holy fairy.

She long ago my heart did bind
 With her soul's light around me streaming;
She was the idol of my mind,
 Although unreal—an angel seeming.

With all the charm of beauty rare
 She came to bless my youth's glad morning,
And made the whole round world seem fair
 With love's fair light my path adorning.

The sun gave diamond tinges bright,
 The stars shone with a golden glimmer,
And first young love's illusive light
 Caused all the earth to dance and shimmer.

But my fair idol soon did change,
 Did slowly droop and pale before me,
And all the world did quickly change,
 And all the stars hung darkening o'er me.

The why I could not understand,
 But her fair eyes did close and darken,
And I no more could touch her hand
 Or to her gentle whispers hearken.

But still I sit in the dim light,
 Where softest, gentlest winds are straying,
And fancy that a vision bright
 Is walking where the rose is swaying.



FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY MISS ALICE CHITTENDEN.

With all the charm of beauty rare
She came to bless my youth's glad morning,
And made the whole round world seem fair
With love's fair light my path adorning.

"SONGS OF THE NIGHT"

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

The Lesson Psa. lxxxv

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad"—Psa. cxxvi 3.

WE ARE STILL in the night of weeping. Sickness, sorrow, sighing and dying continue, and will continue until the glorious morning of Messiah's Kingdom breaks. How glad we are to have learned that then the glorious change will come to earth. The Prophet David expresses this thought, saying: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (Psa. xxx 5.) St. Paul expressed the same sentiment when he declared, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God" (Romans viii 22.) The Sons of God in glory will, with their Lord, constitute Emmanuel's Kingdom, and at present these Sons of God are comparatively little known or recognized amongst men; frequently they are considered "peculiar people," because of their zeal for righteousness and truth, and for God. "Beloved, now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is," and we shall share His glory, honor, and immortality and with Him scatter Divine blessings to all the families of the earth."

A Song of Deliverance.

Our lesson, the lxxxv Psalm, may properly have served several applications. The first of these would be to Israel's deliverance from the Babylonian captivity, when Cyrus gave permission that all who desired might return to Palestine. About fifty-three thousand—a small number—availed themselves of this privilege and of his assistance. The people rejoiced in this manifestation of the turning away of Divine disfavor, and the return to them of God's favor and blessing. The pardon of their transgressions as a nation was here evidenced in this privilege of returning to God's favor.

A secondary application of the Song is just before us. Israel has been in a far greater captivity in Christendom during the past eighteen centuries. She has the promise, nevertheless, of a mighty deliverance. The Cyrus who granted them liberty to return from literal Babylon was a type of the great Messiah who is about to give full liberty for the return of God's ancient people to Divine favor—to Palestine.

Israel's sins have not yet been taken away, even as the world's sins have not yet been taken away. The great Redeemer has, indeed, died for sin, and He is the sinner's friend, but as yet He has only appeared in the presence of God for *us—the Church*—not for the world. He is only the Church's Advocate now. He advocates for none except those who come to God and give Him their hearts and lives; and these are the saintly only—such as love righteousness and hate iniquity.

The world is enslaved by Sin and Death, the twin monarchs who are now reigning and causing mankind to groan. We were born in this enslaved condition, as the Scriptures declare:

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, in sin did my mother conceive me." Our race, groaning under the weaknesses and imperfections we have thus inherited—mental, moral and physical, long for the promised deliverance from the bondage of sin and death. The majority of mankind undoubtedly feel the gall of their slavery, and will be glad to be free.

Deliverance at Hand.

The great Deliverer is the antitypical Cyrus. Soon He will go forth to victory, and will establish His Kingdom under the whole heavens. Soon the Church class, the saints, "the "elect," will be glorified, and then the time will come for the blessing of the non-elect—for their restitution to human perfection and to a world-wide Paradise, which Messiah's power and Kingdom will introduce. "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet; the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." *Sheol, hades,* the grave, will be no more; death will be destroyed by the resurrection of the dead therefrom, "Every one in his own order."

Many of the Lord's people who can see something of the blessings due at the second advent, and who appreciate in some measure the fact that the Lord comes again to bestow the great blessings secured by His death, fail to see this other proposition; viz., that those in their graves have as much interest in that glorious reign of Messiah as those who at that time will be less completely under the bondage of corruption—death. But as surely as Jesus died for all, they all must have the blessings and opportunities which he purchased with His own precious blood. Hence we should expect blessings in the Millennial Age upon all those in the grave as well as upon those not in it; and of this we will find abundant proof, as we look further into the Lord's testimony on the subject. It is because of God's plan for their release that those in the tomb are called "prisoners of hope."

The prevailing opinion is that death ends all probation; but there is no Scripture which so teaches. God does not purpose to save men on account of ignorance, but "will have all men to come unto the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii 4.) Since the masses of mankind have died in ignorance, and since "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave" (Eccl. ix 10), therefore God has prepared for the awakening of the dead, in order to knowledge, faith and salvation. Hence His plan is, that "as all in Adam die, even so shall all in Christ be made alive."

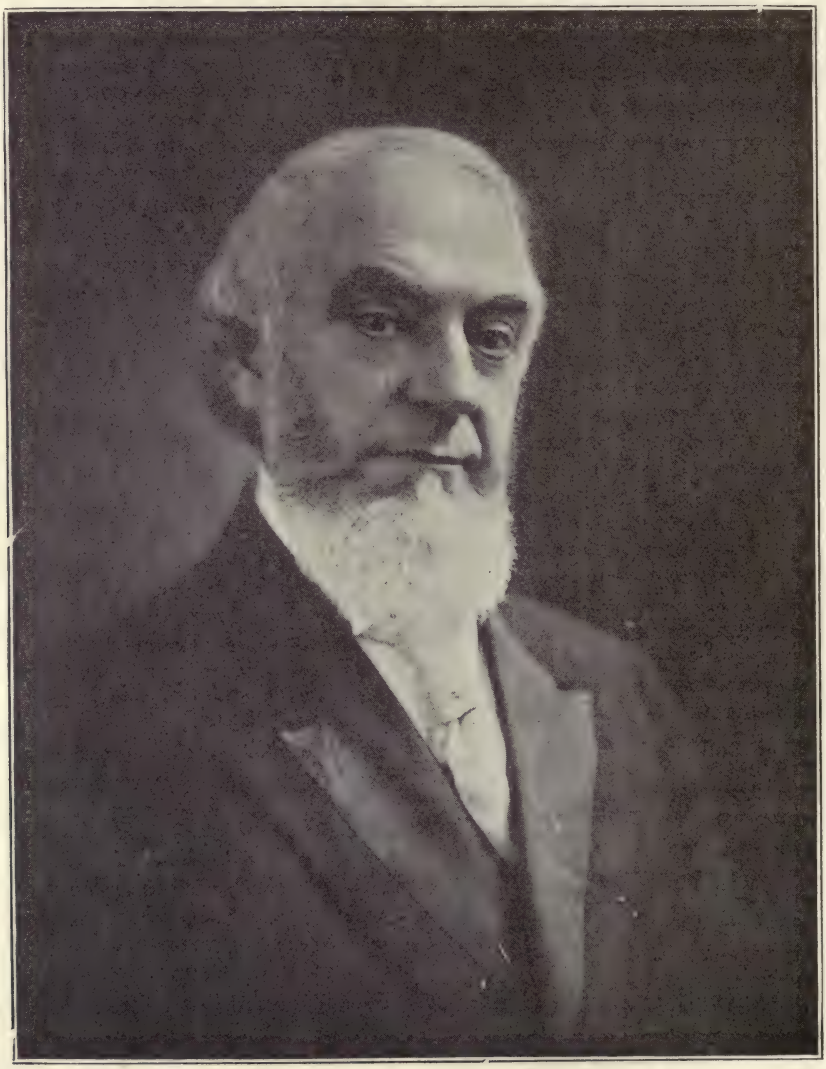
The Secret of Joy.

While the whole creation groans under its load of sin and sorrow, the saints may sing and rejoice, even in the midst of all the sorrows of life, even though they share the results of sin as fully or even more fully than do others. The secret of their joy is twofold: (1) They have experienced reconciliation to God; (2) They have submitted their wills to His will. They obtained this new relationship by the way of faith in the Redeemer—faith in His blood of Atonement. They entered by the "strait gate" and "narrow way" of consecration to God—surrendering their own wills and covenanting to do the Divine will to the best of their ability. This submission of the will to God and the realization that all their life's affairs are in God's keeping and under His supervision give rest to the heart. They have a rest and peace in this surrendered condition which they never knew when they sought to gratify self-will and ignored the right of their Creator to the homage of their hearts and the obedience of their lives.

Believers Visualize Stories to Come.

Similarly, these have joy and peace, and songs of thankfulness to God, because to them He grants a knowledge of His Divine purposes, and shows them "things to come." These see beyond the trials and tribulations of the present time—they see the glories that will follow the present time of suffering. These see that the Church, the

saintly ones of all denominations and of all nationalities, are prospective heirs of God—heirs of glory, honor and immortality; and associates with the Redeemer in His glorious Kingdom. This encourages and stimulates them. They also see the outlines of saints, it gives them cause for rejoicing. When they perceive that God has arranged that through Christ and the glorified Church all the families of the earth shall be blessed, it makes them "joyful in the house of their pilgrimage"—while waiting for their



Pastor C. T. Russell, of London and Brooklyn Tabernacles.

the Divine Program for the blessing of all the families of the earth. When they thus perceive that God is interested in their dear ones who are not saints, and interested in the whole human family, very few of whom are own change from human to Divine nature. Seeing the provision which God has made for the world of mankind, they are contented, and are glad to have God's will done in themselves and in all the earth.

THE MAN WHO FILED THE FIRST HOMESTEAD CLAIM

BY CHARLES EMMETT BARNES

THE MOST beneficial measure ever adopted for the home welfare of any people on this earth was that of the United States in enacting the liberal homestead law for the welfare of settlers in this country. Hundreds of thousands of men took advantage of this golden opportunity to acquire farms, and thus lay the foundation of competence for their families. That law built the agricultural prosperity of the country upon a rock, and it has developed into one of the bulwarks of the nation's prosperity.

Mr. Mahlon Gore, the man who has the distinction of having taken up the first land claim under this law, is still living. He is now engaged in orange raising in Orlando, Florida.

The homestead law took effect January 1, 1863. Several years before that date, Mr. Gore had traveled over the Middle West, looking for a likely place for a home, and was therefore somewhat familiar with that region. He had carefully watched the progress of the homestead act through Congress, and some eight months before it went into effect he made up a party consisting of himself, his wife and his brother Albert and his family. They traveled west with their belongings loaded in the usual prairie schooners, and headed for the Dakota territory. Mahlon Gore already had in mind the section of the country in which he wished to locate, and in July, six months before the homestead law became operative, the brothers filed on 160 acres each, in the valley of the Big Sioux River, about thirty miles above the present Sioux City. A little later Mahlon Gore entered his claim with a soldier's land warrant.

Mahlon Gore built a one room cabin and proceeded to occupy it. Such settlers were then called "squatters." The only land office in the territory of Dakota was located at Vermillion, sixteen miles away. As the cold of winter approached, the two brothers moved to Vermillion for the winter. There Mahlon Gore engaged in the publication of a little frontier newspaper, one of the two papers in the territory. The land office and the printing office were but a short distance apart. Settlers were rapidly moving in and selecting "claims." As the first of January approached, there was every indication that with the operation of the new homestead law there would be a big rush of business in the land office.

On the night of the last day of the old year, 1862, Mr. Gore worked in the printing office until very near midnight. As he left the office to go home he noticed a light in the land office and went inside. After chatting a while with the Receiver over the immense increase in business at hand, he exclaimed, as he was leaving: "Oh, by the way, I'm coming in before breakfast to-morrow morning so as to file my claim and escape the big rush when you open the office. I don't want to be held up all day in that jam. I calculate to spend New Year's day hunting prairie chickens."

The Receiver laughed and said: "We can do better than that, Gore. Wait till the clock strikes twelve, and I'll give you your receipt in the first few minutes of the new year 1863, and you may be sure that your claim is perfectly legal, and that you will be the first citizen to file a claim in this country under the new homestead law."

Within five minutes after midnight, Mr. Gore was shaking hands with the Receiver, and had the Government's receipt for 160 acres of land.

The records of the general land office in Washington show that homestead application No. 1, Vermillion district, Dakotah Territory, was filed by Mahlon Gore.

AT JOAQUIN MILLER'S HOME

BY REV. GUY HAMILTON CROOK

The sun is sinking in the west,
Behind the rolling billow's crest;
The daylight dies,
And every bright, retiring beam,
In splendor, sheds a golden gleam
Upon the skies.

The sea gull wings his weary flight
To meet the fast-approaching night
On ocean strand;
The motley, tangled human throng,
With eager step, is urged along
Upon the land.

The restless waters of the strait
Are surging through the Golden Gate,
O'er rock and shoal.
Upon the cliffs and sandy beach,
As far as human eye can reach,
The breakers roll.

Far down below these mountain heights
The city sparkles with its lights
At eventide;
Dim in the distant sunset glow,
Where pathless waters ebb and flow,
Great steamships ride.

Behold, from here, in vale and street,
And out where sky and ocean meet
In mystic blend,
All things in this grand view seem chaste,
As though in God's great scheme embraced
Till time shall end.

O child of nature, man of God,
Whose eyes have scanned, whose feet have trod
The mountain ways,
The sordid underworld at length
Will read and know thy mighty strength,
And sing thy praise.

LAST CAMP FIRE OF THE EASTERN WING OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

HISTORICAL in a way was the final meeting in Evanston, Illinois, recently, of the last remnants of the eastern wing of the California pioneers who crossed the plains, traversed the Isthmus or sailed around Cape Horn, lured by the tales of gold in 1849. It was a pathetic gathering. Some sixty years before, one hundred and fifty of these men, in the very prime of their manhood and hopeful spirits, plunged eagerly into a trip fraught with all kinds of dangers, laughing lightly at the hardships before them: at the recent gathering only fifteen of them were able to attend; they met for the last time because the traveling and the burdens of old age were proving too heavy for them. Among them were several veterans of the Mexican war (1846-7), and though these old soldiers still dearly love to gather and discuss the old times, the new times were bearing down their now fast-waning energies.

There were one hundred and fifty of these California argonauts when they met in Evanston in 1889 to form the Association of California Pioneers. There is no connection between their organization and the original Society of California Pioneers established in this city many years ago. So far as the records show, there are only twenty members left of the Evanston organization living to-day, and of these only eleven responded to this last call to gather round the last camp fire. Special efforts were made by all the survivors to be present on account of the great significance of the occasion. One of them, L. Murray Perkins, came all the way from Kansas; it proved to be a severe trial on the old veteran, and to use his own words, he found the trip, even in a luxurious sleeper, far more arduous than pushing a prairie schooner across the plains and mountains when he was a robust, strapping fellow of twenty. He is 82 now.

The gathering took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hotchkiss, of Evanston. Mr. Hotchkiss, who is now eighty, but as active and well preserved as the majority of men a score of years his junior, has been secretary of the association for many years, and in addition to celebrating the early days of California, the gathering marked his eightieth birthday and the fifty-fifth anniversary of his marriage to Mrs. Hotchkiss.

The affair was further made notable by reason of its being also the formal ending of the Western Association of Mexican War Veterans. This society has dwindled until its membership is composed only of its last president, Francis Benton, Simeon Ellis and Samson Wilder Wood, all of Chicago.

In the notification sent out by Secretary Hotchkiss, he stated that in view of the fact that as few of the pioneers remained, it was thought best to discontinue the formal gatherings as an association after one more rally of such as were able to attend. None of these survivors is less than eighty years of age; the average is 85.

The California pioneers of '49 were, in a way, the forerunners of the spread of the United States westward, and as such, have each one been history-makers. These devoted gold seekers

blazed the trail across the plains and brought the East in actual contact with the West. Others had preceded them, it is true, but these gold seekers in a large measure were responsible for the rush with which the western country was subjugated and opened up.

It is impossible to describe the effect upon Eastern people when the news was announced, January 18, 1849, that gold had been discovered in California so thick upon the ground that it only awaited the arrival of lucky diggers with pick, pan and shovel and bags to carry it away. Gold seekers companies were formed and advertised in almost every town. From the Eastern ports, whalers, emigrant ships, Baltimore clippers, and in short every class of sea-going craft was impressed in the service of carrying the gold hunters to the newly discovered El Dorado. In the Mississippi Valley, every kind of vehicle was pressed into the service. Hardy and hopeful men even started on the journey of two thousand miles trundling wheelbarrows which contained their provisions and supplies for the long journey.

From the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains the various tracks through the plains and deserts were crowded with ox and horse teams; after a few months, these trails were marked by the bones of the animals which had been unable to continue the long and arduous journey. Not infrequently a cairn of stones, a mound of earth, or the end board of a wagon marked the spot where lay the remains of a fallen adventurer, killed, perhaps, by the Indians, or a victim of border outlaws or Mormon raiders.

Through the privations of limited food and scarcity of water, the wonder is that so many survived to reap the bitter disappointment which was the lot of the majority.

Other perils and sufferings befell those who were stranded in Panama and Nicaragua, while awaiting vessels which never came, and whose means were exhausted with but the shortest half of their journey completed; numerous unmarked graves told the story of many whose friends anxiously waited for tidings of those who would never return, and of whose fate nothing was ever learned.

Probably the adventurers by way of Cape Horn experienced a minimum of the dangers and discomforts which were the lot of those who crossed by the other routes, yet to those who from five to six months endured the close "between decks" of a storm-tossed "cattle" vessel, with the twice a day ration of salt pork, "sow belly" and wormy bread, the horrors of that trip can never be forgotten.

After a lapse of forty years a feeling of kindly brotherhood and comradeship induced an effort on the part of some of these survivors living within reaching distance of Chicago to ascertain what number of '49 pioneers were still living, and to gather them into a sympathetic band, for the recounting of experiences and commemorating the leading points of pioneer life. Accordingly, on December 7, 1899, twenty-four pioneers assembled in Chicago and organized the Western Association of California Pioneers.

Following this, an annual banquet was held on Discovery Day, January 18th. Finally increasing age and infirmities of members unable to stand the rigors of the winters, counseled the adoption of California Admission Day, September 9th, as a more appropriate season, and this course has since been pursued through the holding of picnic gatherings and the more formal hotel banquet. These gatherings have been highly enjoyed not only by the pioneers, but by their wives and adult children and intimate friends.

At the reunion last month, tents were pitched in the yard of Mr. Hotchkiss' residence, and early in the morning the aged guests began to arrive. By noon the most of them were on hand, and shortly thereafter luncheon was served. Pork and beans, which were a familiar staple of the journey by prairie schooner across the continent, formed one of the main dishes. Hardtack, reminiscent of the diet on many campaigns of the wars, also was



The Eastern group of California pioneers around their last camp fire. Standing—H. A. Eastman, Francis Benton, Thomas Mahew, P. H. Mullen, L. Murray Perkins, George D. Phelps, Israel P. Blodgett, John B. Kerr. Lower Row—A. F. Kline, George W. Hotchkiss, Martin Burnham and Sampson Wilder Wood.

served. A campfire was made ready near the tents, and before this the pioneers gathered and recounted anew and for the last time together their experiences. As nearly as possible the affair was made to resemble a noonday bivouac of pioneer and war days.

After the luncheon there were speeches and merry-making, and finally the same old veterans stood up and sang "Auld Lang Syne," while tears streamed down their cheeks.

The group of survivors who gathered around this last campfire were: H. A. Eastman, of Chicago, pioneer of '52, by way of Panama; age, 80. Francis Benton, Chicago, Mexican War veteran, 1846; President Western Association of Mexican War veterans; age, 84. Thomas Mayhew, Evanston, Illinois, pioneer of '49; by way of plains; age, 87. P. H. Mullen, Chicago, pioneer of '50, by way of plains; age, 75. L. Murray Perkins, Baxter Springs, Kansas, pioneer of '49, by way of plains; age, 82. George D. Phelps, Chicago, pioneer of '49, by way of the Isthmus; age, 84. Israel P. Blodgett, Downer's Grove, Ill., pioneer of '49, by way of plains; age, 88. John B. Kerr, Chicago, pioneer of '49, by way of plains as a child two years old; age, 64. A. F. Kline, Chicago, pioneer of '50, by way of Cape Horn; age, 79. George W. Hotchkiss, Evanston, Ill., pioneer of '49, by way of Cape Horn; for twenty years secretary of Western Association of California Pioneers; age, 80. Martin Burnham, Watseka, Ill., pioneer of '49, by way of Cape Horn. Sampson Wilder Wood, Chicago, Mexican War veteran; age, 83. Simeon Eels, Chicago, Company B, 1st Illinois Infantry,

Mexican War, and 147th Illinois Infantry Civil War; age, 88.

* * * *

The original Society of California Pioneers, now located in the Pioneer Building on Fourth street, San Francisco, still make a brave showing of the hardy argonauts who, in the great rush across the plains, and by way of Panama and across the isthmus, unconsciously laid the foundation of the great State of California. There are about 175 active members left in the organization, and probably about one hundred more '49ers scattered throughout the State who are members of smaller local organizations. Only pioneers who arrived in California previous to January 1, 1850, were eligible to membership in the San Francisco Society. The average age of the present survivors is about 86. The oldest present member is Judge Curry of Dixon, who is 96 years old. Still tall and straight and full of energy and indomitable spirits, are numbers of these hearty old argonauts. Jos. Goodridge, who is 94, comes from Berkeley almost daily to chat with his cronies over old times and the marvelous changes in San Francisco they have witnessed since the days of '49.

Charles Camden, though 95, comes from Oakland for the same daily meeting and to join with the younger fellows in discussing plans for the future. While the founders were revising the Constitution in 1853 they perceived that their ranks were slowly thinning, the problem of preserving the organization was solved by a plan whereby the sons of pioneers were admitted to membership. Sons of these sons have been added, and so have grandsons, till now there are four generations represented in the organization, about 400 of them, the offspring of the original members. Oddly enough, some of the original members of the society are still in the early sixties; they were brought to the State as babes by their parents.



Mr. and Mrs. George D. Hotchkiss, on whose residence grounds in Chicago the last camp fire was held.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

Lippincott's new "Encyclopedia of Sports" is all that its name implies, for it treats exhaustively of every topic in the sporting world, indoors and outdoors, from aviation and automobiling to yachting and zebra stuffing, there being an excellent article on taxidermy. The work is in four handsome volumes, edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, the American sports being specially treated by American writers. The leading articles on hunting, fishing, shooting, racing, coursing, yachting and the like are handled by famous experts in those lines, thus making it a "book for sportsmen written by sportsmen." The sports of all nations are described in detail as well as those characteristic of the English-speaking world; nothing of any importance to sportsmen is skimped or overlooked. The work is so comprehensive that it presents a bird's-eye view of the entire world of sports as well as a natural history of the birds and beasts of the chase.

The engrossing subjects of motoring and aviation have been entrusted to a well known authority, whose articles are detailed and accurate, and give exactly the information desired. A clear and exhaustive description of the internal mechanism of the motor car and motorcycle, with exact instructions as to the care of the parts, how to find out the cause of the breakdown, and how to set it right. Valuable directions are also given as to the best way of driving a car, which should be highly useful to motorists. The article on yachting is the last word on that sport. Women are no less interested than men



Leading the pack to the hunting field. Illustration from Lippincott's "Encyclopedia of Sport."

in sports, these days, and they will find in these pages everything to meet their special wants. Some of the articles are by expert women writers, and hints are given as to any differences in equipment, dress, weapons, implements of all kinds that are necessary when women pursue any form of sport.

Over two thousand capital illustrations illuminate the work, many of them in colors by well known artists in animal life. Nothing could be finer of their kind or more truthful in depicting animal life in its natural environment than the snap-shot photographs taken of wild animals in the jungle. "All the beasts and the birds are there." The photographs on golf, hunting with hounds, baseball, yachting, athletics, and other forms of sport are taken in action, and of course could not be truer to life. Wherever possible, the champions in their respective lines are shown in their record-breaking acts. In the fields of hunting, fishing and shooting, like care as to precision of detail has been exercised, with the fine sportsman's judgment. If a sportsman makes up his mind to an expedition after some particular kind of game at home or abroad, all he need do is to consult the index and refer to the article in the Encyclopedia. There he will find a complete description of the animal, its habits, its modes of life; he will be directed just where to go, and how best to set about attaining his sport, what equipment he will need, either in weapon or camp outfit, the best time of the year to go, and all the necessary information briefly and clearly set forth. In addition, he will find a little bibliography at the end of the article referring him to the books or magazines where he will be able to procure other or more detailed information on the subject. If he does not care to go to distant lands to hunt strange game, he can follow the various ways of hunting them through the graphic descriptions set forth in this work; if he is keen on fly fishing, from these same pages he can learn how the adept fly-fishers in the different countries hook their canny fish. Sportsmen in other lines may do the same in their particular fields by turning to the proper pages. No better fund of information, in compact, comprehensive, lucid and authoritative form is to be had in the world of sport.

Complete in four large octavo volumes; richly bound in cloth, gilt tops. $12 net. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Publishers.



Polo; the ball in play. Illustration from Lippincott's "Encyclopedia of Sport."



One of the flashlights taken of wild animals at night. Illustration from Lippincott's "Encyclopedia of Sport."

In a prefatory note to his recently published work, "The Heredity of Richard Roe," a discussion of the principles of Eugenics, Dr. David Starr Jordan states that the term Eugenics, from the Greek word signifying good birth, is the science and the art of being well born. In the words of Francis Galton, who devised the term, it is the "study of agencies that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either mentally or physically." In discussing the subject, Dr. Jordan makes use of an old lay figure of the law, named Richard Roe, as a lay figure of heredity, and in tracing his life some of the leading facts and principles of Eugenics are thoroughly explained and brought under notice.

To quote from the author: "Richard Roe is himself but an elongation or continuation of his parents' life, as Erasmus Darwin said a century ago. He was the elongation of two lives, and behind them, of thousands of others, else he could not have individuality and be really himself. But for all that, he is a chip of the old block. He is made from many chips from many blocks. Thus, as a man, Richard Roe enters life with a series of possibilities and tendencies granted him by heredity. Each one is held in some fashion in the mystic nucleus of his first germ cell. Let us examine this series. Let us analyze this pack which he is to carry through life to the gates of the Golden City."

And Dr. Jordan proceeds to do this with the splendid virility which runs through all his writings, pages rich in wisdom, suggestion and counsel for young and old. In demonstrating this vital subject of the hour, Dr. Jordan has marshaled pages of interesting facts gleaned from the lives of men in all walks of life, from the lowliest to those high on the pedestals of fame.

The sister science of Eugenics—"the sum total of well being"—is introduced and its influence on society and on the numberless Richard Roes is analyzed and discussed. In simple and entertaining style the author traces Richard Roe from the germ cell through all the prenatal and living influences which mould his physical, mental and spiritual being. In conclusion, the breeding of the superman is discussed, and the causes which make nations truly great in character. It is the most entertaining book on Eugenics that has been published.

The American Unitarian Association, Boston. $1.20 net.

A handy, compact manual on mining law, by A. H. Ricketts, a well-known member of the San Francisco bar, has just been issued from the press of the Blair-Murdock Company. The work is dedicated to the author's friend, John Hays Hammond. It may be noted that the first book on American mining law, "Mining Claims and Water Rights," was written by the late Gregory Yale, a Californian, in 1867; this last work, "Ricketts on Mines," also written by a Californian, and an acknowledged authority, brings everything on the subject up to date, as to State and Federal legislation, the decisions of the courts, and the rulings of the departments. The facts are presented in an unusually concise form, and in a manner to delight busy lawyers and laymen in search of lucid information on the mining laws of the country. There has been no attempt toward elaboration or argument. The author gives what he considers the proper construction of the law, and in each case cites the authorities. There is, therefore, nothing to confuse the layman, while at the same time the book is of great value for reference to the legal profession. Under each general heading are numbered and titled paragraphs, exceedingly brief, but expressive, and containing reference to the footnote showing the authority and its source. No arrangement could be handier for reference to the prospector, miner, mine manager or lawyer.

"Through the Narrows," by Myrtle Leblee Roe, is a well wrought out and cleverly executed story of love and mystery, original in theme and human and appealing in its tender sympathy. The characters are genuine in their direct hold on the reader, and natural in their actions in developing the plot. The theme presents the mystery of youth and an astonishing revelation of womanhood, with skillful touches of pathos, humor and satire. The author cleverly shows her understanding of human character in the manner in which the leading characters carry the plot to its inevitable and logical conclusion. In his striking illustrations, Frank Merrill has portrayed the leading characters in lifelike fashion, and has caught the genuine spirit of the story.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Publishers. $1.35 net.

The story of Jesus is of infinite human interest, and as long as the race of man exists there will be spiritual adorers who will strive to give to the world their conception of the Divine Being in human form. Horace Davis endeavors to tell the story of Jesus in simple, human terms, having due regard to its historical setting. He follows in the main the Gospel of Mark, because it is the oldest, and he believes the nearest to the facts, as well as being the simplest and the most continuous story.

"The Public Ministry of Jesus;" American Unitarian Association, Boston, Publishers. Fifty cents net.

Bliss Carman, the well known poet, in his introductory to "Travelers Five Along Life's Highway," by Annie Fellows Johnston, writes:

"Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston's many admirers must congratulate themselves on its appearance, as they stir the fire of an autumn afternoon. Here once more we may sit as at a pleasant window and 'watch the pass' on the great highway. Here you shall see approaching, in that delightful and motley cavalcade, Irish Jimmy in his ranchman's dress, his warm, Celtic heart urging him on up the obscure trail of unselfish good; here, grotesque old Gid Wiggan, flouting the shows of fashion, yet himself a showman conspicuous in the greater show of life; here, the old story, a fine gentleman's sense and feeling masquerading under the antics of a traveling clown; next, an embarrassed villager with something like greatness thrust upon him; and last, another strange example of silent, persistent New England ideal-

ism, too proud to confess itself and only reaching its goal through a lifetime of repression and apparent failure."

In this new book, Mrs. Johnston enters into practically a new field for her, but one in which she will undoubtedly win new laurels.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Publishers.

In the "Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims," by L. C. Addison, the object is to give an account of the Mayflower Pilgrims that is concise and yet sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all essentials respecting the personality and pilgrimage of these Forefathers, whom the poet Whittier pictures as:

" . . those brave men who brought
To the ice and iron of our winter time
A will as firm, a creed as stern and wrought
With one mailed hand and with the other fought."

In its interesting pages, the Old World homes and haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers are depicted and described. The story has the advantage of having been written on the scene of their early trials, concerted plans of escape, and stormy emigration, by one who, from long association, is familiar with the history and traditions of Boston and the quaint old sister port of Gainsborough, and perhaps imparts to the work some feeling of the life and local atmosphere of those places. It does what no other book on the subject has attempted: it traces the individual lives and varying fortunes of the Pilgrims after their settlement in the New World; and it states the steps taken in recent years to perpetuate the memory of the heroic band. The tale that is told is one of abiding interest to the Anglo-Saxon race; and its attractiveness in these pages is enhanced by a series of illustrations which accompanies the printed record.

Handsomely printed in two colors, profusely illustrated, with gilt top and decorative cover; boxed, $2 net; the same, three-quarters Morocco, boxed, $5 net, postage 20 cents extra.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Publishers.

"Mechanism of Nature" is an expression of the author and publisher, Henry C. Ehlers, to voice his ineffectual attempts to solve scientifically the physical secrets of Nature to his own satisfaction. In his experiments, he has run against some of those stone walls that discourage many original investigators, and in this frame of mind he decided to give his fellows the results of his studies as far as he had advanced, rather than throw them away. For those who are inclined to lose themselves groping after speculations on which the theory of vibration and evolution rest, the book may prove of some interest.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish, very shortly, a new book by Herbert N. Casson, dealing with advertising from the standpoint of the new principles of scientific management. The title will be "Ads and Sales." This new book on the subject will prove of great interest, not only to men directly connected with the advertising business, but with any business, who are in any way interested in the subject of advertising.

Harry Franck's book, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," is in its fifth large printing—probably a record for a modern travel book. Mr. Franck's "Four Months Afoot in Spain" is published in England as well as in this country, and readers on both sides of the water are finding it a picturesque and interest-stirring narrative of the author's travels—one thousand miles on foot, and twice that distance by third-class rail, always closely in touch with the masses of Spain's highways. It cost Mr. Franck just $172 to do Spain that summer—from New York to New York again—and he itemizes his spending.

The Century Co., Publishers.

"The Changing Chinese," by Edward Alsworth Ross, recently issued by the Century Company, takes up that ever old yet always new problem, the racial differences between the white and the yellow man. Professor Ross, because he has written of things that he has seen with his own eyes and studied first hand, has been able to present an intimate view of the mysterious and stoical Chinese. He is the first sociologist who has gone out of the beaten path for his facts. "The Changing Chinese," written on the basis of six months of inquiry and 10,000 miles of travel in China, is so far above the usual press output of "six months' tourists" who furnish volumes of undigested misinformation that it deserves to be read and studied by every one interested in the tremendous social and political awakening now transpiring in the land of the dragon. The author does not take the views of the diplomat, the business man, or the missionary, in forming his estimate of the ills and weaknesses that beset the social fabric of the Mongolian race, nor does he make the mistake of judging an alien race by viewing it through the glasses of an outsider. According to his estimation, the race mind of the Chinese is not appreciably different from our own, and their so-called "race traits" are what we would probably show if we had been subjected to their circumstances and historical development.

The oft-praised solidarity of the Chinese family, far from being a source of strength, has so stimulated multiplication as to make China the theatre of the direst struggle for subsistence to which any civilized people has ever been subject.

By extensive inquiry among physicians in China he has established that the menace of the coolie's competition with the white laborer is not the coolie's superiority in efficiency, but the greater tolerance of his physique to coarse food, contaminated water, bad air, fatigue, poison and noxious microbes. The yellow laborer can *underlive* the white, but not *outdo* him.

The book is handsomely illustrated with appropriate photographs.

The Century Co., Publishers. $2.40 net.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have reprinted three of their recently published books: "The Iron Woman," by Margaret Deland; "Keeping Up With Lizzie," by Irving Bacheller; and "The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke. They also announce new printings of "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and "A Legacy," by Miss Mulock.

Margaret Deland's new novel, "The Iron Woman," which The Bookman announced recently as the best-selling novel in the United States, has been continuously on the press since early in October. The printing and binding of "The Iron Woman" was broken up into small fractional editions in order to hasten the delivery of the completed books. The Harper plant, even with the other fall publications, has been able to produce "The Iron Woman" steadily since it appeared September 19th.

Arnold Bennett, who sailed home this week, is already at work on his series of articles on America for Harper's Magazine. Curiously enough, although several periodicals are printing some of Bennett's old work, he himself declared he had come here not for work but for pleasure, and to write his impressions for Harper's. He wrote nothing while here—except notebooks, of which he filled scores with memoranda for the articles he is now beginning.



For Winter Days

A Sensible Precaution

In winter time, when the air is alternately keen and biting, and raw and damp, the skin often suffers severely, the complexion loses its freshness. It is then that proper precaution should be taken to guard against these discomforts, and nothing is of better service in this direction than Pears' Soap.

It keeps the skin cleansed from all impurities, and by freshening and invigorating, gives it a power of resistance that is as natural as it is effective, and at the same time acts as a complete protection to the complexion. It soothes, softens and beautifies.

It is an easy matter to keep a clear, bright and healthy skin all through the winter by the regular use of the finest of all skin soaps

Pears' Soap

The Great English Complexion Soap

"*All rights secured*"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.



Use a Little Gumption.

ALL SPOONFULS MAY LOOK ALIKE

—They are not. Weigh them—Test them in actual work—Test them in making Soft Soap. Use the same quantity of water and powder in each test.

¶ PEARLINE is Condensed Soap—Energy—the Original Washing Powder. It established the directions, a Tablespoonful to a Pail of Water. You will have to use double or more of its followers to accomplish the same work.

¶ PEARLINE is made of Pure Fats and Vegetable Oils—no refuse used. It is Absolutely Harmless—Brightens Colors—does not turn White Goods Yellow.

A Tablespoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap

TAKE A VACATION in CALIFORNIA'S WONDERLAND

"FINNED, FURRED, FEATHERED"

Will tell you all about the Feather River Country

ON THE LINE OF THE

Western Pacific

This booklet will be mailed free on application to any Western Pacific Agent or

E. L. LOMAX
Passenger Traffic Manager

G. F. HERR
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Rubber and Cotton Hose

Belting and Packing

"Gold Seal" Concentrator Belts

Rubber Boots and Shoes

Crack Proof Gold Seal Mining Boots

Rubber and Oil Clothing

Sporting and Automobile Goods

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Secretary

R. H. PEASE, JR.
Treasurer

GOODYEAR Rubber Company
GATHERING RUBBER

SAN FRANCISCO
587-589-591 Market Street

PORTLAND, ORE.
61-63-65-67 Fourth Street

GOLDEN STATE LIMITED

DAILY BETWEEN

San Francisco, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago via Los Angeles and El Paso.

A trip modern in every respect and catering to the comfort and convenience of travelers en route between California and the East. A line of easy grades and scenic features.

Electric lighted standard sleeping cars, observation car, library, buffet, ladies parlor, observation rotunda, catering to the most exacting.

ROCK ISLAND

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES

Flood Building, 882 Market St. — Palace Hotel, Third and Townsend Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Broadway and 13th Sts., OAKLAND

600 So. Spring St., LOS ANGELES

$1.00 brings this cut glasswater set to your home.



One-quart water pitcher six half-pint glasses, 14-inch Beveled Mirror.

THIS GENUINE CUT GLASS WATER SET

is unsurpassed for its distinctive character. Positively guaranteed in every particular. Order quick—allotment is small. Send $1.00 for one year's subscription to COMMON-SENSE MAGAZINE. Afterwards you may pay $1.00 a month for eleven months, which completes the payments on both water set and Magazine. Our object is to introduce the Magazine into every home. Address Dept. 75.

Common-Sense Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.



ONLY $1. A Perfect Time-Keeper. Calling the Hour and the Half-Hour. Nearly Two Feet High, 14 Inches Wide, in Solid Walnut Case.

The Inlaid Woods of Ash, Ebony and Mahogany Ornaments are put together with minute care.

You never had such an opportunity to get so beautiful and useful an ornament for your den or your home—on such easy terms—mail us $1.00 for one year's subscription to COMMON-SENSE, afterwards you may pay $1.00 a month for 8 months, which completes the payments on both the clock and the magazine.

Common-Sense Publishing Co.
Dept. 75, 91 Library Court, Chicago

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

or Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 64 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made.

Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

Gouraud's Oriental Toilet Powder

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves skin troubles, cures sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25c. by mail.

Gouraud's Poudre Subtile

Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1 by mail.

FERD T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St.
New York City.

8 Shore Line Limited
A. M.

8:05 The Coaster
A. M.

10:40 The Los Angeles Passenger
A. M.

4 The Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger
P. M.

4:20 San Joaquin Valley Flyer
P. M.

6 The Owl Limited
P. M.

8 The Lark Limited
P. M.

8:10 Sunset Express
P. M.

EIGHT TRAINS EVERY DAY

Each Way Between San Francisco and Los Angeles CITY

LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED
COMPLETELY EQUIPPED

Some by day for the tourist and the sightseer and those who would know the "Road of a Thousand Wonders." Others by night for the convenience of the busy man and merchant.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TICKET OFFICES

884 Market Street
Palace Hotel

San Francisco

Third and Townsend Streets
Market Street Ferry Depot

600 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

Advertising Gains of the

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

For the past six months of 1911 the Chronicle has gained each month in

ADVERTISING

Over the same time in 1910

June - - - - -	GAIN	34,706 Lines
July - - - - -	GAIN	11,242 Lines
August - - - -	GAIN	20,748 Lines
September - - -	GAIN	26,432 Lines
October - - - -	GAIN	24,850 Lines
November - - -	GAIN	33,432 Lines

TOTAL GAIN 151,410 LINES

The Advertising Columns of the "San Francisco Chronicle" are a directory of the houses of CHARACTER in San Francisco.

Address all communications—
M. H. DeYOUNG, San Francisco, Cal.



Are You Ever Going to Build?

The Annual Building Number of HOUSE & GARDEN is one of the four great Special Issues of the Year. We had an idea that last year's Building Number was a good one—a man wrote us that for every knotty problem he met in building his home, that issue pointed out a solution. However, here's a better one this year, covering its subject like a blanket. There's a warm debate on the question, "An Old House or a New One?"; a helpful talk on costs, another that greatly simplifies planning. Then there are articles—with pictures that fairly make your mouth water—on lighting fixtures, hardware, rough or smooth plaster walls, casement windows and how to keep a cellar dry. There is another article on that vital question of choosing an architectural style, one on tiling for use and decoration, one showing some valuable short-cuts in achieving paneled effects. Professor Ogden of Cornell clears up, once for all, the sewage disposal problem. The controversy over the choice of a heating system is continued, and grows hotter each month. But there is space merely to begin the list of good things.

Inexpensive Homes of Individuality

is a superbly printed book containing 108 photographs and floor plans of the best houses of moderate size built to-day, giving costs and specifications. The illustrations are reproductions in detail of interiors and exteriors, teeming with suggestions for the home owner or prospective builder. There is a new idea on every page. We will send you this book FREE on mention of this magazine and receipt of 25c for the Annual Building Number of HOUSE & GARDEN.

McBRIDE, NAST & CO., Union Square, N.Y.



IT BRINGS A BRIGHT SMILE
to the Face of Silverware
as well as to all those who use it.

ELECTRO Silver Polish SILICON

For nearly a half century has never been equalled for Cleaning and Polishing SILVERWARE and all fine metals. It quickly imparts a beautiful lustre to even old and tarnished silver—***without the least scratching or marring.*** Easily applied, economical and free from any injurious substance. Send address for

FREE SAMPLE

Or 15c. in stamps for full sized box post-paid.
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

ALLEN'S PRESS CLIPPINGS
ARE MONEY MAKERS

DAILY SERVICE OF ADVANCE NEWS covering all building operations, electrical, mining, machinery, water systems, contracting, concrete work, bridges, wharves, railroads, sewers, paving and grading. Fire Department Supplies, Bond and Investment News, Incorporations and Business Changes.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS of all kinds—Business, Personal, Political, Trade, Fraternal and Religious—from the press of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, British Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and Manila.

38 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Telephone Kearny 392.



Just


One Moment, Please

If you are interested in Picture Taking, you can keep posted on all matters relating to photography by subscribing to the lowest priced photographic monthly.

ONLY 30 CENTS PER YEAR (stamps or coin.)

Timely Hints *Subscribe now*
Latest Wrinkles *Sample Copy Free*

PHOTOGRAPHIC TOPICS
147 Fulton Street New York

EASE YOUR FEET

Tired, aching feet and limbs, weak instep and rheumatic pains permanently cured by wearing BULLARD'S PERFECTION ARCH CUSHIONS. Light, soft, flexible and comfortable. They remove all muscular strain from the arch, and enable you to stand or walk all day without fatigue or pain. Price 50c. per pair. Sent by mail. Give size of shoe.

CHAS. E. BELL, Agent.
23 Ninth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Keep Your Clothes Pressed While Traveling

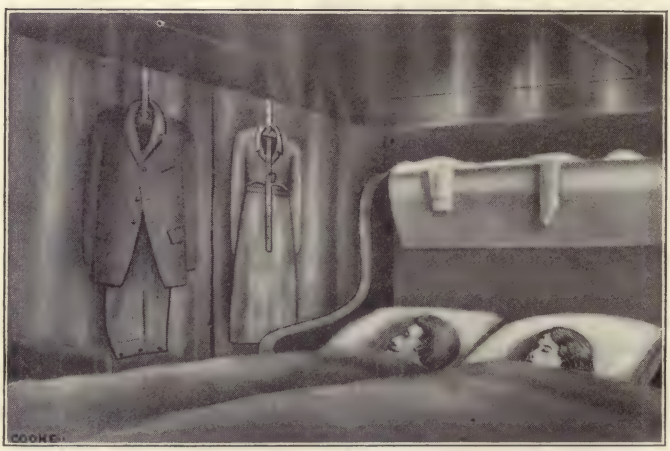
in a sleeping car by using

THE TRAVELERS' GARMENT STRAP

Your clothes are out of the way—they don't need pressing in the morning. Lasts a life time and costs but 50 cents. Can be carried in your vest pocket when not in use. The entire wearing apparel of two persons can be hung on one strap.

TRY ONE ONCE

AND YOU WILL BE OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT



Tailors' bills are saved by its use, as the wear and tear on clothes from much pressing is minimized. The Travelers' Comfort Garment Hanger Company, San Francisco, is rapidly selling these much-needed devices, which are being hailed with joy everywhere by the long-suffering traveling public.

PRICE 50c. POST-PAID

The Travelers' Comfort Garment Hanger Company

21 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific remedy that has cured nearly half a million in the past thirty-two years. Administered by medical specialists at Keeley Institutes only. Write for particulars

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Kansas City, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, Ohio.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Columbia, S. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
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Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact, anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors, and before it has become common property.

Let us know what you want, and we will send you samples and quote you prices.

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We read, through our staff of skilled readers, a more comprehensive and better selected list of publications than any other bureau.

We aim to give prompt and intelligent service at the lowest price consistent with good work.

Write us about it. Send stamp for booklet.

United States Press Clipping Bureau

147 Fifth Avenue. CHICAGO, ILL.

The German Savings and Loan Society

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital	$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund	113,473.47
Deposits, June 30, 1911	44,567,705.83
Total Assets	47,173,498.51

Remittances may be made by Draft, Post Office or Express Co.'s Money Orders, or Coin by Express.

Office Hours—10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m., and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; Manager, George Tourny; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, A. H. R. Schmidt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, Jr., E. T. Kruse and W. S. Goodfellow.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission street, between 21st and 22d streets. For receipt and payment of deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—432 Clement street, between 5th and 6th avenues. For receipt and payment of deposits only. W. C. Heyer, manager.

PAINTING PROOFS

(*Facsimile reproductions on linen canvas.*)



MONA LISA

bring the world's great masterpieces to your very door, give untold pleasure to yourself and friends and culture to your children, at the same time lending a suggestion of refinement and good taste to the home unattainable in any other way. Write for Booklet A, telling of these wonderful reproductions of the world's greatest paintings.

SEND 50 CENTS and we will supply seven beautiful color prints with description of masterpieces available in Painting Proof form.

BROWN-ROBERTSON-COMPANY

23 Union Square New York

Wonderful Automatic Stitcher

Sews Leather Quickly



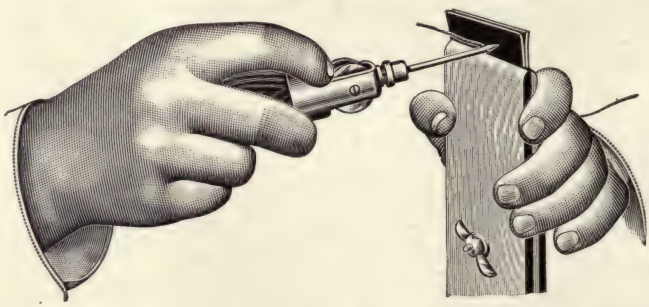
MYERS

Famous Lock Stitch SEWING AWL

Tools in the Handle

IS the **original and only one of its kind ever invented.** It is designed for speedy stitching, to be used by all classes, the **inexperienced** as well as the **mechanic.** Its simplicity makes it a practical tool for **all kinds of repair work,** even in the hands of the most unskilled. With this tool you can mend harness, shoes, tents, awnings, pulley-belts, carpets, saddles, buggy-tops, suitcases, dashboards or any heavy material. You can sew up wire cuts on horses and cattle, therefore the veterinarian and stockman find it indispensable. **The patent needle is diamond point and will cut through the thickest of leather. It has a groove to contain the thread, running the full length through the shank, overcoming any danger of cutting off the thread when sewing heavy material.**

The reel carrying the waxed thread is in a most convenient position under the fingers' ends, so that the tension can be controlled at will by a **simple movement** of the fingers **on the reel** and the thread can be taken up or let out as desired. This feature is **very essential** in a device of this kind. These are **exclusive features:** Convenient to carry—Always ready to **mend a rip or tear in any emergency**—Tools in the hollow of the handle—Assorted needles—A supply of waxed thread—Wrench and screw-driver combined. Complete with instructions, for **$1.00**



Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

Prices of Awl and Supplies Postpaid

Sewing Awl Complete, ready for use		$1.00
Needles, extra assorted	each 10c, per dozen	.75
Thread, 25-yard skeins, waxed	each 10c, per dozen	1.00
Reels, with thread, waxed	each 15c, per dozen	1.50

SPECIAL FREE OFFER:

OVERLAND MONTHLY, 21 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Please send MYERS FAMOUS LOCK STITCH AWL and OVERLAND MONTHLY for ONE year to the following address for $2 enclosed.

Name_____

Street_____

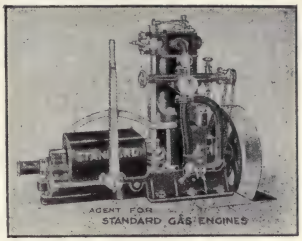
City_____ State_____

Standard Gas Engine Company

Power for all Purposes

PUMPING and HOISTING
MARINE, STATIONARY,

Compactness
Economy
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THE "STANDARD"
Perpetually Satisfactory

Send full Requirements
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Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

A dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse. A handy article for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



Dr. Campbell
Principal

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Our Home Study Courses for teachers prepare for Certificates of every grade.
Special courses in **Pedagogy, Psychology, Primary Methods** and **Kindergarten.**
We assist in securing positions.
Over one hundred Home Study Courses under Professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and leading colleges. **250 page catalog free. Write to-day.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 85, Springfield, Mass.



Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.
MARVEL CO., 44 East 23d St., NEW YORK.

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FIRE, THEFT, and TRANSPORTATION

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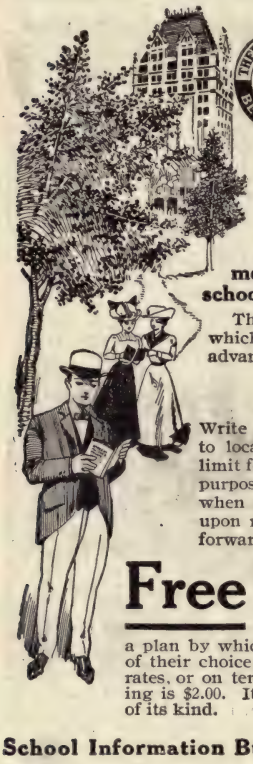
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Write to the Society, stating your requirements as follows: Kind of school desired; preference as to location, (city or state); religious denomination preferred; boarding or day school; expense limit for school year; name of prospective student; age; previous education; course of study desired; purpose in taking the course,—whether to prepare for a profession or only as an accomplishment; when enrollment will be made. Any special requirements should be stated fully. Immediately upon receipt of this information, catalogues of schools which offer the advantages desired will be forwarded to your address.

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If you send ten cents with your letter to cover cost of mailing, a copy of the latest edition of the **American College & Private School Directory,** a **252-page book** containing information regarding all colleges and private schools in the United States, will be sent you. This book also contains suggestions for those who seek counsel in deciding upon their life work; a plan by which ambitious young men and women of limited means may obtain an education in the school of their choice, and an explanation of the way in which the advantages of the best schools may be had at rates, or on terms equally favorable to those of inferior institutions. The price of this book in library binding is $2.00. It has been adopted by the leading libraries of the country as a reference book, the standard of its kind.

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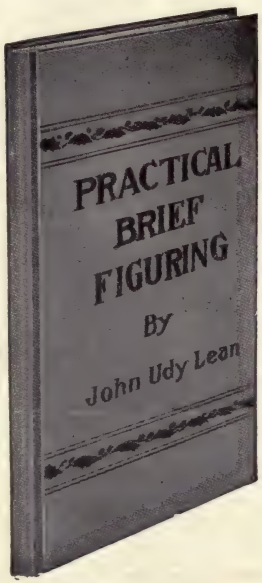


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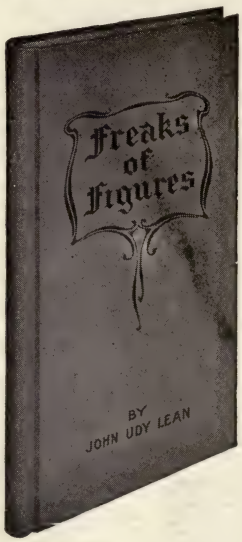
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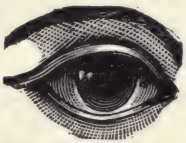
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California Advertiser.

A Weekly Periodical for the Cultured

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Oldsight, Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism and more serious eye troubles have been permanently corrected by this Nature Cure without drugging or cutting.

Eyestrain, headaches, smarting or burning are speedily stopped by its gentle, soothing treatment. In view of what it has accomplished for others, we feel justified in offering you

10 DAYS TRIAL AT OUR EXPENSE

The letter below is one of the hundreds that we are constantly receiving:

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"Gentlemen—I am tweny-six years of age, and have worn glasses for the past fifteen years. My trouble was astigmatism and farsightedness.

"When I first saw your Sight-Restorer advertised I made up my mind to get one and try it.

"After three weeks' use of the Restorer, I laid aside my glasses altogether, and have had no desire to use them at any time, day or night, since.

"My eyes are now clear and bright. I see perfectly well and enjoy reading immensely.

P. S.—I write this letter without the use of glasses."

No matter what your age or your trouble, let us prove to your satisfaction what the Restorer will do for YOU. Valuable Book No. 183 M. and details of 10 days' trial will be sent on request.

THE IDEAL CO., 134 W. 65th St., N. Y. City



Anti-Nicotine Calabash Pipe

Only 40 Cents

THIS splendid Calabash is modeled on the lines of the original African Calabash Gourd. I have placed in it my famous Anti-Nicotine Bowl, made of a clay-like material which absorbs the nicotine and uses it to color the pipe like the finest meerschaum.

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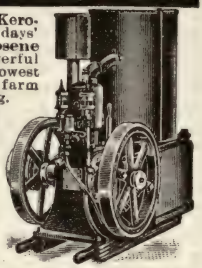
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Gasoline Going Up!

Automobile owners are burning up so much gasoline that the world's supply is running short. Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. **Two** pints of coal oil do work of **three** pints gasoline. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

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The "DETROIT" is the only engine that handles coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Basic patent—only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h.p., in stock ready to ship. Complete engine tested just before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric-lighting plant. **Prices (stripped), $29.50 up.**

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(The German Bank.)

Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

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GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

Office—526 California St., San Francisco.
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L. SCATENA, President. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.
Office—S. E. corner Montgomery and Clay streets.
Market Street Branch—Junction Market, Turk and Mason streets.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

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H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

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(Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

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Wonderful Turkish Eye Tonic

Do you have to use your eyes continually—do you have to work long hours with poor light—or where the sun, wind, or dust strains and irritates them? Ep-Nayer offers an instant relief—a sure, permanent help that has brought rest and new strength to thousands of weak, weary eyes and can do the same for you.

Ep-Nayer is different from all other eye tonics known in this country. Instead of being put into the eye to be washed right out it is gently massaged into the lids and skin about the eye and so becomes directly and thoroughly absorbed into the muscles and membranes—resting, nourishing and strengthening them and making them permanently strong and well.

Strong, healthy eyes are also handsome eyes and nothing adds to the life, sparkle and beauty of the eyes like Ep-Nayer. It promotes the growth of the eye lashes—and darkens them.

Ep-Nayer is absolutely free from every harmful drug. Constant use can do nothing but good even to the most delicate eyes. It is fine for children as well as men and women.

Put up in sanitary, collapsible tubes. 50-cents at all druggists or sent by mail to any address

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Representation wanted on the Pacific Coast.

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Established July 20, 1850

SAN FRANCISCO

NEWS LETTER

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F. MARRIOTT, Publisher

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YOU MUST BUY IT NOW

Of the 700 cars allotted to California 666 have been sold or contracted for. This leaves

ONLY THIRTY-FOUR MORE FOR SAN FRANCISCO

On account of the enormous demand for Cadillac cars this season we have arranged for our entire allotment to be shipped before February 1st.

This means that every 1912 Cadillac which will be shipped to California will be in the hands of an owner before March 1st.

THEREFORE READ THE TOP LINE OVER AGAIN

California DON LEE Distributor

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION SAN FRANCISCO 1915

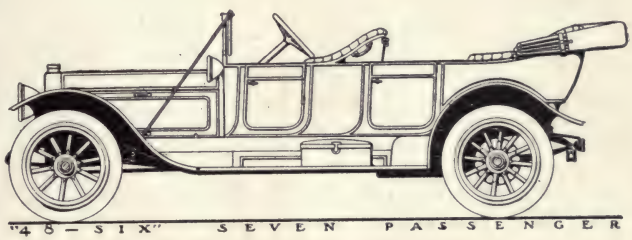
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ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

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The bodies, Touring, Phaeton and Torpedo, all of the fore-door type, are roomy and individual in design.

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The standard equipment of the 1912 Peerless includes: Mohair, Cape Cart, Four-Bow Top; Glass Front; Tire Pump, Tool Equipment and the DYNAMO ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM, complete with five lamps, all electrically lighted.

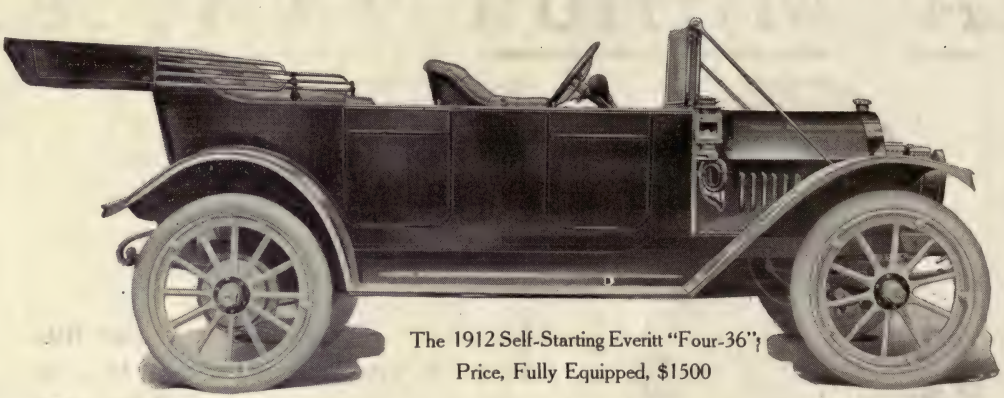
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We invite you to see these new models at your earliest opportunity. The brief specifications of the Everitt "Four-36" are as follows:

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Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Send catalog and name of dealer

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Over. Monthly 2

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Actual Size

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The great expense of locks has not been in the initial cost, but in the cost of keys, many of which are lost, misplaced or forgotten, causing endless delay and annoyance. This expensive nuisance will be abolished by using the

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SPECIAL 60-DAY OFFER

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21 Sutter St., San Francisco.

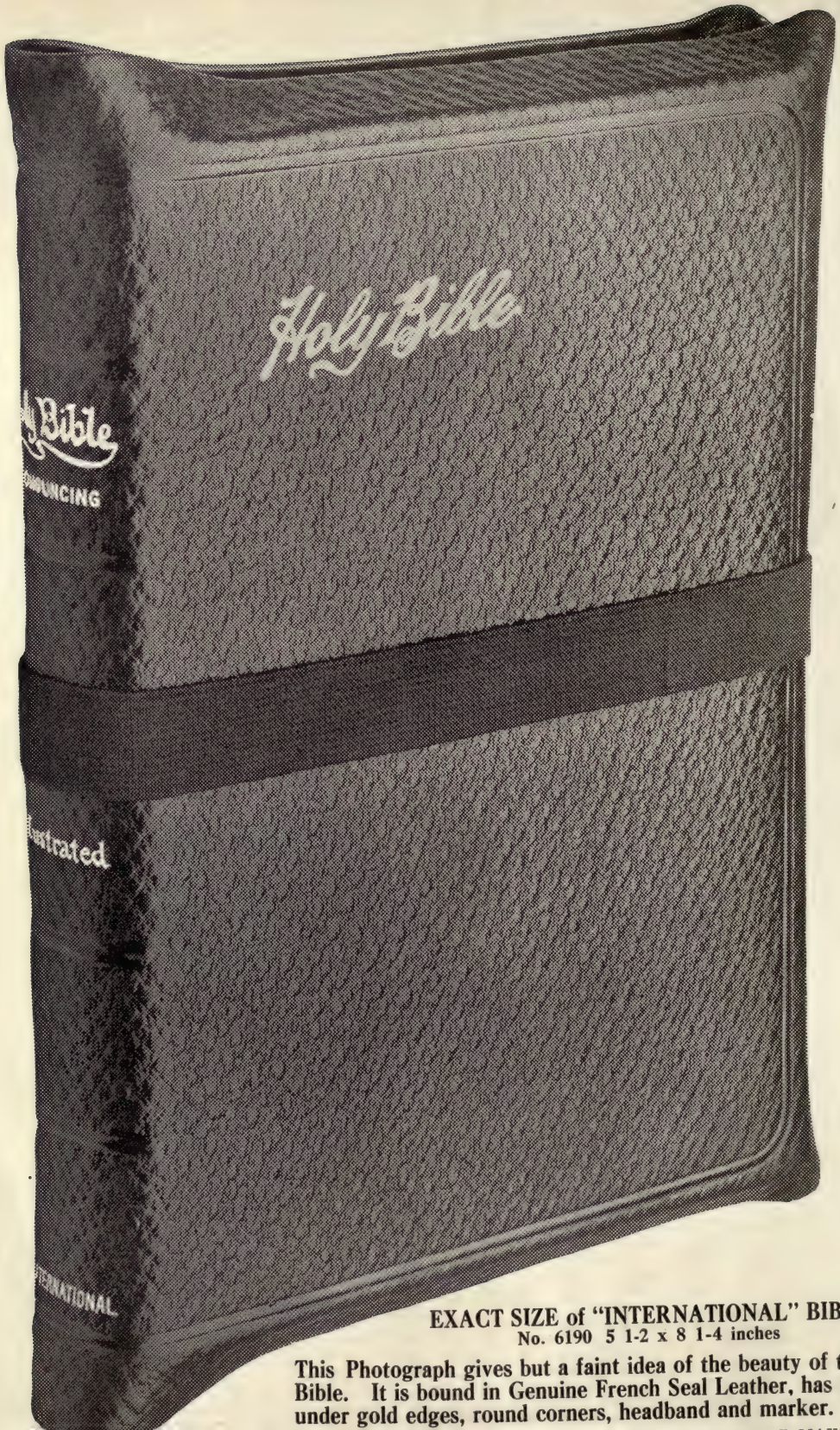
Please send the OVERLAND MONTHLY to the following address for one year, for which I enclose Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, and send me one No-Key Padlock free to

Name

Address

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Jan., 1912.



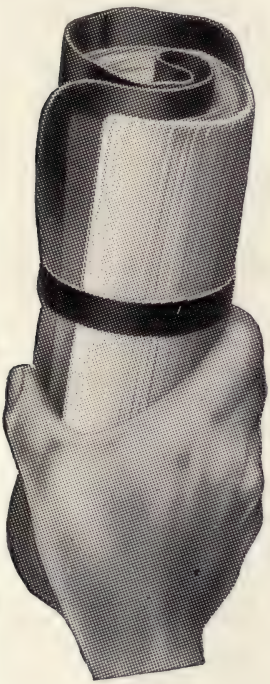
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Vol. LIX **No. 2**

OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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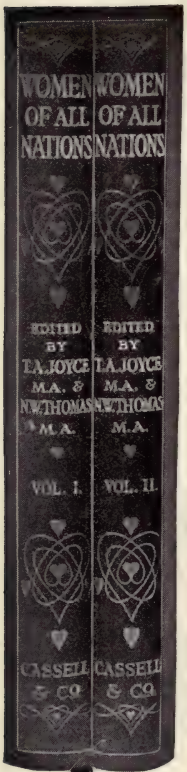
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Their Characteristics, Customs, Manners, Influence

Edited by T. Athol Joyce, M. A., and N. W. Thomas, M. A., Fellows of Royal Anthropological Institute

Contributors: Prof. Otis T. Mason, Smithsonian Institution; Mr. W. W. Skeat; Mr. Archibald Colquhoun; Dr. Theodore Koch Grünberg, Berlin Museum; Miss A. Werner, Mr. W. Crook, etc., etc.

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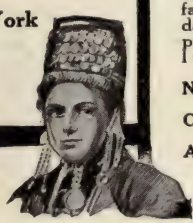
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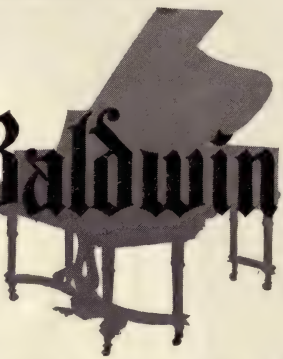
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I love thee, love thee! Quickened into flame
As when the clay at warmth of breath divine
Flushed first with life, leaped every pulse of mine,
Myself a new creation—I became
At touch of thee a man! The kindred claim
Of brutish dust I spurned; my life grew fine,
My nature maiden-chaste, to mix with thine;
Holy my heart grew, fit shrine for thy name!
Thy worth is radiant in nobility
Within me wrought: with thy strength I break free
From evil: and, with thy desire, the whole
Of goodness crave. Oh, words subside in sighs
Love still unbreathed! But see, dear, in my eyes
Love's triumph glowing, a transfigured soul!

STOKELY S. FISHER.



Chaffee (Tennessee's Partner) and Chamberlain in their miner's cabin at Groveland, formerly Second Garrote, Tuolumne County, California. *(See Page 105.)* *Photo by C. E. Holmes,*

FEB 12
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LIX San Francisco, February 1912 No. 2

CANYON AND GLACIER

BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG

Dripping Spring.

OUR ROAD lay along the edge of the Grand Canyon. From the cloudless turquoise sky above us, the fiery June sunlight beat pitilessly down on the arid red earth and yellow sand of Arizona. The warm air was sweet with faint scents drawn by the heat of the sun from the stunted shrubs and strange desert flowers.

It was ten miles to Dripping Spring —eight to the point on the Rim where the trail leaves the level and plunges abruptly down into the Canyon. The path wound through a forest of gnarled cedars, twisted into all sorts of weird shapes by the wind and weather. It was of barren yellow sand, in which our horses' feet sank heavily, but the gorgeous tropical foliage of the desert bordered it on either hand with a mass of color. Tall yuccas, bearing heavy clusters of wax-white blossoms above their scimitar leaves, were just bursting into bloom, and prickly cacti, starred with blood-red flowers, sparkling like rubies in the sunlight, were scattered over the sand. Patches of pink and purple gerardia clustered under the cedars, and fuzzy quinine bushes, sprinkled all over with small white flowers, gave out a delicate perfume as we rode by, while here and there a late Mariposa lily still lingered.

Away to the right we could see, across the Canyon, the huge, fantastic domes and minarets of the peaks on the farthest side. From where we rode the Canyon itself was invisible, but its sinister presence never left our thoughts, and we seemed always to feel it brooding there far below us. Like some wonderful enchantress, it lies basking in the sun, absorbing his light and heat, until the scarlet depths of the great chasm seem to glow with primeval fire.

We were a party of four, all women, led by Billy Hill, most considerate and entertaining of guides, and we were mounted on fairly good horses. One of our number did not like steep places, and it was amusing to hear our guide distract her attention when we came to dangerous spots, with interesting stories of his experiences with tourists. He told us of a lady who rode safely down into the Canyon by the Bright Angel trail, but was so frightened at her achievement that she positively refused to return.

"She spent half the night down there, and then six men came down

for her and carried her up in a litter. Her husband was 'most wild!"

It needed a good deal of eloquence to reassure us when we reached the Rim and began to descend. The trail was so rough that it was almost impassable. A narrow ledge, in places not more than a foot wide, and covered with loose stones of all sizes, wound like a corkscrew down the side of the Canyon, the precipice rising sheer above us on one hand, and on the other dropping away abruptly. If we were not too dizzy we could look straight down into the Canyon yawning below us. Sometimes there were a few holly bushes, or a tuft of prickly pears, along the edge, and sometimes there was nothing between us and the bottom but a fearfully steep, crumbling slope of rock. The distant landscapes lay shimmering in the glaring sun. The far-off cliffs were banded with yellow and pink in the strange fashion of the Canyon; their masses of pale color broken here and there by the sharp violet shadows of projecting rocks.

Our horses crept down as slowly and carefully as snails, dropping from step to step of the narrow stone staircase, until we ached from leaning back in the saddle. Again and again they would stop, with their nostrils to the ground, looking for a place where it would be safe to stop, then plant their fore-feet on the lower stone and bring their hind legs down afterwards with a grunt of disgust. The trail from the Rim to Dripping Spring is only two miles long, but so steep and in such poor condition that again and again our hearts were in our mouths, for fear our horses would make a false step. It was very hot, and we were getting rather tired, when suddenly we heard a laugh from the guide, who was ahead.



"The canyon below us."



The Victoria Glacier from Lake Louise.

"I'd rather take you down Bright Angel, covered with ice than over *this* trail!" he exclaimed triumphantly, and we realized that we were *down.*

We found ourselves in a small level space, a sort of terrace half way down the Canyon. It was a corral, its red earth floor trampled smooth by the feet of burros, and fringed all around with small green trees and shrubs. At one side an indefinite trail went rambling on down the Canyon, and on the other rose a tremendous wall of rock which towered above us like the battlements of a giant's castle. The upper part far overhung the lower, making a large shallow cave, with a roof of rock and a floor of beaten earth. A little house made of two tents was built into one side of the cave like a swallow's nest in a chimney. From the white canvas roof a small rusty stove-pipe emerged, and a little drift of blue smoke rose lazily into the air.

We dismounted, and Billy Hill tied our horses to the trees, and we all walked up the narrow, winding path that led to the cave. There was a gate at the end of the path, and as we reached it, an old man came out of the house, attracted by the unusual sound of voices, and greeted us cordially, Billy Hill introducing him to us as Louis Boucher. He had a long, curling, gray beard and aquiline features, and was picturesquely dressed in a yellow flannel undershirt and baggy trousers. He bade us welcome with an elaborately courteous manner, and opened the gate and ushered us in, with evident pleasure. We went through the little gate, out of the glare of the scorching sun, into the cool shadow of the cave.

The lofty roof, blackened with smoke from the little stove-pipe, was ribbed with rough ridges of yellowish-red stones that looked as if they might

fall and crush us at any moment. Near the center of this massive ceiling hung a cluster of maiden-hair fern, the tender emerald-green feathers in lovely contrast to the barren rock from which they grew. The never-failing spring of clear, fresh water, which gives the place its name, trickled through a crevice in the rocky roof, and, dripping from the fresh green fronds of the ferns, fell through the air, tinkling into a stone basin built below to catch the precious drops of icy water as they came down one by one.

We each had a delicious drink of water from the spring, and then Boucher put on a waistcoat and cravat in our honor and prepared to show us over his little domain. He is an old prospector, who came to the Canyon twenty years ago, only a few years after Captain Hanse, the oldest inhabitant.

"There was nobody traveling here them days, Mistress; just men looking for gold. I was always looking for it, but there's no free gold here." So he settled down to live in the Canyon, and now he loves the solitude and the towering cliffs, and would not be happy anywhere else.

"Not every one feels like he does," put in Billy Hill. "Captain Hanse says you might as well live in hell, if it wasn't for the name of it, and the disgrace!"

Boucher smiled condescendingly, and attracted our attention to a flat red stone lying by the spring. He poured a dipper of water over it, and immediately the outlines of what he called a "ferren," and the footprints of some small prehistoric beast came out clearly. He knew a good deal about the strange formation of the Canyon, and discoursed about "the third sedimentary from the primitive"—whatever that may be. There were some strange, dark brown objects in the cave of a peculiar shape, and looking as if carved from wood, which puzzled us, until we were told they were very old horns of Big Horn sheep—that he had found on the cliffs near by. He used to shoot the sheep and deer, he told us, until he "took a step for the betterment."

The little fish were pointed out with pride and affection. Boucher had brought them all the way from Kansas in a "vial." We asked if they would not freeze when it grew cold, for there is ice and snow in Arizona in winter, but he said that down here in the warm heart of the canyon it was always summer, and the little fish were comfortable all the year round. In the stone basin of the spring some crisp heads of lettuce and a few beets were floating, looking strangely sophisticated and misplaced in the heart of the desert. They came from Boucher's garden, five miles farther down the Canyon, near the river. A garden that is always green, where he grows vegetables and fruit. Grape vines grow there, and tomatoes and orange trees, and last year the oranges bloomed, although there is not much sunlight in the bottom of the Canyon, for the soil is good wherever there is water. How we wished that we could see that strange Canyon garden, but the trail was too rough, even for our clever little horses.

Our host opened the door of his little house, and we peeped in. Over the lintel a small horseshoe, covered with silver paper, was nailed to bring good luck. The little kitchen was as neat as wax and quite comfortably arranged. From a couple of deer horns hung various cooking utensils and the picture of a girl, on a gaudy calendar, black-haired and crimson-cheeked, smiled upon us from the wall.

Outside, near the spring, was a wooden table, and a long, low couch covered with a gay Navajo blanket. Here we had our lunch. Billy Hill brought some sandwiches and fruit out of his saddle bags. Boucher made us some coffee, and we all found that we were hungry. Everything tasted very good. A warm breeze, sweet with the scent of the quinine flowers, blew in our faces. The spring tinkled musically. A small iridescent lizard ran across the earthen floor and disappeared under a stone.

There was something peculiarly delightful about the little place. Perhaps its greatest charm was owing to the vivid contrast between the cool shadow in which we sat and the burning valley spread out below us. We could hear far off the burro bells, and after lunch Billy Hill rode off to bring in the burros for us to see. In a little while, one after the other, in a long line, they came up the path and into the corral, led by an old white mule. Some of them were very pretty, and Boucher told us with pride that one of his "burro family" had been bought by a millionaire last year, and was now living in the East. The little creatures were very tame, and ate bits of bread and orange peel from their master's hand, while we took their photographs.

We were reluctant to leave this cool, sweet little spot and go out again into the glare and heat, but the afternoon was wearing away, and we had a long ride home, so we bade our kind host good-bye and mounted again on our patient little horses. It was not so hot or so dizzy going up as coming down, but the climb was very hard on our poor beasts, and by the time we reached the top they were breathing heavily.

We had a long, pleasant ride home, over the sand and through the cedar wood, past the white yuccas and the crimson cactus flowers. We rode briskly, and soon we had left far behind us the enchanted spring, dripping cool and clear, through the rugged rock, into the quiet pool where the two little gold fish swim about and the scarlet flowers nod at their reflections in the shining water.

The Mitre Col.

One cold, clear morning, just three weeks after our ride to Dripping Spring, we stood on the shore of Lake Louise, in the Rocky Mountains, ready for a very different sort of expedition. It was July, but the sky had the deep blue of autumn, with great white clouds driving across it before the wind, and throwing their mysterious shadows on the mountain tops. The air was incredibly clear and keen. The ripples on the lake were twinkling and dancing in the sunlight, like diamond sparks, and the water itself shone with the translucent color of an uncut gem —emerald mingled with sapphire—in the shallows turquoise with jade—while along the shore, in the shadows of the mountains, the vivid blues and greens melted into deepest amethyst. In the opening between the two peaks that tower above the lake on either side, the Victoria Glacier, "in rayment white and glistening," mirrored itself in the water.

A friend offered to row us across the lake, so we told the Swiss guide, Edward Feuz, to meet us at the other end. An elderly Chinese helped us carefully into the boat, congratulating us that it was "not laining to-day," and we started off, the blue waves parting before us and turning to violet as the oars dipped in.

The boat soon grated on the white sand of the farther shore, where we found our guide waiting for us, and we were soon on our way along the glacier. Edward Feuz is the best climber in the Rocky Mountains, except, perhaps, his father, and is a pleasant man, besides. He was dressed in the usual costume of a Swiss guide; rough tweeds, a cock's feather stuck in the ribbon of his Tyrolese hat, and a pair of smoked glasses fastened on the brim. On his breast he wore a brooch in the shape of a Swiss cross—on his back was a knapsack and a coil of rope —and in his hand he carried an ice-pick. Heavy boots, with huge hob-nails projecting from the edge of the sole, completed his costume. We also wore heavy rough clothes and hob-nailed boots, but we carried alpenstocks and our hats were ornamented with porcupine quills instead of cock's feathers. We had met a porcupine, a few days before, on the shore of the lake, and as he waddled away, we slapped our hats on his back and stuck the crown full of quills. They were interesting but inconvenient ornaments,

and later we found the hats very prickly to pack.

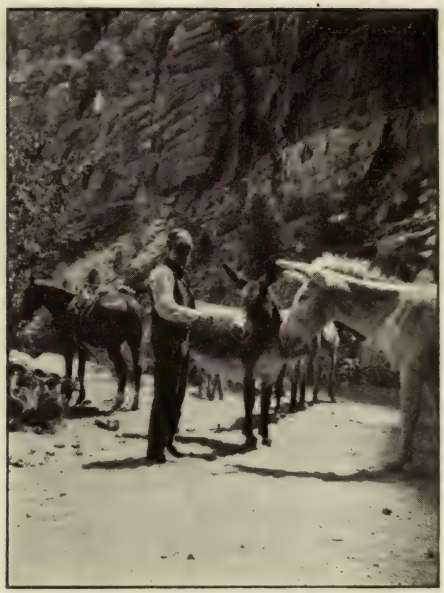
We walked slowly and steadily in Indian file, Feuz leading the way and setting the pace. Soon after leaving the lake we met two boys on ponies, who had started from the hotel some time before us. We knew they were not accustomed to riding, for we had heard one ask the other, as they mounted:

"Say, do you pull the line on the side you want him to go?" but their good little ponies had evidently taken them as far towards the glacier as the trail was fit for horses, and they were now on their way home.

But we were more ambitious, for we had planned to cross the Victoria Glacier, take a look into the famous Abbot's pass, and then cross the Lefroy glacier and climb up to the Col, or high pass, of the Mitre, where we knew was a splendid view of Paradise Valley and the Ten Peaks.

We came soon to a broken bridge, crossing the foaming torrent that flows from the glaciers. Most of the bridge had been washed away, leaving only one long log balanced high above the water. It looked slippery, but our guide walked across without a word, so we all followed meekly, and found we did not mind it. Near here there was a bad avalanche last year, and hundreds of fallen trees were piled on top of each other in criss-cross heaps like a game of jack-straws. Far up the mountain-side we could see the terrible scar the avalanche had left behind. The pile was mixed with hard-packed snow, so that we had no difficulty in crossing it. There were flowers here and there along the trail, but close to the edge of this bank of snow they grew in wonderful profusion. Forget-me-nots and wild heliotrope—violets and anemones—columbine and cyclamen—they fringed the wet green ledges on the mountain side as far up as we could see, and the chilly air was incongruously sweet with their fragrance.

Every now and then the shrill whistle of a marmot rang through the valley. The brown creatures were sunning themselves on the rocks all about us, but they whisked into the cracks as



Boucher and his "burro family."



"The snow was soft and it was hard work."

we approached. Looking back, we could see their bright eyes peeping out and watching us inquisitively. They seemed very tame, and Feuz said he had made a pet of one in the Asalkan Valley last year. It would eat out of his hand, but would never let him touch it. They are destructive little beasts. Feuz showed us where he had left a coat one day, near where we were walking.

"When I came back it was gone. The marmots had teared it up!"

Past the flowery mountain side and across another bank of snow we walked for an hour or so; and then we reached the Victoria Moraine and saw, stretching endlessly before us, the glacier's vast undulating fields of gray and white. Its icy breath blew chill in our faces. A little flurry of snow darkened the air, swept by, and we were in sunlight again.

We scrambled across the waste of loose, dry stones, and soon the ice began to show between the gravel, and we found we were on the glacier itself. Much of the glacier is covered by the moraine, and our guide said, laughing, that it looked untidy, and that the C. P. R. ought to have it swept, but we thought the task would be too much for even "the seven maids with seven mops, sweeping for half a year."

Cracks began to appear in the ice, and soon Feuz stopped, and taking the coil of rope from his shoulders, he roped us together, tying it securely around our waists and leaving some distance between each one of us. The rope had a thread of scarlet running through the middle of it, and the knowing member of our party remarked that it must have been made for the Royal Navy. Feuz said that it had been given him by an Englishman, X——, the great mountain climber. X——is the man who went up the M—— with two guides, and came down without them.

"The rope *may* have been cut on the rocks," said Feuz, shaking his head doubtfully, "but they say in Switzerland that he cut it as they fell, to save himself. No one knows."

We found the rope very much in our



The guide stopped every now and then to make sure of his footing.

way, but we saw the necessity of it when we came to a crevasse: a wonderful, shining, blue-green crack, its walls fringed with icicles, cleft in the bosom of the glacier. It was a long, dizzy step across, but our guide cut a rough spot on either side, and we got over, a little breathless.

Our expedition was getting more exciting than we had expected. Glaciers are always dangerous, and our guide had not been across the Victoria before this year. He walked slowly, making us stop every now and then while he made sure, and at every step he drove his pick deep into the ice. Sometimes it was too soft, and he would turn aside abruptly, and take us another way, his caution making us realize the danger. On the highest part of the glacier, in a rocky spot, I found a little tuft of moss-campion that lives only at very high altitudes. It is a charming little plant, with bright pink starry flowers. Near it on the ice lay the body of a little wild duck, frozen stiff.

Dark Lefroy stands like a donjon tower guarding the entrance to Abbot's Pass. We crossed the glacier to a spot where we could see right into the pass. The narrow gorge was full of snow, and looked very soft and white and innocent, but its smooth sides were grooved with ominous streaks, and even as we looked, an overhanging mass of ice broke from the cornice above, and swept thundering down into the valley. These treacherous avalanches give the place its other name—Death Trap. It was called Abbot after a young man who lost his life there not long ago. He was going through the Pass with some friends and left them for a moment to look a little higher up for a better place to climb. Suddenly his body shot past them down the icy slope, and was crushed to death far below.

The Lefroy Glacier lay between us and the Mitre, so after a long look into the treacherous Pass, we turned away and went on across the glacier to the foot of the long, steep mountain side, covered with snow, up which we must climb to get to the Mitre Col. Here the glacier stream had cut deep-blue channels in the ice, and there were several good-sized crevasses to cross. As we began to ascend, the crevasses became more difficult, for it was harder to get over them on a steep slope.

We had to creep very slowly and carefully, almost on our hands and knees, around one horrid place where the ice was soft. A crevasse yawned dizzily at one side, and on the other the snowy cliff fell away abruptly. Feuz cut steps for us and held our ropes carefully as we zig-zagged up.

Straight in front of us, and discouragingly high above us, was the little Mitre, a small conical peak standing darkly out of the snow between big Aberdeen and Lefroy, but the Lefroy snow-field, a long slope, as steep as the roof of a house, lay between us and the Col to which we meant to climb. It seemed miles away, and even looking at it made us feel out of breath, but our guide encouraged us:

"This is the worst part. Ladies, you are doing well."

He thrust the toes of his boots deep into the snow, and made a sort of staircase. We put our feet in his footprints, and up, up, we went. The staircase was steeper than any we had ever seen before, and the snow was soft and heavy. The white slope was endless, the Mitre seeming to recede before us. We stopped again and again to get our breath. It was hard work, and our hearts beat painfully, but we kept on and on, for what seemed like hours.

Suddenly we reached the cornice, and, before we knew it, we were over it and up!

We found ourselves on a rocky ledge as narrow as the ridge-pole of a roof, clear of snow and covered with loose, rough stones. On one side was the white precipice up which we had climbed, where our footprints showed clearly in an even line; on the other it was just as steep and snowy, but at the bottom lay Paradise Valley, fresh and green, a little stream running through it like a silver thread. Tremendous

mountains hemmed it in on either side, and beyond them we could see a still higher range—the Ten Peaks that border Moraine Lake. The valley was miles below us. We could just see the trail that wound among the trees, and at the end of it we caught a glimpse of the Horseshoe Glacier. It was a splendid view, and we felt much exhilarated and well repaid for our climb.

We were so high above the noises of the world that the silence was intense. It was broken suddenly by a shout from the guide. It startled us, but it was only to wake the echo, that went reverberating from peak to peak in answer to his call. As the musical sounds died away, there came the crash of an avalanche on Mt. Victoria. A crackling rattle like artillery was followed by a tremendous thundering roar that died away into the dull muttering of an angry beast, and then again all was silent.

It was about two o'clock. We had been walking and climbing for more than four hours, but it was so bitterly cold that we could not rest long. We huddled close under the rocks and ate some sandwiches and apples. We were hungry, but not very tired, and we were too cold to mind starting down again when Feuz said it was time.

It was horribly dizzy looking down there. Feuz sent us ahead, one behind the other, and, gathering our ropes in his hand, he walked behind us and at one side, where he could watch us all. At every step he drove his ice-pick deep into the snow, until he got a firm hold on hard ice. The descent was not so bad as it looked, and much less fatiguing than going up. Feuz showed us how to dig our heels into the soft snow, and we went down rapidly and easily.

Soon we came to a place where it was safe to coast, and we all sat down on the snow close together, one behind the other, as if we were sitting on a toboggan, with Feuz in front, and off we went like the wind. It was great fun, and we were sorry there were so few slopes where it was not dangerous, on account of the crevasses. Feuz showed us how to glissade standing upright, but it was too steep for us to try it.

We recrossed the glacier by a different way, close to some beautiful iridescent ice-pinnacles which we had not seen before, and went along the edge of the glacier stream, which here was a tremendous foaming torrent gurgling at the bottom of a blue cave, and crossed it on a bridge of ice. Another little stream flowed into it, and we all stopped and had an icy drink out of the guide's rubber cup.

More snow and more crevasses, but the worst was over, and soon Fuez unroped us. He wound the rope skillfully into a neat coil, by looping it from under his foot to his elbow, and bound it again on his back. In a little while we were again on the moraine. It was quite different from where we had crossed it on our way up. The stones were of all shapes and sizes, and all colors—"ring-streaked and spotted" like Jacob's cattle. Some were irregular lumps of purple and black, others thin sheets of red, or buff, or green. Some were almost white, blotched with gray and washed very smooth. We stepped briskly from one flat stone to the other, and in a very short time we were back again on the trail.

We stopped to rest for a few minutes, and Feuz ate an "apfel" and talked. We asked him about a fatal accident to a lady who had been climbing at Emerald Lake the year before, but he professed ignorance, until he was convinced that we already knew the details, and then acknowledged that he had been sent up with another guide to bring down the body of the poor woman. She was climbing with the Alpine Club, but the guide was young and had not made his authority felt, so when he glissaded, she followed close behind him, without waiting for permission. The guide turned aside skillfully at the brink of the precipice, but her feet struck the rocky edge and she pitched over head first and was killed instantly.

"Not much hurt," Feuz said briefly;



"Coasting was great fun."

"only two, three little holes in her head, but the stones are sharp!" and he struck his hand on the rock on which he was sitting.

He also gave us an account of some of Miss Parker's exploits, and we shuddered as we heard of her walking nine hours on Victoria without stopping, the cold was so intense, and of the dizzy heights to which she had climbed. It made our expedition seem less glorious.

We went on down the trail, passing again the scented flowery terraces on the mountain-side. Close by the path I picked a purple flower that looked like a large violet, but its leaves were of a different shape and covered with a horrid slime. It was the butterwort that masquerades as a violet, and, I think, grows only in the Rockies.

We found our friend on the shore of the lake, trying in vain to whistle a marmot out of his hole to have his photograph taken, and soon we had bidden our nice guide good-bye, and we were in the boat rowing home across the blue lake. The glaciers did not look so very far away as we glanced back at them, and it was hard to realize that it had taken us nearly all day to visit them.

When we got back to the hotel, about five o'clock, we found we were rather tired. How nice it was to get off our wet skirts and heavy boots, and have a cup of tea cosily in our rooms! How good it tasted, and how much buttered toast we ate with it, as we sat in dressing-gowns and slippers and talked over our adventures!

A WOMAN'S SMILE

BY STOKELY S. FISHER

My heart holds now the sun all day
And the stars all night—
Oh, I have forgotten the old world gray!
My heart holds now the sun all day:
She smiled, and never can pass away
The joy and the light!
My heart holds now the sun all day
And the stars all night!

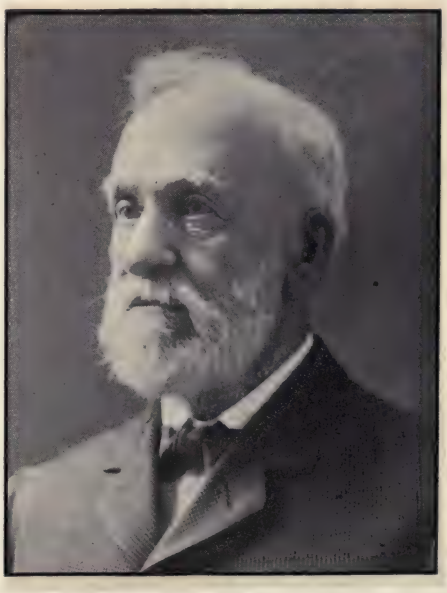
FRED STOCKING AND HIS SERVICE TO CALIFORNIA LITERATURE

BY FLETCHER STOKES

THE LAST of that famous group of story-tellers of early California days that frequented the rooms of Bret Harte in the late '60's, when he began the editorship of the Overland Monthly, passed away recently in Frederick M. Stocking. Stocking's geniality, kindliness, impulsive heart and adventurous spirit were all part of that argonautic period in which he took such an intense and active part. He thoroughly loved the life, and nothing delighted him more than swapping yarns, a trait which harvested him a wide circle of welcoming and staunch friends.

Stocking was most widely known, perhaps, as the man who was the means of furnishing Bret Harte with some vastly entertaining material for his stories of early California mining life. These anecdotes of picturesque characters were in the rough, of course, and Harte in his masterly way transmuted them into classics.

Until family responsibilities pegged Stocking fast to a domestic post in middle life, he was as keen for adventure as any of that famous band of heroes who sailed with Jason in the daring hunt for the Golden Fleece. From his infancy he seemed marked by Fate for a life of hair breadth escapes. His father was captain of a West Indian trader which was wrecked at sea, and all on board perished. Shortly afterwards, his widow and her little twin sons were passengers on a Hudson River steamer when the boiler exploded and the mother was killed. The two children happened to be lying near a deck projection which shielded them from the scalding steam. The little orphans were taken into the homes of relatives in Cromwell, Conn., and later Fred Stocking there learned the trade of a brass polisher. When he was twenty-three years old, the brothers caught the California gold fever and took steamer from New York by way of Panama for San Francisco. The stories Fred told of the trip across the Isthmus, afoot, by boat, on mule-back and by train, were replete with the mishaps, adventures and excitement of that feverish experience. The voyage on the Pacific north to the Golden Gate was capped by a disaster that became historical, the wreck of the passenger steamer Tennessee, March 8, 1853, in the cove which bears that name, a few miles north of the Golden Gate. That experience is best told in Mr. Stocking's own words, for he wrote many stories in his quaint style:



Frederick M. Stocking, as he looked in his later years.

"Well, you know all about the excitement and interest that made. We all went to bed prepared to get up early, and as soon as it was light we all jumped up and got ready as quickly as we could, and everybody put on his best clothes to go ashore, you know (the ladies were planning to go to church, as it was Sunday morning, and dressed for making their appearance there), and we hurried up on deck to look around, and see the Gate.

"Well, when we got there, we found it had come on so foggy early that morning, and it was so thick there was nothing to be seen, and too cold to stay on deck. It was the 6th of March, and it wanted only two weeks of being thirty-eight years after, that the Elizabeth got into the same place.

"The vessel was picking her way along, going very slowly, and then stopping, and we supposed we were going through the Golden Gate that minute. But we could not see anything, and we thought we would soon be getting in; so by-and-by my chum said: 'Well, let's go down to get our breakfast.'

"If he had said that ten minutes sooner it would have been better luck for us, for we never got that breakfast, and we needed it bad enough before we got through. It was two days before I got anything to eat but a handful of crackers soaked in salt water.

Well, we went down to breakfast; it was about seven or half-past seven in the morning—fairly day. There was a woman at the table we knew pretty well—nurse to the baby in one of the families of our friends. She was one of those great big, good-natured women, and weighed about 250 pounds. We sat down near her and called for something to eat, when there came an awful crash of the steamer.

"Everybody knew instantly that we'd struck. Everything went off the table in a heap, and this nurse, she went over, too, baby and all. She picked up the baby and got to her feet, and then she made a jump for my chum and flung her arms round his neck, and yelled: "Oh, save me, save me! I'm going to be drowned!"

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'you won't drown. You're too fat; you'll float.'

He pulled away, and we rushed up on deck. The whole crew was there, and everything in turmoil. As we got there, the vessel struck again. There, right in full view, just off to the right-hand side, was a great bare bluff, towering up over the vessel. On top of it was a flagstaff—we learned afterward that it was a surveyor's monument. The sea was very heavy, and the fog was very thick. We had pitched on the very place where the Elizabeth struck the other day.

But there was one difference. She struck kind of sideling, grazed on the reef, and slid off. We saw the cliff ahead, tried to back off, and the surf threw the stern around, so that a rock, which the captain had taken for Mile Rock, was right at our stern, and prevented us from backing. Then the surf kept driving her in, and she struck nearly broadside on, and the swell carried her over till she stuck on the reef, and there she was fixed, tolerably safe for a few hours, until the beating broke her to pieces.

"Well, at first there was a terrible time, of course—all those hundreds of people, and women, and men, too, praying and crying. One lady threw up her hands as they were all praying and screaming, and cried: 'No use, no use in all your praying now! Nothing but the Lord Jesus can save us now!'

"The tide was going down, and the Tennessee stuck faster and faster on the reef. Well, this same chief mate Dowling, that jumped overboard at Panama Bay, watched his chance, and took a small line—fastened about his body—and jumped overboard on one of the high seas. He was carried ashore and thrown upon the rocks, and happened by good luck to be able to get hold of something and hang on when the undertow went back, and then managed to scramble up out of reach of the water. So then they sent a larger line over, and then a cable hawser, from the wheel-house, and

three or four other men went over. But the other officers were trying all the time to get the vessel off; and meanwhile this Tom Gihon, the express messenger, the one that engraved the watch for Dowling, went to look after the ladies that were in his charge, and got them together. He noticed that the vessel lay broadside right across the mouth of the cove—Indian Cove, they called it up to that time—and the cove was so narrow that fifty feet from the stern, or fifty feet from the ship's nose, would have brought us on the cliffs: so while the surf was pounding us, and breaking clear over that wheelhouse, the Tennessee made a comparatively calm water in her lee, where he thought a boat could live: so he got the steward to help him, and they got a quarter-boat down, on their own responsibility, and he found he could get the ladies ashore, so a few of the passengers that hadn't anything to do turned in and helped him, and finally he got them all safe to the beach. It took half the day—oh, it was a tremendous job. He had to threaten to kill the men if they didn't keep back—they would have rushed right over the women and children and piled into the boat; and you know that man had to be up to his waist in water most of the time. I was plumb worn out helping pass the women and children over the side; but Tom Gihon was the strongest man I ever saw—a real little giant of a fellow. Big women would jump into his arms as the boat came up with the swell, and he would catch them. Sometimes they would jump late, too, and 'twas a long jump, but he caught them all.

"When he first went to look after his ladies, while the Tennessee was knocking all round on the rocks, he missed Mrs. Dubois—Miss Sanford she was then—and went after her and said: 'Hurry up!'

"'Why, what's the matter?' says she.

"He said: 'The vessel's ashore!'



The wreck of the "Tennessee," in Tennessee Cove, just above the Golden Gate. From a sketch drawn by the first mate the morning after the disaster.

She said: 'I *thought* it was queer that the steamer went bumping that way through the Gate.'

"She was getting everything together, just as methodical as a Yankee schoolmarm would, you know. He said he didn't know what would have become of her, if he hadn't gone after her.

"All this time the ship's bell kept tolling a terrible toll, sounding the Tennessee's doom. It sounded awfully: scared more people than the wreck did. The women took it for the toll of doom. They fired distress guns, too, thinking they might be heard in San

Francisco and bring out some help. Of course there was no life-saving station then, and almost no settlements in Marin County, so they didn't look for help from shore.

"The sea was going down all the time, and the ship settling down on the reefs, so she didn't roll as much as she did at first. About noon she broke in two—all that heavy machinery went right down through the bottom. The officers had given up trying to save the ship, and they had to hurry before the cabins filled with water to get the bedding out of the berths. They had them take that and all the sails, and get it all ashore and take hold and make tents for the people.

"Gihon had all Adams & Co.'s express—twelve or fourteen trunks—and he went and asked the officers if that might go ashore first of any baggage. He had a little ambition about it, as being entrusted with it, he said; and everybody turned in and put them ashore for him, because of the way he'd been doing. Then they went on with the rest of the baggage. The men had got ashore, what with the hawser and boats, so the passengers were all disposed of. Of course some of us were helping with the baggage. I worked like the devil all day, and the last piece of baggage I got ashore was a friend's side-saddle, that was in a locker in my cabin, way down aft, and I dug it out for her just as the water was filling the cabin.

"It was foggy, cold weather, and hundreds of people crowded on the little beach, and not enough tents to go round, and a great many of the steerage passengers got guides from those who had been in the country before, and started off across the mountains to walk to Sausalito. The balance of



Chaffee ("Tennessee's Partner") in his queer looking vehicle, driving "Jenny," mentioned in the story by Bret Harte.

them stayed with us and got tents.

"It came on night, and the officers left the wreck and came ashore. Half way up from Panama the surgeon had gone crazy and cut his throat, but didn't succeed in killing himself. They brought him with them, and wanted to get a place to put him, you know.

"Well, no one seemed disposed to give up a place for him, so I gave up mine. Of course that left me out. The passengers had built fires along the beach from the wreckage, and some of them and the officers were standing close around these to keep warm. I went and stood around there awhile, too, but as it got on near midnight, the weather was so cold I couldn't stand it any longer, and I concluded to go back to the Tennessee. She seemed to be hard and fast, and I wasn't afraid she would go to pieces before morning.

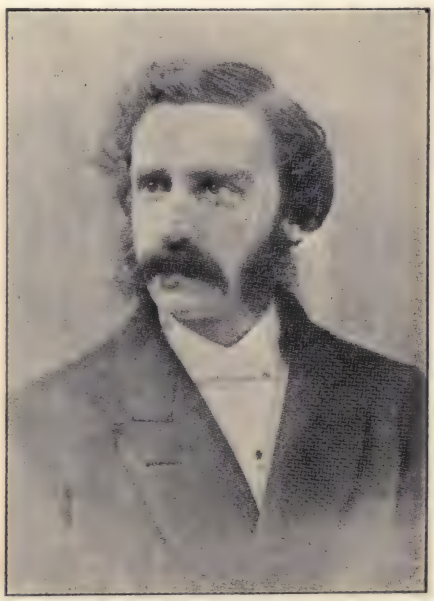
"There was one man on board—the watchman, you know—but I didn't see him. I worked my way over on the hawser, and went down to the cabin. Part of it was under water, but the balance of it, near the companion way, was high and dry.

I went into one of the staterooms and hunted round for something, and got a couple of mattresses; then I lay down in one of the berths with a mattress under and over me—that was the nearest to any cover I could find. This was midnight, and I hadn't eaten anything all day, but I made out as well as I could till toward morning. By that time the tide was up, and the waves were beginning to break over the vessel again, and she began to go to pieces; so I was rousted out. I was the only one on board by that time; the watchman had cleared out. So I climbed ashore myself about daylight, and got a handful of crackers.

"Well, we looked around, and saw that during the night the old Goliah had come out in answer to our guns, and she was lying off and on, waiting for a chance to help. When it came fairly light, some of the few people that lived back in the surrounding country came along to see what was going on. The Sausalito people had heard about the wreck from the steerage passengers that walked over. Old Captain Richardson was the first one to come—the same man after whom Richardson Bay was named. His house was at Sausalito, and he was a regular old-timer; had his ranch there in Mexican times.

"Presently I saw some one coming along that looked familiar. I looked at him, and saw that it was an old schoolmate of mine. I hadn't seen him since we were boys together in Connecticut. That was the way things used to happen those days.

"I sung out to him, and he didn't know who I was; but after I told him, he remembered me very well. He said he was working on Captain Richardson's ranch, and he offered to go over the mountains with me whenever I was ready, and do anything he could to help me, you know. The Goliah had got inshore by that time, and was going to take off what she could of the passengers, the ladies particularly; and the



Bret Harte, from a photo taken shortly after he became editor of the Overland Monthly.

others began to scatter off in crowds across the mountains. My friends who had ladies went with the Goliah, so I was ready to go off at once with this man across to Sausalito.

"The Tennessee had begun to go to pieces pretty badly when we saw our last of her. The sea kept on just as heavy as it had been, and the waves were breaking over her, and would evidently tear her to pieces in a few hours. So we left her, and walked over across the peninsula to Sausalito. It was no place at all there, you know—only about half-a-dozen houses. It was used mostly as a place to get water supply for the city. They used to send a steamer over, and pump her full of water, and take her back to the city and pump it out again and sell it. They used to get two-bits a bucketful for it.

"I couldn't get anything to eat there—they couldn't supply all that crowd, you know; and anyway, we all wanted to get to San Francisco as quickly as we could. I luckily got a chance to come over in a Whitehall boat; so we embarked and rowed across, and after some hours got to the old wharf, where the corner of Sacramento and Davis street is now. That was the old Long Wharf, you know. My friend was there waiting for me when I came ashore, and it was well on in the afternoon, a good two days since I had anything but those few soaked crackers. He says: 'Now, see here, Fred, we'll go right up to the American Exchange, and we'll get a good dinner;' and my! I guess we ate enough to supply a whole ship's crew—salmon and venison and wild ducks.' "

Like most of the other argonauts who landed in San Francisco at that time short of money, he turned his hands to whatever employment he could find. For a time he clerked for Thomas O. Larkin, one of the prominent merchants of that period. Then he took a venture in carrying grain between Alviso and the city on a small schooner. All the while he was accumulating a fund to carry him to the mines and grub-stake him. When the size of his pile satisfied him, he went down to San Jose, stayed awhile with relatives on a farm there, and then he and his brother headed for the ever-alluring placers in the Sierra foothills.

They located a claim at Second Garrote, now Groveland, on the Big Oak Flat road, between Sonora and Yosemite Valley. In a camp nearby, Stocking first met the man who, some fifteen years later, was to be transformed into literature as "Tennessee's Partner." At that time, Chaffee and Chamberlain had been mining six years, and had firmly cemented that remarkable friendship which was to bravely endure the trials and tribulations of over half a century. There were gold rushes in those days, and the two Stockings, Chaffee and Chamberlain and thirteen other miners joined in the stampede to Table Mountain, near Jimtown. Within a year they were all broke and glad to get back to the small certainties of their claims at Second Garrote. In a little while Fred Stocking's prospects looked so promising that he wrote to his sweetheart in New Haven, Conn., to come out to California for their wedding, and forthwith he began to erect a more commodious cabin for their dwelling. In a spirit of fun he sent her a lithograph picture of the wreck of the steamer Tennessee, and warned her not to make the mistake he did in getting ashore in California. The bride arrived by the Panama route without any unusual mishaps, December 15, 1855. Young Stocking, in his ardor to greet his bride, rowed out in the bay and clambered aboard the incoming steamer. They were married a few days later at the home of B. P. Avery, on Rincon Hill. Within three weeks, they were all living as comfortably as circumstances would allow in the new cabin on the slopes of the Sierra foothills.

Of those surroundings, Stocking in his characteristic way, used to say: "Second Garrote wasn't anything of a place, you know—just one of those mining camps—four or five mining cabins strung along between Slate

Creek and a ridge that arose up behind. My claim was over on Whiskey Creek, the other side of the ridge; the two creeks came down and joined the point of the ridge, and the trail from Second Garrote came around the point and across Whiskey Creek and on Big Oak Flat. The other side of Whiskey Gulch there was no ridge, but one of those little oak flats they have in that country, lying between Whiskey Gulch and Slapjack Gulch. They called it Slapjack Gulch because it was said that when the first miners came they found in the forks of a tree thirty or forty slapjacks that Fremont's men had left there half a dozen years before. On this flat was a grove of those beautiful little black oak trees —and there I built my cabin when I was fixing up to get married."

Stocking was laying away a snug little sum furnished by his claim when Fate again beckoned him in the shape of friends who had located in Portland, O. They urged him to come up there, as the place was booming under the excitement of a gold rush, and money was to be made easily in outfitting the miners with merchandise. In Portland, Stocking did so well in trade that he grabbed at an offer to buy into a thriving store at the Dalles, the heart of a section filled with successful placer mining camps. It was there he met Cherokee Bob, a gambler, whose picturesque life and character he later described to Bret Harte, and which the genius of the latter used as the prototype of John Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin. Stocking himself faced many wild adventures while on horseback making his collection rounds of the many camps. On one occasion the road agents cut the mountain trail, and he was thrown over a steep cliff—his jaws and legs were badly crushed, and his horse was killed, but his comrade managed to get him alive to a doctor in a distant camp, and after months he was patched up. As agent for Wells-Fargo and the Yakima Indian Reservation he was the target of constant plots of the reckless "bad men" of that section. This dramatic life was shifted suddenly one night when his store burned to the ground and swept away the last of $75,000. Like a typical California argonaut and a true philosopher, he gathered his little family, and set out for San Francisco to begin the work of gathering another fortune. He landed December, 1867, just in time to get comfortably settled, when the earthquake of the following year upset his business hopes and completely changed his prospects. Undaunted, he set out from store to store seeking employment. The search proved to be the turning point of his rolling-stone life. With the exception of a few relapses into mining, he was thereafter to remain in one employment during the rest of his life. Among the first shops he entered was the printing house of the new Overland Monthly, the Commercial Herald and Market Review, on Washington street, opposite the Post Office. John H. Carmany was the business manager of the Overland Monthly, and Stocking began work there by folding papers in the circulation department. Like most of the men of that period, he was resourceful and adaptable, and within a few years he had made himself so handy and useful that thereafter he continued to be regarded as one of the necessary wheels of the establishment. In later years he became advertising manager of the Overland Monthly, and held that position up to the death of his wife, a few years ago. Her absence took something out of his life, and thereafter he preferred to live quietly at home.

The interesting portion of Stocking's eventful life always will be his association with Bret Harte in the Overland Monthly office, and the manner in which the latter tapped his immense and varied fund of mining tales in quest of material for literary purposes. Perhaps at no period in the history of California, not excepting the golden '70's, when those famous wits, raconteurs and story-tellers gathered around the mahogany in the Bohemian Club, was there ever such an original and delightful group of

hypnotising yarn-spinners as foregathered in the editorial rooms of Overland Monthly during the first half-dozen years of its existence. To this generation their names suggest little, because their work during that strenuous period of endeavor was such that they left no printed record, save in the case of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Noah Brooks, Henry George and a few others; but they were all men of wide experience, depth of character, full of abundant mentality and bountiful vitality, who delighted in making the gathering a clearing house of the colorful and varied experiences of those deeply stirring times. Stocking was only one of a score or more of these mouthpieces of adventure. Among them sat young Harte, alert, susceptible, quietly absorbing all he deemed best for the stories he was to write, describing the most picturesque period in California history.

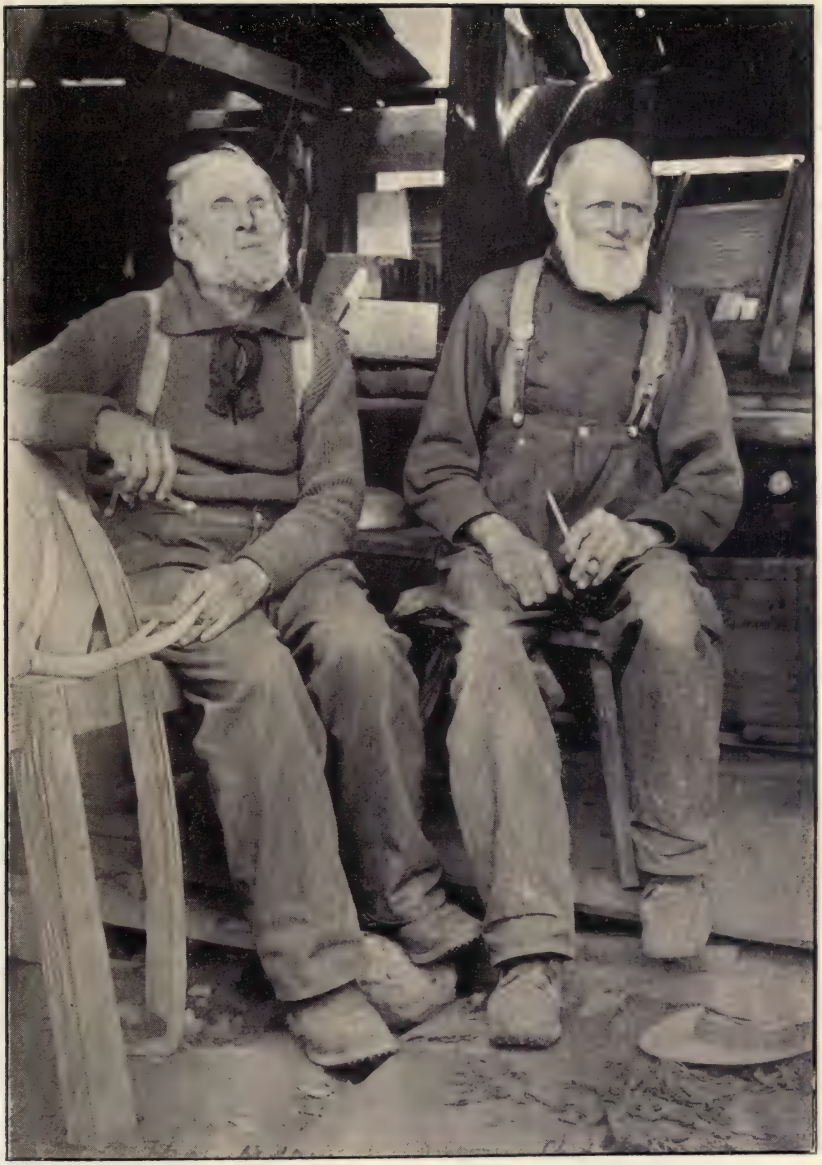
Harte's own experience in the mines had been very limited. Just before coming into manhood he had acted as messenger for Wells-Fargo & Co.; his duties had taken him out of Sacramento on collecting trips to a number of mining camps dotting the Sierra foothills immediately above that town, and had lasted about three years. More than anything else these trips had furnished him a living background for his stories and a general idea of the life of the miners. To this experience the tale-spinners frequenting the editorial rooms of Overland Monthly contributed details of plots and characters, for the stories told there were photographic gems in plots and character, garnered from the best to be had up and down the Pacific Slope.

How Harte transformed this material is happily illustrated in the case of "Tennessee's Partner," and Cherokee Bob, characters and sketches outlined to him by Stocking in the old editorial rooms on Washington street.

Harte, like most temperamental writers, had the knack of being late with his copy, unless pricked on by his publisher. One day he was in his Commercial street rooms, when Stocking happened in and found him ransacking the tablets of his memory in quest of a good incident to back a partnership story. He asked Stocking if he had ever had an experience in that line, and the latter began the simple narrative of the close friendship existing between Chaffee and Chamberlain; he told of their common purse, of "Jenny," the only horse in the camp, which Chaffee drove hitched to a queer-looking vehicle, and of that moving episode, Chaffee's simple plea with a lynching mob to save the life of a wretch with a noose around his neck. According to Stocking's narrative, Chaffee offered a bag of gold dust to the mob, saying that he would rather give it all than have such a breach of the law disgrace the camp. He talked quietly, and finally made a motion that the prisoner be turned over to the regular authorities at Columbia, near Sonora. Somehow he won the crowd, and this was done.

It developed that one wing of the lynching party was very much dissatisfied with this outcome, and a plan was arranged to waylay the men selected to take the bound prisoner on horseback to the Columbia jail, and hang him to the nearest tree. This plot was betrayed to Chaffee. He and Chamberlain hastily gathered a number of horsemen, took a cut-off, and by hard riding managed to overtake the posse. The lynchers were then outgeneraled by the simple plan of taking a roundabout course to Columbia, where the prisoner was safely delivered.

In due time the man was tried and was sentenced to seven years in prison. After his release, he foolishly returned to Second Garrote, taking the position that he had paid the penalty of his crime. The miners thought otherwise, and Chaffee and Chamberlain were appointed a committee to acquaint him of that fact. Their ultimatum was so brief and pointed that it could have only one effect: "Quit this camp within thirty minutes, or we'll hang you to



James A. Chaffee, "Tennessee's Partner," and his life-long friend, John P. Chamberlain. From a photo taken in the cabin at Second Garrote.

the nearest tree." He quit. That was the first case in California history where the committee surrendered a criminal to the law. How Bret Harte handled these materials is set forth in his story of "Tennessee's Partner."

The friendship of Chaffee and Chamberlain began on the ship which brought them to California in July, 1849, and lasted steadfastly and inti-

mately till their deaths fifty-four years later. The simple, direct, unaffected and optimistic nature of Chaffee is illustrated in his reply to a stranger in 1896, who asked him if he had yet made his fortune in the mines: "Not yet," he replied, cheerfully; "but the claim makes us a living, and we're expecting to make a strike any day, and that's the beauty of the life."

In this unique partnership and household arrangement Chaffee looked after the cooking and Chamberlain devoted his time to working the mine. Time gradually sapped their energies, and finally, in 1903, Chaffee became so ill that Berkeley friends, well acquainted with the history and idiosyncracies of the pair, had Chaffee brought to an Oakland hospital. This necessary separation from Chamberlain caused the invalid a deal of heartbreaking worry. "He's got nobody to do his cooking with me here, and he can't do it alone. I understand him, and know what to do for him. Can't you patch me up so I can get back to him?" He was eighty years old at this time. Other than human hands answered his prayer, and he passed away a few days later, still softly whispering that he must return to his partner. And his partner? Chamberlain never recovered from the shock of Chaffee's death. He pined into melancholia and killed himself.

One autumn day in 1889, while Stocking and Miss Millicent Shinn, then editor of Overland Monthly, were drifting on a yacht on San Francisco Bay, he told her the story of "Cherokee Bob" almost in the same words as he had told it to Bret Harte in the summer of 1869, when the latter was combing over his ideas preparing the story of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat." In that story, John Oakhurst is roughly sketched on the lines of "Cherokee Bob." Later the character was more clearly defined and detailed in Jack Hamlin, first introduced in "Brown of Calaveras." The one marked difference between the original and the two characters is the trait of self-restraint in the latter, introduced by Harte for literary effect.



Frederick Stocking, his twin brother and partner mining at Second Garrote in '55. The middle figure over the "Long Tom" is Stocking. The woman is his newly wedded wife. (From an old daguerrotype.)

TOLNEUCH

(Chinook for the West Wind)

BY J. CHESTER FOX

SAILING into Penns' Cove at the north end of Whidbey Island, there is a certain exhilarating sense of things fresh and large and open awakened, when one's mind and lungs expand with the west wind blowing in off the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

You may drift idly at the mouth of the inlet on a mid-afternoon in late summer, whistling to no avail, and yet, do you but know the psychological moment, you may shake a breeze from your very sleeve, with as little variance as tide or sun. On the moment the boom-jaws creak on the spars, the sheets pull taut in the blocks, and the lap, lap, lap at the bows grows into a steady slosh as the yawl lists into her stride.

So unerring it is that I have, on more occasions than one, timed a leisurely return homeward on its first stirring the fir-tops, after a quest for quail or pheasant, along the beach road skirting the headlands, jutting out a full hundred feet or more above the lap of the tide.

Late September and the advent of the quail season found me a sole, belated passenger, with dog and gun on the snug little Sound steamer bound for San de Fuca, the little village which dots the head of the cove. Conspicuous more by its sloping fields than its cluster of low houses or its single, rickety pier, I was anxious again to sight it.

Keen anticipation drew me on deck as we rounded the buoy off the sand-spit, which a dozen centuries of counter-tides have piled athwart the inlet. The cabin door desisted a vigorous push and swung shut behind me with a bang. I clutched wildly at my wind-tossed hat, and, with my coat sleeve, wiped my face of the salt spray which curled merrily up over the weather rail.

Surely the west wind was on time, differing only in degree!

With a fair, white bone in her mouth the little vessel bore up the passage, her stays singing in the head-wind, and swinging wide for the pier, fell off quickly without steerage way, while her deckhand hurled a frantic bowline which fell short by a fathom. Twice we circled and twice we missed under sheer pressure of wind, before the line fell true. As we edged in under the strain on the spring-line, I unleashed my dog, and he and I and the mail bags tumbled helter-skelter dockward without the customary gangplank to dignify our landing.

The hurried snort of the whistle, complying with regulations, was smothered down wind with a shredded pennant of steam, as the boat backed into the open.

I gathered up my togs and shook hands with the majority of the villagers, who had been sheltered by the three-sided house on the dock, refusing, because of the elements, to be robbed of the daily event of the passenger boat's arrival.

Having exchanged greetings with my friends of the community, and increased my obligations to a few whose lands are wide—and their generosity wider—I thanked them for their assurance that I might again ignore the "no hunting" signs which indicated posted ground. Thus early fortified with privileges, I made my way in the rapidly waning light to my cottage, se-

cure in the certainty of a successful week's shooting.

Having attempted a fire in the cook-stove with no better effect than to create a more vicious draught down the flue, quickly filling the rooms with the pungent odor of bark-smoke, I desisted and resolved in favor of an early bed without supper. Happily, this latter calamity was spared me. A loud rapping at the door, audible above the roar of the wind and the incessant clatter of the windows, prompted my hasty response.

The door swung open in advance of my effort, and my sputtering, panicky oil lamp disclosed a neighboring housewife deftly managing a jug of rich milk, a napkin of hot biscuits and her rebellious shawl.

My mingled protestations and fervid thanks were drowned in her genial laugh and cheery "good-night," as the flutter of her blue gingham was lost in the outer darkness.

As I waited, peering into the gloom for the flash of light from her doorway which would assure me of her safe return, there came, between gusts, the deep, dull boom of heavy, thunderous surf. Across the mile and a half wide neck of timbered land, which separates the open strait from the cove, I could easily time the distance between crests, as they beat relentlessly to the solemn cadence of the bell buoy moored a mile beyond.

Overhead, occasional patches of light were hastily blotted out by low, scurrying, wind shot cloud packs stampeding across the sky. An angry gust disputed my right to close the door, and, barred without, clamored protestingly at the window panes, streaking their inky surface with jagged spears of rain.

I washed down my last biscuit with a satisfying gulp of milk, and holding my lamp aloft, ascended the stairs to bed, reluctantly admitting the vain hope of a shoot in the morning.

The roar of the growing storm without, the chill inhospitality of the rooms within, coupled with an increasing sense of my disappointment at this unfavorable turn of the elements, produced a depression of spirits which effectively routed sleep. I gathered the bed clothes about me to encourage such warmth as their damp condition would afford, and lighting my pipe, made a determined effort to gather some scant consolation from thoughts of the days to follow; little knowing the rare good fortune the gale without would accord me.

Fatigue finally asserted her prerogative, and I slept. When I awoke, the sun had utterly banished the storm, and my previously waning enthusiasm mounted with the mercury. A hasty breakfast served to establish my content in full, and with my dog and gun I set out along the beach-road.

Nature seemed bent on rejecting her mood of yesterday. Myriads of miniature suns gleamed from countless raindrops, suspended by leaves and grasses. The glint of fresh-washed foliage reflected the radiant morning; while breathless currents of air stirred the gem-decked cobwebs aquiver.

Reluctant to alarm the placid gladness of things, I kept to the open road, with empty gun, lest my predal instincts might assert themselves on the whir of startled wings, as the dog flushed quail at their dusting in the dry spots under the wild-rose hedges.

A half hour's brisk walk brought me to the brow of the headland, overlooking the hut of "Old Siwash Charley." Squalid to the degree to which civilized environment had reduced him—devoid even of his native guttural name—his errant Indian instincts still guided him always back to this gathering place of his forefathers.

The gently sloping beach, guarded by promontories on either side, afforded an excellent landing place for a fleet of canoes. The brook, which for ages had toiled ceaselessly cutting down and leveling their camping ground, offered its clear, fresh water. The fine brown sand it spilled into the tide spread broadcast and bedded succulent clams.

Here, for generations, the natives gathered for the "potlatch" (an an-

cient custom of giving away wealth), and here, under a sprinkling of soil, a bank four feet deep of bleached and crumbling clam shells attest the feasts that followed.*

Pale blue, in the shadow of the bluff, a slender column of smoke curled upward from a handful of burning beach-wood—a typical Siwash campfire.

Frequently I had braved the odor of smoked salmon and dried clams permeating his hut to gather such fragments of Indian lore as his taciturn moods might offer. Always careful to observe a tactful attitude of friendship, I had, on occasions, penetrated his usual stoic disposition, talking with him in his own Chinook, assisted by generous gifts of tobacco.

Gradually he had come to evince a sociability which permitted guarded inquiries, and I had been able to evoke recitals of the legends and adventures of his forefathers.

The keen interest I always displayed served well to further my ends, for once his confidence had been gained, he seemed to take a vain satisfaction in relating tales of his childhood and recounting those of his valiant ancestors.

Thinking to pay him a brief visit in passing, I took the trail leading down to his hut, and called out the customary greeting, "Kla-how-ya" (a word of salutation.)

"Kla-how-ya," he returned, coming out of the hut. "Kunjih mika chako?"

"Mika chee chako," I replied, assuring him I had just arrived, in answer to his inquiry.

I stood my gun against the cabin and drew a couple of cigars from my pocket, knowing the quality would be lost in his estimation.

"Halo Kimoolth," I said, indicating that I had no pipe-tobacco, which I knew he much preferred.

With a grunt of acquiescence, he took the proffered substitute, gingerly turning it over and over between his thumb and fingers, as if fearful of breaking it, and extracting a stick from the fire, lit the weed with long-drawn draughts and sucked-in cheeks, emitting the smoke with guttural clucks of satisfaction.

"Him hyas wind last night," I ventured, mixing Chinook and English in order to direct our intermittent conversation into an easier channel.

"Ahha—him hyas wind," he replied, following my lead. "Him blowum down kah-hah-way stick, sitkum polakly." And he indicated a fallen oak tree to the rear of the hut, which, he informed me, the gale had uprooted at midnight.

We walked over to the fallen tree, and a glance at the excavation at its base made it evident at once that the tree had yielded to the pressure of the wind because of its insecure rooting at the ancient bed of clamshells.

"Ona shells left long time ago," I said, seating myself on the edge of the depression, and idly poking among the shale-like substance, so well wrought years before.

"Ahha," he grunted, squatting siwash-fashion beside me. "Tillicums (my people) eat him hyas anhkuttie (a very long time ago) heap long time 'go." And with squinted, oily eyes he contemplated the fire at the end of his cigar.

"Hyas anhkuttie," he repeated, "hyas anhkuttie," more to himself than to me, and I scented in his meditative mood a possible rambling reference to something of the past.

My own restless speculation on the scenes which must account for the deposit of these bivalve husks deep under the base of a tree which had undoubtedly stood a hundred and fifty years, urged a flood of questions.

Knowing the futility of such a course, however, I curbed my threatening impatience and waited—eagerly expectant. Meanwhile, with ill-assumed indifference I continued raking among the furrows plowed up by

*There are at least two such landing places where the "Upper Sound" Indians gathered for generations in Penns' Cove to "make potlatch" and hold the feasts which were customary after such events. In some places, so dense is the deposit of clam shells that cultivation is nearly impossible, owing to the scant covering of the soil.

straining roots, reluctant to let go their hold.

In places at the outer rim of the cavity, where the hold had been less tenacious, the shells remained intact, wedged by the expanding growth into cylindrical tunnels, to the firm walls of which particles of moist wood still adhered. On breaking these down by vigorous blows with my stick, I found them, for the most part, to have been broken under high pressure, and I turned my attention to the deeper depressions, stooping occasionally to pick up for examination such shells as remained almost whole.

Intent on my observations, I stepped to the middle of the cavity, and with my foot began scraping down the little irregular mounds, thrown up when the tree had fallen. Suddenly I uncovered what, at first, I took to be a pointed stick of decaying wood, some six inches in length.

I stooped, and picking it up, was astonished to find by its weight it was metal, and on the point of examining it more closely, was startled by an exclamation from my Indian friend behind me.

He leaped to his feet with a cry, and snatching my find from my hand, held it close to his wide-staring eyes. For a moment he gazed at the relic in rapt attention, his usual mask of native indifference totally gone, the twitching muscles of his face betraying an emotion deeper in its nature than one would deem him capable of being affected.

Suddenly doubt gave way to credulity, and clasping the object to his breast, he turned with a shuddering cry of "Tolneuch wa-wa! Mika Tamahnawis wa-wa—Tolneuch wa-wa!" And dashing down to the beach, he prostrated himself at the water's edge, his head bowed to the westward.

Awed by the unexpected occurrence, I stood irresolute, uncertain what to do. The suddenness of his violent action quite unnerved me, and, for the moment, I was incapable of any attempt to account for it.

"Tolneuch wa-wa—Mika Tamahnawis wa-wa!" The cry rang in my ears. "Tolneuch, the west wind talks," I mused, translating the unfamiliar expression. "Mika Tamahnawis wa-wa—my guiding spirit calls." I paused agape at my mental interpretation.

As the true import of his meaning became clear, I felt some concern lest he might suddenly realize his disclosure. The fact that he had inadvertently spoken within another's hearing his one supreme secret, the name of his guardian from the spirit land, was, in effect, violating the traditions of his very religion.*

What nature of call was this which, to his simple belief, came through a trinket from the spirit land, the "mimaloose illahee?" What manner of object might this be which had spoken?

I quietly walked to the hut and hesitated, loath to forego an observation of whatever event might follow. It occurred to me that one of his age might even require assistance after experiencing the shock to which it was evident he had been subjected.

Prudence, however, urged me to leave him alone with his mutterings. Taking up my gun, I regretfully climbed the trail up the bluff, prompted by a full knowledge of the privacy demanded by his people on such occasions.

At the top I paused a moment for a parting glance, and observed him still in the attitude in which I had left him, motionless, save for his glossy black hair, asway in the shallow lap of the flooding tide.

* * * *

Noon found me intolerably restless. Shutting in my dog, I took to the beach-road, determined to quiet my foreboding frame of mind. Anxiety urged me into a good pace, and as I came out on the bluff, I looked, half-

*"These guiding spirits, or manitoes, of the Algonquins are the Tamahnawis of the Coast Indians. * * * It is his Tamahnawis that he seeks in early life, and, whatever it may be, he will never utter its name, even to his nearest and dearest friend."—James G. Swan, in "The Northwest Coast."

guiltily, expecting to see him prone where I had left him.

The fire in front of his lodge had burned to a gray mound of ashes; perfect quiet prevailed.

"Kla-how-wa," I called, and knocked inquiringly.

"Kla-how-wa," came faintly from within; then, "Newah."

I opened the door as he directed, and entered with a feeling of relief at his summons.

The scant light within half concealed him, huddled in the corner on a pile of native mats, which served him for a bed. I went directly to him, and, extending my hand, asked how he felt, bent on avoiding embarrassment.

"Anah," he answered, slowly shaking his head. "Nika tshikeh mimaloose!" ("I will soon die.") And try as I might, I could not persuade him from the conviction that he would soon die. "Tamahnawis calls," he insisted. "Tamahnawis never talks lies. Long time 'go Tamahnawis tell Charley him send pil chickamin klum-a-hum, him send copper spear-head, when time come Charley die."

From the folds of his red shirt-front he drew the fatal messenger I had unearthed in the morning.

"Him pil chickamin klum-a-hum, him copper spear-head," he said, with an air of settled conviction, prohibiting further denial.

I took the proffered evidence, and found it to be undoubtedly a spear-head of copper, fashioned in the crude manner of an unskilled workman. Underlying the crust of verdigris, its uneven surface indicated the uncertain blows of a primitive hammer which had beat over an equally primitive anvil. The point, which had been drawn out thin, had broken away under contact with some hard substance, leaving the soft, over-worked metal slightly bent at the end. Indeed, an excellent curio out of a time long past!

With no thought to question his right of possession, I handed it back; then slowly, with waning strength and uncertain breath, he gave me in return its story:

"Once, a very long time ago, Tolneuch was Hyas Tyee, the Great Chief of the Skagits. So very long ago it was that only the very old Indians could remember having heard the story from their grandfathers.

"There were no Boston men then to take the Indians' land, and only canoes came and went along the shores.*

"The smell of the forest was fresh and sweet, and all the waters were clear and full of fish. On the islands mowich, the deer, were plenty, for tolapus, the wolf, did not live there to catch them, and chetwood, the black bear, could not.

"No other tribe of the Salish had lands so good as the Skagits.**

"Because of these things, their people were many and strong, and in war did not fear the Clallam, the Chemakum, or the Duwamish, or Nisqually tribes from the south.

"Tolneuch was wise and great, and always led his people to victory, and so made potlatch often and gave his people all the hyas itkahs, all the good things, he took from the enemy. Then, when the presents were given to each according to his standing, great heaps of ona, the clam, were brought and great fires built and covered on top with stones. When the fires had burned to ashes, the clams were piled high on the hot stones and covered over with seaweed. Over the seaweed, kliskwiss, the mats, woven of rushes, were laid and left until the sweet, juicy clams were cooked in their own savory steam.

"So the feasts were held, and the Skagits grew strong of heart under Tolneuch.

"But always they had one dread. Each year when spring came over the land, mesahchie Tamahnawis, the evil spirits, sent down the terrible warriors of the north, across the Great

*Boston men was the term generally applied by the coast Indians to the early white settlers. Early English traders and the Hudson Bay Company's men were known as "King George men."

**Salishian tribes held the entire Puget Sound country.

Sea the white men call 'Juan de Fuca.'

"Each year they came to fall at daybreak on the sleeping Skagits, whose lands were fat and faced out over the sea. Always they conquered and carried off many Skagits as slaves —and each year over the pil-pil illahee, the bloody-ground, came the wail of kloochmen, the women, mourning the mimaloose, dead.

"Because of this, Tolneuch's heart was heavy, for though he was a great warrior, and his braves had stout hearts, the enemy always struck at dawn, when men sleep soundest.

"Then came a day when Tolneuch went into the hills, and made medicine to his Tamahnawis, his guiding spirit, and Tamahnawis was pleased. Forth from the forest toward the great sea came a hunter, stumbling and shaking with fear, and told the people Hahness, the Thunder Bird, with giant wings, came swimming across the water from the west, and the people were stricken with terror.*

"Tolneuch, their chief, was brave, and the people followed him through the forest to Squ-ducks, the high bluff, facing out to the sea. There, over the water, came the Thunder Bird, swimming like Kahloken, the swan, only many times larger.

"While they looked in awe, a strange thing happened. The great bird came no nearer, but swung its beak off shore and lay motionless in the water, while strange sounds came to their ears.

"The giant white wings fluttered down on its back; while from its side strange, wide canoes put off with queer-looking people in them, who paddled in to the shore.

"Then the Indians knew it was no bird at all, but some monster canim, some great canoe, with sails to go with the wind, like those of their terrible foes from the north; only these were white and much larger and there were many instead of one.

"Tolneuch and his bravest men went down to the beach and stood at a distance watching these strange beings, the like of which they had never seen before. When the Indians came in sight all the strangers stood still and looked at them. Suddenly one of their number, who seemed to be their chief, held up a queer looking stick to his shoulder, and from it came a loud roar with fire and a cloud of smoke.

"The Skagits were terrified, and threw away their weapons, for these must be Mesahchie Tamahnawis, the evil spirits; but with that the strangers laid down their fire sticks and made signs of peace.

"One of their number advanced a little way on the beach, and taking a beautiful red scarf from about his neck, held it out as an offering. Then Tolneuch took from his head a band of hiouqua, the beautiful money shells of the tribes, and giving it to Tleyuk, the Fire Spark, who was brave, bade him advance and give it in exchange.

"After that the strangers brought ashore many things, new to the Indians, and spread them out on the beach. By signs they made it known these things were for the Skagits if they would bring furs in trade.

"Tolneuch sent many of his people to their village, and they brought skins of enah, the beaver, and of elacka, the sea-otter, besides much meat of mowich, the deer, and baskets filled with fish and clams.

"Three days they traded, while the great canoe the strangers called their 'ship' lay off shore, taking on wood and fresh water, and the Skagits grew rich with beads and buttons and bright colored cloth.

"But Tolneuch, their chief, was wise, and though he loved these things, still, most of all he bargained for pil chickamin, the red metal. On the third day, after a visit to the wonderful ship, he came away rich with a knife and six sheets of copper, each as broad as a man's two hands spread wide. For these he had piled skins of the sea-otter and of

*A mythical bird of gigantic size, evident in the traditions of all West Coast tribes.

beaver as high as the length of a musket, which was the white man's measure.

"From Squ-ducks, the high bluff, the Indians watched the great ship sail out toward the setting sun; none for a generation to see the like again.

"Tolneuch went into the forest and made medicine to his Tamahnawis, and when he returned bade his skilled workmen to beat out spear heads of pil chickamin, the red metal. All through the winter, the cold illahee, when snass, the rain, fell, and the t'kope snass, the snow, came, they fashioned spear-heads of the copper, and with it tipped their arrows.

"Often Tolneuch made medicine, and always he thought of the dread warriors from the north who would come in fleet canoes, singing their war-song. Always he planned the battle; while his heart grew strong and his warrior's hearts grew strong within them, for their spears would be of pil chickamin, the red metal, and Tamahnawis were good.

"Then, when the warm winds, the Chinook, blew up from the south, and Kalah-kalah, the wild goose, flew northward, Tolneuch went with his people to the foot of a high hill, back of their village, that sloped away through the forest toward the west, where the dread warriors would land. There they dug a deep trench, broader than a strong man could leap, and long as ten canoes, with here and there a narrow place to cross.

"Klone tah tlum suns they dug, thirty days, and each day kloochmen, the women, carried the earth in baskets of cedar-bark and spilled it into the deep water, where none might see.

"Then, when the pit was made, they drove many sharp stakes of issick sticks, of paddle-wood—the alder—in the bottom, and, at the ends, lashed prongs from the horns of mowich, the deer, and bound them tight with thongs from the skin of olhyiu, the seal. When all was ready, across the top dead boughs were placed, and over them a bed of fresh green moss.

"From the hills they brought great loads of sallal olillies—the salal berry bushes—and planted them in the moss so dense that one could not see through from the height of a man's knee down. So cunningly it was done, so much like the growth near by, that only the wily Skagits could know where the crossings were safe, and none but kwetshootee, the rabbit, could know of the pits that lay hidden.

"Then Tolneuch sent each day at tenas sun, the sunrise, a warrior to Squ-ducks, looking over the sea, to watch for the dread warriors from the north. All day long, like an image, sat each warrior, scanning the sea for their coming; and when he left at clip sun, the sunset, another came to take his place, and listen through the night for the war-song.

"Mox moons, two months, they watched, while Tolneuch made strong medicine. Daily the warriors sat on the beach and ground the points of their spears and arrows, until pil chickamin shone like olapitske, the fire.

"At last on a day just as the sun sank into the sea in the west, Otsotsach, he of the great teeth, a watcher, came bounding through the forest like a stag. Straight to Tolneuch he sped, and, gasping: 'Siah! Siah!' ('Far off! Far off!') pointed away toward the sea and fell down in a swoon.

"Wild was the tumult that followed. Three hundred warriors shattered the air with their cries. In a panic they rushed about the village as if the foe was upon them.

"Loud wailed tenas siwash, the children, and louder wailed the women, stricken with the ancient dread, until their cries echoed back from the forest. Startled away from his fishing, chac-chac, the eagle, wheeled and screamed his defiance.

"Then above the clamor rose the call of Tolneuch. High over his head flashed a spear of copper, of pil chickamin, the red metal. Very fierce he was to look at, as he faced them; and when he spoke, the fighting men were ashamed.

" 'Have the hearts of my braves

turned like those of kula-kula, the birds? Give your spears to kloochmen, the women, and let them fight with Tolneuch!'

"'In the forest, Tamahnawis spoke with Tolneuch, the west wind, and said that the Skagits were strong. Now, while the enemy is yet far off, they wail like little children.

"'Give opikeg, the bows, to the squaws; let them meet the enemy with klietan, the arrows.'

"Then the warriors set up a great shout: 'Skookum! Skookum! Nesika skookum!' ('We are strong! We are strong!') they cried. 'We will fight with Tolneuch. Hyas Tolneuch, the great chief.'

"Quickly they gathered their weapons and went through the forest to Squ-Ducks, and there, over the sea, came the dread warriors.

"Still a long way off, they could see them come through the twilight. Ikt, mox, klone, lokit—one, two, three, four—they counted—twenty canoes in all.

"Very carefully in the forest the Skagits hid themselves and waited. Long after darkness fell they could hear the war-song come over the water:

"'Ie-yee ma hi-chill at-sish Salish
Hah-ye-hah.
Que nok ar parts arsh waw—Ie yie-yar.
Waw hoo maks sar hasch—Yar-har.
I-yar hee I-yar.
Waw hoo naks ar hasch yak—queets sish ni-ese,
Waw har. Hie yee ah-hah . . .'

"Over the water came the song: 'Ye little know, ye men of the Salish, what valiant warriors we are. Poorly can our foes contend with us, when we come on with our weapons.' So sang the fierce north warriors.

"Keeping time with their alder blades, mistchimas, the slaves, paddled the great canoes with Hahness, the Thunder Bird, carved at their bows. Fiercely the warriors brandished their weapons, as they droned and chanted the chorus:

"'Hah-yee hah yar har, he yar hah.
Hah-yah hee yar har, he yar hah.
Iye ie ee yah har—ee yie yah.
Ie yar ee yar hah—ee yar yah.
Ie yar ee I yar yar hah—Ie yar ee yee yah!'*

"High on the beach, away from Chuck chaco, the flood tide, the enemy drew their great canoes. Just as the first faint streak of light showed in the east, they came up the beach to the forest.

"Then on the still air burst the war-cry of the Skagits, and from their quivering bows leaped a hundred arrows.

"Hideous sounds echoed through the tree-tops, and the wild things, wakened from their lairs, fled to the hills in terror.

"Only Tsiatko, the Night Demons, stayed to chatter and listen.

"All unprepared for attack, stunned by the hail of arrows, the fierce north warriors wavered and fell back to the open beach away from the treacherous trees.

"There, like gray imps, they danced in their frenzy, while solleko chuck, the surf, beat frothy white behind them.

"Madly overhead they shook their spears and shrieked their hate for the Skagits; but only the cries of their dying answered.

"Well had Tolneuch taught the Skagits his cunning, for when Otetagh, the sun, arose and the enemy's war-cry rent the air as they charged, the wily Skagits met the shock and fell slowly back, resisting.

"From bush to tree; from tree to rock, darted crouching brown men; often on the way one would fall pierced by an arrow, to struggle, and choke, and die.

"Once, in a thicket of small trees,

*War-song of the Nootka Tribe.—From the notes of John Jewitt, made during his three years of slavery.

with the foe close upon them, Tleyuk, the Fire Spark, leaped from cover, and with a mighty thrust drove his spear straight through the neck of a bowman, pinning him fast to an alder. Limply hanging, he left him to gurgle away his life blood; and Tleyuk, empty-handed, bounded after his fellows.

"Always the Skagits retreated, taking advantage of cover; dashing across the openings where the forest was thinnest, they gained the protecting trees, to pause and flay their pursuers with another shower of arrows.

"Pau-kis-ilth came the breath now; sharp and hot, it scorched like the flame of a fire. Olo-chuck were the tongues, thick and dry and thirsting.

"Sitkum-sun—at mid-day — they came by the lake on the hill-top, and the sweating Skagits threw themselves into the cool water and drank deep draughts, until the enemy came again upon them.

"There, with renewed vigor, the cunning Skagits, as if in a last desperate stand, met their frenzied pursuers.

"Again the hills echoed with savage war-cries; and, under the shock of combat, illahee, the earth seemed to tremble. Sweating, snarling, thrusting with spears, fighting knee to knee, the grappling warriors stumbled across the bog, over keequilly illahee, the low ground, bordering the lake's end.

"There, at the edge of the marsh, the braves fell like leaves in autumn. Sin-a-mox warriors, seven, lay at the feet of Tolneuch, armed with a copper spear and the glittering knife he had purchased with skins of enah, the beaver.

"Close by his side fought Tleyuk, armed with a weapon snatched from the hand of a fallen tribesman; and his arm had the strength of ten.

"Then when the battle grew too fierce, and the Skagits fell too fast, Tolneuch gave the signal, and his crafty warriors fled, as if in confusion.

" 'Cooley-cooley; klat-a-wah, klah!' ('Run, run and escape!') they shrieked —taking up the cry of their chief. Terror seemed to seize them, and, utterly routed, they sped straight for the sallal olillies, the field of sallal berries.

"Revengeful, maddened, thirsting with a fury like Deaub the Devil, came the dread north warriors, following on the trail like tolapus, the wolf, in winter.

"Swift as mowich, the deer, ran the Skagits. Gaining a cover of bushes, they quickly made the safe crossings, treading between the pitfalls, and fled panting to the hill-top.

"Heedless, elated with victory, with never a thought of the yawning trap laid by the wily Skagits, the foe came plunging in pursuit. Drunk with a savage thirst for slaughter, they burst through the cover of tukwilla, the hazel bushes, running knee-deep in the sallal.

"So dense it grew all around that one could not see through from the height of a man's knees down, and none but kwetchootee, the rabbit, could know of the pits that lay hidden!"

* * * *

Completely absorbed in following his story, I had for the time entirely overlooked my Indian friend's weakened condition. He sank back on his mats, overcome by his emotion, which had grown with his narrative until its recital seemed imbued with that vivid reality which genius loans to the actor who can "live" his part.

Toward the end his blazing eyes and fervid speech indicated that to him, the scenes were living, reincarnate action, pantomimed in his gestures.

Indeed, as I look back upon the incident, it occurs to me that a certain semi-delirious state of mind imparted its fever to the tale, and buoyed his waning strength, for, having reached its climax, reaction suddenly closed it.

No need for Charley to dwell on the final, harrowing details which imagination could supply. All too vivid were the mental scenes of carnage following that last mad rush to oblivion.

What but a moment before had been a combat became in an instant a massacre. The squaws, according to cus-

tom, had ruthlessly completed the slaughter.

I was seized with a keen elation over my newly acquired knowledge of this really historical event, fragments of which had been told me by village neighbors, who had pointed out the pit overgrown by brambles and sallal.

Traditional among the Indians, the victory of the Skagits entirely freed them of the scourge from the north; none daring again to attack where so strong a party had met annihilation.

My buoyant spirits, however, were destined to expire for the time, from a cause the possibility of which I had given all too little credence.

My Indian friend turned feebly on his mats and mumbled a word in Chinook. I hastily brought the drink of water for which he asked, and supported him while he quenched his feverish thirst. Having eased him on his scant bed, I wiped the beads of cold perspiration from his forehead, assuring him I would hasten for a doctor, and that he would soon be well.

"Halo, halo," he said weakly. "Tamahnawis send Charley pil chickamin klum-a-hum; Tamahnawis calls."

"But how," I insisted, "do you know Tamahnawis sent this spear-head which I found?"

"Long time 'go," he answered, when Charley young man, chope, him grandfather, him tell Charley 'bout Tolneuch; 'bout pil chickamin klum-a-hum. Charley very brave then: him go out to high hill; him hungry six suns; him see um Tamahnawis. Tamahnawis show Charley copper spear-head, tell um Charley him never mima-loose, him never die, 'till Tamahnawis send copper spear-head."

"Last night west wind blow um strong, blow um down kahnahway stick, blow um down oak tree; Tamahnawis send Charley copper spear-head. Tamahnawis calls."

Veiled as his statement was, it settled my conviction of the morning. What more natural than during the lonely vigil of "making his Tamahnawis," his fevered mind should conjure up the vision of the chief in the story? Throughout his delirious fast, the main features of the tribal tale had been uppermost in his wandering, inflamed mind.

Tolneuch, the chief, armed with pil chickamin, the red metal, had been his guiding spirit.

Recalling my attention to the present, I felt for his pulse, and was shocked to find I could not record it.

Hastily, I brought cold water and bathed his seamed and leathery features. I quietly spoke his name, but his stare was fixed beyond me.

Very gently on his breast I folded his knotted fingers over the copper spear-head of pil chickamin, the red metal, and left him with a cedar-bark mat for a shroud.

Outside chuck-chahco, the flood tide, had lapped up the gray mound of ashes, where his fire had been. High overhead, on the bluffs, Tolneuch, the west wind, was stirring among the fir-tops.

IN TIME OF FALLING LEAVES

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

And once again the summer's end draws near,
When all the days of fragrant blossoming,
Have drifted far beyond the distant hills,
All flaming in the autumn's crimson glow,
And gold-washed with a rain of falling leaves.
Soon come the long, cold nights of wind and storm,
When hearth fires glimmer through the twilight dusks,
With dear, sweet warmth of love, and sheltered hours,
Across the gleaming ways of drifted snows.

WHEN IN ROME

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

A FRENCH restaurant somewhere between the Barbary Coast and North Beach, San Francisco. The screen of dark green paint on its glass front extending considerably above the eyebrows of the passerby, gave the place an outer appearance of sinister seclusion which belied its harmlessly sociable character.

Three long tables down the big, square room, with plates set as closely as there would be room for diners on the benches. Along the middle line of each table stood the row of claret bottles. The white walls were gaudily festooned with tissue paper garlands.

The entrance door was so set into the room as to leave a jog on each side. A smaller table filled one of these alcoves; the other held a piano.

Six o'clock of a Sunday evening. The table in the jog was, as usual, taken by a party of Americans who had come early to secure it. The group consisted of the Illustrator, bald and homely, the slight, dark, intense Newspaper Girl, the Song Man, youngish and thickset, who edited a small theatrical sheet by day, and wrote popular songs by night. There were others of similar ilk.

All who dined at that table were supposed by the act itself to be initiated into a mythical organization known as the Babas. Its rules and passwords, being the witty invention of the moment, were innumerable. The decree that every true Baba must take coffee with his cognac would seem to indicate that the members were hard drinkers, but in reality their limit was a glass of the mild claret of the place (the women took theirs half water), and the customary dash of cognac in the coffee.

The patrons entered almost in a body, and distributed themselves along the benches. There were Frenchmen with goatees, with mustachios, with neither. A few had brought their wives, and one couple put their little son between them, and had him spelling everything on the board during soup. Talk was animated all over the room, and nobody paid the slightest attention to the table in the jog.

"Where's our Tony?" asked the Illustrator.

"Waiting for his girl to jab in all her hatpins," some one laughed.

"Excellent first line for chorus," murmured the Song Man, taking out his note-book.

"Ah! That's Tony's bluff!" said the Newspaper Girl. "The picture he makes the fuss about doubtless booms some brand of chewing tobacco at his cigar stand."

Enter Tony on the instant, with a slender, long-coated figure whom he conducted directly to the small table. Tony considered himself the very Baba of Babas, though, if he had only known it, he was merely carelessly cultivated by them as a valuable and amusing type. He was still boyish in features and stature, though probably well into his twenties, with the curling black hair and great brown eyes of his race.

"You see I brang her same like I said," he triumphed. "That was no actress picture as you make the guess. She is my girl—name Rosalie."

The Babas welcomed them laughingly, and hitched along to make room. Tony had the girl remove her wrap and hat, swung his own hat upon a nail, and his coat as well, though he had no precedent for shirtsleeves at the Baba table.

The girl's pink dress was low in the neck. Tony pushed down for her a bit of obstreperous white ruffle.

"After dinner we go to the dance hall of the Lark and dance very much," he remarked.

Rosalie was as intensely and piquantly French as Tony was Italian. Her pink and white skin was flawless, with no rouge perceptible. Little, tight, brown curls issued from beneath the broad pink satin fillet and mingled with the cluster of tiny, artificial, pink roses hung over her ears. The other women in their inconspicuous tailor suits were dull moths. Nose and chin were the merest trifle too long and pointed for absolute perfection. Eyelids and upper lip both had the same fascinating lift, approaching the triangle. She gave the company a beaming smile, harmlessly distributive in its nature.

Dudley Erdman entered just then—late because of difficulty in finding the place. The Newspaper Girl greeted him and presented him to the others, who good-naturedly brought their elbows into still closer proximity to give him a place. He was tall and pale, with scholarly stoop and thick-lensed spectacles.

"He's an apron-stringed chap, school teacher now, who teased me to show him a bit of real life," the Newspaper Girl explained to the Musician on her left.

Rosalie deliberately flashed at the newcomer her other smile, an arrow of provocative coquetry. He stared back; then, with a loud laugh, he lifted his glass to hers. She turned away and deliberately fed Tony a bit of chicken from her own plate. Tony, in turn, put his glass to his sweetheart's lips and then gallantly and with gusto drank of it himself.

When chicken made way for pears and cheese, Rosalie assailed the waiter with chicken bones and scraps of bread. Dudley Erdman's laugh rang out in boisterous approval. Again she flashed him that triangular smile; then dragged Tony to her by his curly foretop and kissed him.

"My girl, she feeds me off her plate."

"And soaks the waiter with the bones," murmured the Song Man and pulled forth his notebook.

The Illustrator was dashing off a rapid sketch on a small drawing pad. When finished he made a duplicate for Tony. It was a daring bit—the triangle of eyes and lip emphasized until with all the beauty it was less Rosalie as she was than a subtle threat of what Rosalie might become.

Tony stared entranced at the likeness.

"For this I could kiss you if you was woman and not man!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" cried Rosalie. "You would kiss another woman; what if I kiss another man." Again her provocative smile slipped past Tony to Dudley.

"The knife, so!" Tony illustrated with a dramatic thrust of the eating tool in his hand. The Babas looked at one another with appreciative assent to the probability. The Newspaper Girl saw black headlines swimming before her eyes.

Tony was a bit of Italian drift from North Beach; Rosalie was a bit of French drift from the Barbary Coast; together they were drifting—whither? The girl was the more sophisticated of the two, and yet she was still half a child, still full of softness and sweetness and unforced gayety.

When the cognac was brought and the Song Man poured it over the lumps of sugar and set it on fire, Dudley Erdman reached over with his teaspoon and swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the burning, scorching brandy, the blue flame and all. The Babas regarded this performance with a sort of horror; they were not without their conventions. Dudley did not know he was shocking them; he was only aware that Rosalie clapped her little hands.

"A cakewalk on the table!" Erdman demanded.

"We'll all be put out," gruffly answered the Illustrator.

"They could waltz down that pike between the tables now that most everybody's gone," said the Song Man.

"Somebody vamp the piano: I've got my faithful jewsharp."

The Musician played. Tony and Rosalie waltzed dreamily down the room, closely followed by the Song Man, puffing at his instrument and circling by himself with the grace of a performing grizzly. He was hoping that they would give him the second verse of his song, but they only kissed each other gravely as they turned at the kitchen door and waltzed dreamily back.

As Tony released Rosalie, Dudley snatched her and started down the table aisle. He couldn't dance much, but he bore her along in an embrace which imitated excellently the "Bunny Hug" of the Barbary Coast. Tony glared, inarticulate, for the instant with surprised rage. The Illustrator rushed after them and pulled them apart.

"Say, you—has life ceased to charm?" he growled at Dudley.

"Your friend's a very devil!" exclaimed the Musician to the Newspaper Girl. "What does he mean?"

"He wants to see life," she chuckled merrily, for Tony, with Rosalie clinging to his arm, had already forgotten his grievance.

"He'd better see life somewhere else," said the Song Man earnestly. "He's too reckless for this place. Don't look that sort either—but I'd lead him away, if I were you."

So Dudley was led away by the Newspaper Girl, but not without a longing, lingering stare at Rosalie, which caused a peculiar twisting gesture of Tony's hands.

"Say, it was great!" he said to the Newspaper Girl outside, "and I'm awfully obliged. I thought first I'd expose myself for the ninny I am, but when in Rome, you know. Didn't I act like a Roman?"

The Newspaper Girl laughed until Dudley became sensitively suspicious.

"Didn't I carry it off alright?"

"When in Rome—be careful not to outdo the Romans," she advised.

DISTANCE

BY W. EDSON SMITH

Across the bay, the ripples play
 Along the shore of fairyland.
The sun sets in a blaze of splendor:
The white moon rises, calm and tender—
 O'er lovers, loitering hand in hand—
 Across the bay.

Across the bay—ah,—day by day,
 The fountains fall in melody:
Soft airs swing slow through fragrant flowers—
Around the olden, golden towers:
 The lights and shadows wander free—
 Across the bay.

Across the bay—so far away—
 Oh, they do muse and sigh, and dream
That all the peace and all the pleasure—
All of Life's wondrous, storied treasure—
 Pours at our feet—a shining stream—
 Across the bay?

THE BROKEN SHOE-LACE

BY FRANCIS MARSHALL

"QUITE a fairyland, isn't it?" Blair Hartley spoke, as he straightened up and threw back his broad shoulders, looking out across the light-gemmed city to the moon-kissed San Francisco Bay beyond.

"Perfectly keen; I'm almost sorry I'm not coming back next year," said the girl, whose shoe-lace he had just tied.

"Not coming back? Of course you are," and Blair turned to survey the little erstwhile freshman beside him. Fair and befrilled and fluffy was this girl, whom he had whimsically chosen for his companion on this farewell tramp and campfire supper on Old Grizzly Peak. Half a dozen other couples were gaily descending, and the last pair turned and sent back a chaffing challenge at their delay.

"Take care of yourselves. Don't worry about us," called Blair, and he held out his hand to the girl, helping her down the steep path. "Why are you not coming back?" he questioned.

"I've had too many cinch notices," she said, ruefully. "I know it's perfectly dreadful and horribly disgraceful. Brother Fred will be furious. But I had such tremendously stiff courses —that English 1B was simply fierce— at least the Prof. was, and he wouldn't give me half a show."

"A bad lot, those Profs. are, aren't they?" Blair mockingly agreed.

Commencement week at Berkeley was drawing to its close, and they had been up to Old Grizzly for the last time—or at least the last for some of them. Pausing to tie the broken shoe-lace, these two had fallen behind the others, and if the truth were told, Blair was rather annoyed at the delay. This little freshman with her superabundance of superlatives did not altogether appeal to him, and, too, he had an uncomfortable feeling that she was missing the ceaseless chatter of the voluble sophomore with the flaming neckties with whom he had seen her frequently at the college jinks and dances. Naturally diffident toward women, he could find no running fire of light chaff to meet her easy confidences.

The merry voices and gay, careless laughter of their friends already part way down the last slope came to them in cheerful cadences; a faint breeze played in the eucalyptus trees below them; the lights of the city glowed and twinkled. Blair gazed again at the pleasing panorama spread before them, half forgetting his companion as he drank in the beauty of the moon-glamoured night.

His gaze lingered long and lovingly on the University campus, where the familiar old buildings appeared, in distant masses, all their sharp angles bathed away by the soft radiance: the domed library sending its beacon light abroad, drawing first attention; the other buildings near were mere dark roof patches in the protecting shrubbery, while the low, vine-clad Chem. Lab. and the Faculty Club were quite hidden from view by the intervening trees.

Old, battered, ivy-covered North and South loomed large in the shadowy moonlight, dwarfing for the moment the newer buildings farther down the slope. Off to the right, the snowy walls of the Mining building gleamed ghostly white where half-revealed by the sentinel cedars; and last, but not least, he caught a glimpse of Harmon Gym., dear old gym., despised old gym., where he had hurried on drill days lest he be late for roll-call—how he hated the routine of it then, but now, on the eve of his graduation, how he longed to be starting all over again!

He was leaving to-morrow to take charge of a newspaper in an arid little town in Southern Nevada, where he fully realized that he would no longer

have a dream picture like this every night and every morning with its inspiring outlook toward the Golden Gate. The rustling sigh of the eucalyptus trees filled him with prospective homesickness. He was bidding it all farewell for the last time; his work here was done, and well done he hoped, yet he was beset with doubts as only the truly conscientious are apt to be. Had he attained all that he might have attained? Was he leaving behind him something more than his mere name, the stamp of worthy thoughts and acts that would make for higher ideals?

Writer of the class poem, he had spoken of "care-free college days" as "the crest of joy's flood-tide," and he meant it; he felt that never again could the pulse of life beat as strong and as true as here in this ideal environment, where ardent youth was bound together by kindred tastes and splendid aims, where good-fellowship abounded, and yet where a fellow was sifted through and through—if he had the right mettle in him—well and good. If not—that was a coat of another color. Of course, he hoped to make good; this passing weakness and doubt of himself would vanish as soon as he actually faced his new problems; it was only the breaking away from the old ties that hurt, and they gripped the harder now in the moment of hesitation before casting them off forever.

The eucalyptus trees sighed and swayed, speaking to him of the memories of four happy years. Never again the strong pull together as the rowers lifted the shell over the water; never again the significant hand-clasp after a hard-won victory, or a greater defeat. Never the singing together of old, sweet songs. Never again the silent mating of thought with thought as the songs died away, and deeper moments followed. With something like a groan, Blair turned and gazed at the Big C.

The girl, half-startled, drew away, and, angry at being so long neglected, spoke coldly: "What are we waiting for, Mr. Hartley?"

Then his thoughts came back to the girl beside him, and it troubled him to think that she was letting the college life and all it might mean to her slip through her fingers. She was the sister of one of his frat. brothers, and he suddenly felt a sense of obligation resting upon him to make clear to her the value of what she regarded so carelessly.

"Pardon me, Miss Benton," he said contritely, holding her arm to steady her steps on the steep decline as they went on. "I am wretched company to-night, I fear. I was regretting it all—the hills, the bay, the dear old campus. I was thinking that a fellow owes his alma mater something more than simply making good in his chosen work. Any ambitious person, university grad. or not, would do that much for his own selfish end, you know. But to leave an idea behind—something greater than mere self-advancement—an idea of high aims to be striven for and an appreciation of the worth-while things. And in that I have failed," he added sadly.

The girl moved uneasily. "Of course we hear a horrible lot about becoming an honor and a credit to ourselves and to our university, but you ought not to worry about that—the most popular man in college! Varsity stroke and captain, and all that, and immensely clever besides. Why, any one of the fellows would cut off his right hand to be as popular as you are."

"But popularity doesn't count; it's something nobler that lives. Popularity is a cheap antidote for real worth, don't you think? And as fleeting as a flower—while what I mean is as lasting as Mt. Tamalpais over there. But we'll talk about something more interesting. You'd better come back next year and keep me in touch with old U. C. Write me the news that I'll be eager to know; the kind that doesn't get into the papers."

Elsie Benton looked at him quickly, and felt a stirring of something above herself, something fine and noble that she could not fully define; she thought

of her own frivolous freshman year just passed with something nearer akin to shame than she had ever felt before.

"I'm afraid," she began; the while she contrasted this clear-browed, broad-shouldered man with the slouchy, slangy individual of the striking ties and baggy trowsers, whom she had considered so "classy."

"I'm afraid that some one else could do that better than I."

"But please do—there is no one else —if it isn't too much to ask," he urged, gently helping her over the stile at the back of the Greek Theatre.

"If you really wish it, then. But I'm such an utter chatterbox, you'll be sorry, I fear," and again she looked at her companion. In a moment of clear vision she saw the empty-pated sophomore for what he was—a callow youth as flippant as she had been frivolous. Then and there she decided to return to college and try again, putting forth her best effort, and—she would be the better able to keep this ex-captain in touch with college activities if she tried to attain some of the laurels that might fall to a girl's share.

Her cheeks grew hot with a sense of past unworthiness. "Let us go home," she said, and fell silent.

The moon swung higher and higher over the hill-tops, its shimmering light driving the shadows deeper and deeper into the canyons as the man and girl went down the steep, broken path into the dark, thick grove of cypress and eucalyptus, over the moon-flecked carpet by the silent stones of the Greek Theatre, and on where the sound of running water came musically up to them from the gurgling creek below.

They paused at the bridge near Senior Hall, while blending with the music of the stream came the strains of mandolins and guitars and a chorus of ringing young voices pulsing forth on the quiet night in the stirring notes of "All Hail Blue and Gold." Blair's cap came off, and he joined in the sturdy old hymn that it is so good to sing:

"All hail, Blue and Gold, thy colors unfold,
O'er loyal Californians, whose hearts are strong and bold;
All hail Blue and Gold, thy strength ne'er shall fail,
For thee we'll die, all hail, all hail.

"All hail Blue and Gold, to thee we shall cling,
O'er golden fields of poppies, thy praises we will sing.
All hail Blue and Gold, on breezes we sail,
Thy sight we love, all hail, all hail."

Gone was all the girl's glibness of tongue and a strange shyness possessed her. "I begin to understand why Fred and all the boys swear by you," she said, half-timidly, as they went on again past Hearst Hall and its grove of murmuring eucalyptus, and Blair wondered at the change in her voice. "You have such high ideals."

"Oh, no higher than anybody else's," he replied, easily.

"But you stick to them and make them count for something," she insisted. "Fred says you draw the right kind of fellows to the frat. like a magnet; when spiked by other frats., they think of you, and that settles the matter. You see the manly thing to do, and are not satisfied with doing anything less."

He heard, and was partially comforted. Perhaps his thoughts had been truer than he feared.

"Good-bye, Mr. Hartley," she said in farewell. "Come back in three years and see me graduate—the fairyland will still be here."

Then it was his turn to look at her with new vision, and behold—she was fair, and very fair, in his sight. And he looked into the future, and saw that there were yet greater ends in life, and that this little freshman stood in a way to teach him some of life's deeper meanings.

"So it will, and I'll surely come," he said with conviction, glad now that the shoe-lace had needed tying.

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE

BY HARRY COWELL

ROMANCE, fabulous deity worshiped of our forebears, deposed in favor of Realism, god of things as they are, is now to be met with only in unexpected places; reappearing perforce in the guise of the new religion, like a Greek goddess revisiting the earth under the Christian regime. Now, what place is less romantic than the business thoroughfare of a modern city—for instance, Market street, San Francisco, in many respects the most modern city in the world? Here, then——

All the way along from Grant avenue to Kearny street, the March wind had been plucking practical-jokerwise at Tom Smith's sombrero. At the corner, a gust, upsprung like a gamin from behind Lotta's Fountain, whipped the broad-brimmer clean from his head and swung it as if designedly in the fairest face imaginable—at least, by Tom, if not by Dick and Harry; fairest, that is, by inference from the section thereof visible when the lady lifted her head to return good for evil in the shape of a misshapen sombrero.

Tom was fairly flabbergasted. He ripped out an apology. Which apology the young woman, pale, but apparently unhurt, accepted with no less confusion than he, his hat. Then she lowered her well-protected head against the wind and went on about her business, while Tom, hat in hand, found himself puffing in a cigarstand, where he was blown. 'Twas an ill wind, etc.

When it came to reindenting his sombrero, Tom discovered that the band was missing. Whereat he damned the wind with no faint praise, and forthwith instituted a frantic search. A reward of a dollar offered newsboys and flower-vendors for the recovery of the band remains to this day unpaid.

At the end of a fruitless half-hour, his hat drawn fiercely down to his ears, Mr. Smith proceeded along Kearny, backing up against the wind, as a respectable tax-paying citizen against the impertinent hand of a policeman that bids him "Move on!"

Tom was perturbed. Vainly he tried to give himself over to the contemplation of the city, whose dust a decade previously he had shaken from his feet—forever! A sudden and insufferable attack of nostalgia was accountable for his otherwise unaccountable presence there. He had come to be treated for home-sickness. Now, after two hours' treatment, he was cured; not thoroughly cured, but convalescent, well enough to go back to the country, there to rebury himself.

Though born and bred in San Francisco, he did not recognize her. So strange she seemed and new, so transfigured, so refined by suffering, withal so resplendently gowned, that he would never had known her for the dear, gawky, bepigtailed schoolgirl with whom he had grown up. Through the glamour of tragedy he saw her, as through a veil, unbelievably beautiful. Little by little, however, she began to impress upon him her personality, that soul of a city, like man's, indestructible by fire. "Now that you smile," he made love to her, "it seems idiotic on my part not to have recognized you at once. How I have existed all these years away from you I really don't know. Believe me, there are worse things than sudden death in your arms. Anyway, there is no danger now. Am I not as unrecognizable as you are?"

Thus did Tom Smith apostrophize

his chance birthplace, his chosen deathplace.

From time to time, instead of seeing the new-old city as a girl that has outgrown one's memory, Tom had a vision of a wind-etched figure, lily frail, of a face lily fair, strange yet familiar, like one seen often in dreams. Dusk, that makes idealists of the most matter-of-fact of us—false city dusk sifting down between skyscrapers—found him doubting the reality of his adventure. Twice he took off his sombrero and regarded it intently, half-expecting to find the band in place. Its undeniable absence left him still in the frame of mind of one Thomas, surnamed Didymus.

Having to the cure of his malady, if not to his heart's content, renewed his acquaintance with the city of his youth, and been duly gladdened and saddened, he felt lost for something to do. Aimlessly he followed his nose. Finally his feet, wandering in a circle, squared, so to say, brought him back to the corner of Kearny and Market streets.

Here, again, Adventure met him. For all verification, strange truth needs but retelling. This time, head down, preoccupied, he was facing the wind when the frail lady blew dead against him. He could but hold her in his arms. In her hands, as if to show that wonders will never cease, she held his hat-band.

Which bit of leather Tom snatched as if it had been his purse which she had stolen.

"Where the—wherever did you find it?" Now that his mind was relieved, Tom's tone was almost apologetic.

"Round my neck, like a dog collar!" The frail woman caught her breath, freed herself without ostentation from his arms, and laughed lightly. "What a strange hat-band! I've been studying it. The work is wonderful. It looks like a family of ten girls. How very odd! Your own idea? The faces are, of course, imaginary?"

"Yes and no. The first one here is very real, burnt into the artist's leathery old heart as into his hat-band. The next is less real, being the same face as the artist imagined it grown a year older. It took ten years to complete the cycle. This oldest-looking was done only yesterday. It is no doubt almost wholly a work of imagination. No such woman exists!"

Tom laughed—not lightly, but kept nervously twirling his sombrero as he replaced the precious band, with its burnt-work circlet of the same face in every possible pose, seen from various points of view, grown ever older and more imaginary, until between the first and last fire-etching was but a family likeness. As if impressed by the contrast, he repeated with conviction: "No such woman exists!" He laughed to scorn the very idea of corresponding reality.

The lily woman wilted, seemed suddenly to wither, looked as if a gust of wind would blow her away.

Tom took her arm. "You are faint. I did hurt you! What a shame! Let me see you home!"

"Home!" The frail woman echoed the word in the hollow mockery of voice dear to melodrama.

"What car?" Tom's voice was that of one who would not be gainsaid.

"Sacramento street."

Tom Smith gasped. After that he ejaculated the word "Nonsense!" Then he inquired none too politely: "Who are you, anyway? Your face seems strangely familiar!"

Safe behind an impenetrable veil, the strangely familiar woman laughed for all answer.

"That veil?" Tom questioned. "I don't seem to remember your wearing it when—when last we met!"

"No wonder! I just bought it. You see, I can't afford to take chances with my hat."

"Be so good as to remove it—won't you."

"Is this a theatre, sir?"

"The veil, I mean."

"For what? The idea! I see myself removing it. You want to view your handiwork, your hatwork—eh? Supposing I were disfigured for life!"

"Never mind. It doesn't matter. I

can see through it the same as nothing. Your face is whiter than any ivory, and more finely chiseled; your eyes are large as lakes, and your lips merely suggest."

"A not very ideal combination, to be sure."

The frail woman spoke not as one that fishes for a compliment. Tom contradicted her rudely, as one unused to polite society, given to thinking aloud: "On the contrary, my ideal of a woman exactly!"

His ideal of a woman looked up at Tom Smith's great sun-burnt Lincoln-like face, umbrellaed by the fateful sombrero, and laughed. Gravity itself, Tom thought aloud:

"Why do you wear that black? I don't like it!"

As if to show how ideal she could be, she did not ask: "What business of yours is it, what I wear?" Instead, she asked: "Can't you tell from my laugh that I'm a merry widow?"

"I cannot."

"Well, I'm not. My heart is widowed." She laughed more lightly than ever. "Isn't it funny that I should talk like this to you—a stranger?"

"Not in the least. I seem to have known you all my life. I can't help saying so, even if it is a commonplace of gallantry. And you?"

"I! Here comes our car." Whereupon Tom found the lady of the widowed heart hanging heavily on his hands. Not so time. Were not he and this unmerry widow getting along famously?

Lean she never so heavily, however, to this awkward giant she was but a baby weight; and he "upsadaisied" her into the Kearny street car with ridiculous, almost dislocating, ease.

In the car they sat together, like man and wife, silent but not uncomfortable. At Sacramento they transferred.

What number?"

"1821."

Tom started.

"The fire," the widow casually remarked, "has made great changes—don't you think? You know the city well, it seems?"

"Not now. I used to. To tell the truth, I recognize her only as one recognizes through whiskers the face of a boyhood friend."

"Poor San Francisco! Save her from her friends! A bearded woman that the country yokel comes to gape at?" Again the widow laughed. So easily is inconsolable grief amused.

This time Tom smiled gravely. "I'm country folk alright, I guess, but I don't mean that. Far from it: I think San Francisco more beautiful, more feminine than ever. Indeed, one might well call her The City of the Eternal Womanly. Only, she's lost her girlishness. She's the woman of thirty."

"How romantic! Here we are. Franklin street, please." This last to the conductor.

Absentmindedly Tom helped her off the car and then stood looking around, as if alone. "Not a familiar face!" he breathed, and knit his brows. The houses had been his friends. The widow reminded him of her presence. "You are good at faces?—remembering them, I mean, not making?"

Again Tom smiled gravely. "Pardon!—Yes, pretty good. That"—he pointed across the street, half way up the block—"is 1821, the same and yet not the same!"

"Not a stick nor a stone the same."

"The same architect, I'll bet my hat."

"Band and all?"

"No, not the band—you bet not!"

"Then I'll not bet. By the way, 'T. S.,' the initials of the artist, what do they stand for?"

"Tom Smith, at your service."

The widow took him at his word. "You may see me to the door."

"No farther?"

"No farther! A lone woman has to have an eye to appearances, an ear to what Mrs. G. will say."

"I'm tired to death. I've tramped all day."

"You may sit on the doorstep, if you like. See, the wind's died down."

Tom sat down on the doorstep.

The widow took out her latch-key—and sat her down beside him. You never can tell what a woman will do—or won't. Neither can you tell what she has done. She is an Isis never unveiled. No man is her prophet; every man her born worshiper. This particular man, Tom Smith, who saw through crepe the same as nothing, looked at the widow worshipfully and long. She maintained the while a goddesslike indifference, a silence that was perfect; that is, perfectly insufferable. Unable to stand it any longer, poor Tom spoke with a visible effort, as one that makes conversation:

"The Joneses that lived here before the fire—what became of them? Did you know them at all?"

"Tom Smith comes to town to learn all about the Joneses that lived here before the fire—five years after! How is that for a newspaper story?" The widow was all laughter.

"Let me tell the story!" Tom was gravity itself. "I've been reliving it, rebuilding it, all day. If I don't tell some one I'll go mad."

"How cold it's getting!" The widow shivered. "I really must go in."

"Not till you hear me out. It's all your own fault. Now that you suggest it, I must get that story off my mind. For ten years I haven't opened my mouth to a soul."

"What!"

"I have kept my story to myself, I mean. Now——"

"Make it short and sweet, then, as an ass's gallop. The sun'll be down in a jiffy, and San Francisco in March after sundown——"

"Is the one place in the world where Tetrazzini sings in the open air of Christmas eves!"

"You like San Francisco, then—the woman of thirty?"

"No, I love her—as only an expatriate can."

"Exiled, or—self-expatriated, if there's such a word?"

"Self-expatriated."

"You don't say! How interesting! Why!"

"That's my story."

"Let's have it, then: the sun——"

"That's so—there's not time to tell it. I'm rested now. Thanks for the steps. I must be going."

"Not till you've told me your story—it seems much warmer somehow, don't you think?"

Tom Smith rose to remark: "Curiosity, thy name is woman! No wonder De Maupassant asks: 'Is there in woman any feeling stronger than curiosity?'"

"Any fool could have told him there is—love! Go on: tell me your story."

Plucking at Tom's coat-tails, the widow took him down a peg.

Tom Smith subsided, masked himself with unconcern, and began:

"Alright. Here goes. Anyway, I want you to know. I had known her all her life. We were both born right here in this block. At 18 she was still in the awkward age, thick-waisted and witted, flat-chested. Her folks were old-fashionder than New England. For her birthday I bought her a ring—an opal, as it happened: I don't believe in any such nonsense—because I could think of nothing else. Flowers are too common here. She hated candy. When I gave her the meaningless gewgaw, she looked so pleased, and almost pretty, that I kissed her. Mind you, I had known her all her life. As luck would have it, her father saw me. That and the ring settled it. We were engaged! That was all there was to it. I kicked like a bay steer—or whatever color's the kickiest. I had never dreamt of such a thing. She was red-faced and fat, the very reverse of my ideal. A gunnysack would have fitted her to perfection. But I was of age, and a week to boot. I knew my own mind, or at least ought to have known it—and better than to kiss the girl, if I didn't want to marry her. So said even my own father. Poor dad! I agreed with him. To kiss her father's daughter, however, was to compromise her. I argued my unworth. He admitted the force of the argument. All the same, I could choose between marriage and death—dishonorable death. I choose marriage. I was but

one and twenty, remember. At one and twenty life is sweet. My father was delighted. Poor old Dad! The girl of my choice was rich—in her own right, inherited from her mother.

"The wedding ceremony over, instead of letting good enough alone, nothing would do my fool of a father-in-law but to congratulate me upon winning a fortune by compromising a woman—no, a mere child. That settled it. Two hours later I was on my way to Oregon. In a store in Pendleton I met a retired merchant, whom my father in his palmy days had befriended—helped to make. In him I confided. He had confidence in me. Grateful, he actually embraced the opportunity to visit the virtue of the father upon the child. Five thousand dollars—no less—he lent me to begin real life on. A year later I was worth thirty-three thousand—made, every cent of it, raising wheat on the Umatilla Reservation, some of which I leased as low as two-bits an acre. After that, you'd better believe, Oregon wasn't big enough to hold me. No less homesick than ambitious, I came back to California and managed to get control of a river island where one year I grew as good as a million sacks of potatoes—potatoes that stood the Arctic frosts of Nome like a charm. How is that for a product of a semi-tropical climate! Believe me, a million sacks, no small ones either, if some potatoes! Now," concluded Tom Smith, self-made and proud of the job, "I could buy and sell her a dozen times over—and her old duffer of a father thrown in!"

"Doubtless, she hasn't a cent." The widow seemed unduly unimpressed.

"You don't meant to say!" Tom Smith seemed not a little taken aback.

"I do."

"You knew the Joneses, you said?"

"Slightly. The 'old'—the father is dead. Died of the fire—indirectly—brooding over the loss of his daughter's fortune, which, along with his own, he saw go up in smoke. Cold, isn't it? Now that I have heard your story out, I may go in, I suppose?"

"Not till you answer me one question: Say, have you ever thought of marrying again?"

"No. Why do you ask? What a question!"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering—that's all."

On the doorsteps sat the two, absorbed in the resplendent California sunset, silent as watchers of a tragic conflagration. Suddenly the widow asked:

"Of course, you are divorced from her—your wife?"

"No, to tell the truth, I'm not."

"How's that?"

"Well, in the first place, you see, I'm a Roman Catholic—kind of—and then it never once occurred to me to marry again until—until—very recently."

The frail woman got up, unassisted, not without difficulty, looked down on him, and remarked:

"I, too, am a Roman Catholic, not a kind of, but real. I have no use for divorce. Marriage is not only till death part, but forever."

As if in response to her air of finality, Tom rose and let himself drop, slowly, step by step, to the sidewalk. There he turned, to voice his reluctant acquiescence in the approved tone of eternal farewell:

"Of course, if you loved your—husband, it's another thing. I didn't love my—wife, I suppose I must call her. The marriage was never consummated. Even the Church takes cognizance of that—doesn't it?"

"I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care."

"Nothing could induce you to marry again?" Tom's tone was conciliatory.

"Nothing."

"But why? Kind of lonely, isn't—"

"Haven't I just told you! I did love my husband—do love him. There!"

"Well, good-bye, then—glad to have met you."

Hastily the widow threw her vail back. Cheeks as well as lips had now a suspicion of color.

But Tom Smith was already gone, toppling down the street, moodily

stroking his great auburn beard.

The widow took one step—two—three, four, five, six, seven steps after him. Then she stumbled up the stairs again, fumbled with the latch-key like a drunkard, and when at last she made an entry into 1821, it was but to fall headlong, and sob her heart out for the husband she had loved and lost—loved once and for all time, lost twice.

There, in the hallway, beside the well-known before-the-fire hatrack, she was found not five minutes afterwards by no other than Tom Smith.

Womanlike, no sooner was she on her feet again, than she inquired lightly:

"Oh, it's you, is it! Wh-what did you come back for?"

"Hell! I'm your husband, ain't I?—and neither of us believes in divorce!"

THE DAY RETURNING

BY MARY BURR

Beyond the vista of Ionic columns
I see the thronged and gayly gleaming field,
And countless youths for playful combat burning—
High-hearted, by the Gods immortal steeled—
The games of Marathon, the day returning.

In Marathon, the low, blue sky is bending,
To kiss those gleaming columns by the way;
And myriad grasses wave like waters flowing
About their base, and, shadowed, doubly sway
Toward meadow grasses, silent, farther growing.

And farther, farthest, down the billowed meadow
That rolls in summer welcome to the sea,
The tilting lances of the grass are breaking,
Where young feet bound in careless ecstasy.
The columned halls are all with echo waking.

We covet this the greedy years have stolen;
We fain would stretch a hand across to them
Who conquered, love, or force, or fame obeying.
What wished-for stars in youth's bright diadem
Were those young hearts with high emotion swaying?

Our hearts beat warmly for the child of Hellas;
And lingers, where the waves and grasses flow,
A whisper of her sons, her vanished daughters,
The laureled ones, of whom we only know,
They loved, they strove and laughed by the Aegean waters.

THE TIE

BY ONEY FRED SWEET

THE words were no more than spoken that made him and Inga man and wife before Graham, with his brain long trained to be analytical, had felt that the thing had been an awful mistake. Two weeks later as he walked home after an unusually trying spell at the office, he felt certain that the time had come, even after so short an experience, when he and the girl should, for the sake of each other, go their separate ways again.

Somehow, with the added responsibility of the marriage, the lonesome city at midnight had never oppressed him so sorely, and as he climbed the dark stairs to his old room that had become "their room," his heart was heavy with its ache.

The snap of the button on the electric globe did not awaken her, and for a moment the man stood motionless under the flood of light. She lay on the pillows in the deep sleep of youth —the straight, whitish hair gracefully disheveled, her red lips parted by some dream.

Turning, Graham caught his own reflection in the mirror, and instinctively quit the frown that deepened the lines unattractively on his forehead. Then he sought the deep arm chair in which he had mused and studied so much, rolled and lit a cigarette, and turned again to the picture of his wife on the bed.

His own thoughts seemed to have aroused her, for, fighting for an instant the hands of sleep, she raised on an elbow and returned his troubled gaze.

"I was just thinking, Inga," he explained. "I was wondering if you—if either of us, was happy with this new 'stunt.'"

"You're not mad because I mixed the papers, are you?" she answered, half-awake. "I wanted to help you. I thought I was straightening things out a little."

"That was nothing—nothing in itself," he interrupted. "And yet it meant a great deal, just as every little misunderstanding between us these last two weeks has meant. We're so different from each other. I'm afraid —I know we can never get on."

She was alert now. Her eyes were opened wide, and her lower lip trembled.

"Oh, I'm a brute," he hastened, "but I'm thinking as much of you as myself. What do you care for my dreams—my work? It's plainer to me every day, Inga, to go on this way will get me nowhere. I haven't lifted a pen at home since you came. It's going to mean that in a little while life will be unbearably sordid for us both. It's been hard enough to live on the salary I get with just myself to take care of and live decently. I'm sick of the prospects. I'm tired of it."

He had not intended to say so much. He had not realized how worn out from the night's work he was. His face was white, and his nerves were shaking. Throwing the cigarette to the floor, he stamped fretfully upon the burning end. When he looked up he saw that her face was hidden in the pillows. She was crying.

The tears caused him further disgust. He had expected her to protest. He wanted her to.

For a long time he sat staring vacantly at the wall, the failures of his life revealing themselves—the ambitions that had always fallen just short of realization, dreams that had been too

idealistic to materialize. And yet he told himself that never before had he made such a tangible, terrible mistake as his marriage had been. It was the thought of its wearing on his tired nerves, not for days, but for weeks—years—that had exasperated him to the limit.

He was enough of a psychologist to figure out how it had all happened—the afternoon off from the grind of the newspaper office, the touch of spring in the out-of-doors, the charm of her youth and health and innocence when she had come to wait on him in the dingy little restaurant. And the time had come with his ten years out of college, devoted to recording the crime and scandal of the big town for a slave driving city editor, when those attributes which she had personified were fast waning, if not altogether obliterated in his own make-up.

She had blushed at his nicely turned compliment that had followed the prompt bringing of a steak from the noisy, greasy kitchen, and the blush, being real, enchanted him. It was ridiculous, the cheapness of the absurd beginning. How shocked his clergyman father in the little town out in the distant State would be to learn of his son's affair with a "hasher" who talked with a marked foreign accent! Graham laughed mirthlessly. His father had always been so sure that his son would some day write a great book.

God only knew he had tried hard enough to succeed. His literary ambitions had made him a bloodless "grind" at college, and he had looked like an old man at twenty-five. For ten years he had come home from work in the stuffy, artificially lighted newspaper office, that made possible his bread and butter, and toiled over his own cherished manuscripts until morning. But somehow the thoughts that surged in his brain had never found proper expression. At least the editors had always sent back his offerings with cold, impersonal slips.

And yet, he could win—that is, he could have won, if she had not come into his life to distract his every available hour for work with her lack of interest in his writings, and her "low-browed" prattlings.

And in Graham's analysis, he wondered why in the devil she had married him. Ah, she was a mere puppet of fate sent to keep him down, that was all. Why had he, a man satiated with the mistakes of others, become a victim to a circumstance that would not have caught an ordinary plowboy in its meshes.

As he undressed, turned out the light and crept into bed beside her, the girl gave vent to a subdued sob.

"Don't cry," he complained sarcastically. "It's time to get some sleep."

Late in the morning he awoke to the rattle of wagons in the alley below. For half a day his hurriedly dashed news stories had been on the street, and the city had read them either at breakfast or on the crowded cars. Tonight there would be something else to sweat over in order to furnish a front page feature, and by noon again the paper would be on pantry shelves and in the gutters.

Somehow, the details of the room impressed him more than usual as he let the window shade fly up with a clatter. The red wall paper, with its huge figures seemed more glaring, the carpet looked a bit more frayed, and the musty atmosphere of the place had a haunting odor. For a moment, Graham studied the accustomed environment, then suddenly sat upright in bed with a stare.

The girl was gone.

As he shaved, Graham mused uncomfortably concerning the entire episode, and the turn it had taken.

"Well," he commented between slashes of the razor, "it was my first experience with a woman anyhow—if that's any balm to my conscience. Poor kid! I never supposed I would become such a tyrant."

That night he tried to go to work again on the book. There was plenty of chance. The room was still and vacant—strangely so. The papers were all in place. There was no noise

at hand to bother just when his brain was struggling to turn a phrase.

For a long time he sat, the materials ready for his wits, but he only stared —stared at the room that was so empty. On the dresser his eye caught a glimpse of pink ribbon. Slowly he reached to clutch it in his fingers. It was something she had left in the hurried packing of her belongings. He still held the bit of silk when dawn crept through the windows; and the paper before him had not been scratched by a pen.

Night after night he tried to write, and dawn after dawn found the white paper without a line. Constantly he caught himself turning suddenly from the table to make sure that she was not watching him from the bed. One night he threw down his pen and rummaged over all his old girl photographs from a bureau drawer—girls he had known at home and at college—girls, he told himself, who might have helped him in his work.

But instead of distracting, the faces all appeared colorless.

The book—ah, yes, he must finish that. Some of the passages written way back in the days when his essays had been the pride of college professors were to be revised and incorporated. He was free, unhampered to complete the work.

He grew thinner as he struggled with the manuscript, with the almost unbearable heat of his morning sleeping hours telling him that the city was suffering another summer. It was in the midst of his newspaper assignments that he tried to find Inga. He ate at all the different restaurants, thinking that perhaps she had gone back to her work as a waitress, but he did not find her. He found himself reading his own paper, thinking that he might gain some clue. His eager inquiries carried him everywhere that he thought she might have found service.

That winter the boys kept reminding him at the office of how badly he looked. His listlessness brought rebukes from the profane city editor, and even the unsympathetic landlady at the rooming house offered her favorite prescription for a tonic.

One evening while Graham was lunching with Watson, the political writer, Watson suddenly glanced up from his plate to laugh reminiscently.

"By the way, Graham," he began. "I met an old boyhood friend of yours the other day: said he chummed with you in the little old home town and roomed with you at college.

"Walliams!" interjected Graham.

"He asked all about you," laughed Watson. "He said that as a kid in school you were the most sensitive proposition he had ever known—said your heart was like a baby's, and your sentimentalism was fierce. He could not believe me when I hastened to inform him that you were the coldest, most cruel, and most cynical man on the staff. I told him that you had probed so many heart wounds for stories that there wasn't a genuine throb of sympathy left in your system.

"I told him," continued Watson, "how you had forced suicides in their dying breaths to tell you how the poison felt, how you had always been the man chosen to break the news to the embezzler's wife in order to describe in detail how she bore up. I told him that you had covered every sort of a story that dealt with human anguish, and that you wrote the stuff with a cigarette in your mouth while you laughed over the risque jokes of the fellow across the room."

"I must have changed some in these ten years, then," quietly concluded Graham.

It was on a wild March night that he was sent out to interview a big banker at Cedar Heights. The car that he caught near the office was crowded, and he flung himself dispiritedly in a rear seat, turning up his coat collar that he might thus shut himself as much as possible from fellow passengers, and thus save his snapping nerves. It was still dusk when he landed in the suburb, and he noticed that in the touches of country there was a hint of another spring. Melted

snow was trickling in the gutters, and in the heavens could be heard the honk of north-bound geese.

In the midst of his melancholy musing caused by the season's memories and impressions, Graham reached the right house nnmber—a big place set well back in the dignity of spacious surroundings. Old Moneybags might not talk, he figured, but he would resort to all the old tactics of his craft, As he rang, the footsteps of the maid could be heard in the hall, and she stood indistinct in the twilight as the door opened.

"You—you——" came her cry in husky accusation.

"Inga!"

She was composed in an instant, and alertly warded off his eager approaches.

"My employer is gone," she explained coolly. "He has instructed me to tell the press that he has nothing whatever to say on the bank matter."

"But you!" Graham interrupted. "My God, how I've missed you; how I've hunted for you everywhere—everywhere! It was meant that we should meet again this way, just as it was meant that we should marry. I've paid for that selfish, miserable night, Inga."

"I've come to hate you," she answered carefully. "I want you to go."

For a moment they stood there in the darkened house, the emotion of their faces hidden. Then came the interruption of a small, far-off cry. The woman, hearing it, turned and hurried down the hall. Graham followed, and in the back bedroom he saw her bend over a tiny cot and gently lift a white bundle in her arms. It was some time before she looked up. When she did, there were tears on her cheeks.

"You haven't seen him," she apologized, lifting the cloth from the chubby face.

Crimson came to Graham's pale face. Then a great joy lit his tired eyes. Bending over the bundle, he pressed the tiny lips against his own. Then he turned to the mother; she did not resist.

From the window could be seen the streaked sky of the dying spring day, and for a moment they stood watching the changing horizon together.

"But your books," she faltered finally. "The things I would spoil again for you."

"Damn the books," he answered soberly. "We're going out somewhere where there will be a home of our own and a garden. And the boy—he's going to grow up to laugh and have rosy cheeks like his mother's."

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

BY HARRY COWELL

How much depends upon the point of view!
A pessimist saw mirrored in a lake
God's cloudless heavens. "My, but things look blue!"
He grumbled, gave his head a sorry shake.

An optimist, the while God's thunders shook
The earth, saw daggers gleam before his eyes:
His irresistible, "How bright things look!"
Disarmed Death's self, made smile the o'ercast skies.

DON ARTURO'S CLOSE CALL

BY FLORENCE E. BROOKS

THE CHANGE from blinding sunlight outside the Mission church to the deep gloom of its interior made Don Arturo wink stupidly, as he made his way toward the Senoritas de Moreno, kneeling with their duenna among the black robed worshipers. Standing with folded arms, he scarce let his eyes wander from the meekly bowed head of Dona Mercedes, draped in its black rebosa.

"Surely," he thought, "as she passes out I'll have at least a dazzling smile, revealing her little white teeth, and perhaps even a saucy glance from her downcast eyes."

At the sudden tap upon his arm, he turned quickly upon his bosom friend, Don Jose.

"Sh!" whispered the latter, observing Don Arturo about to whisper a protest to the interruption. "I've but a moment, Arturo—friends are waiting for me outside. I stopped to ask you to give this note to Dona Manuela. You can easily slip it into her hand."

"But why not you, Jose?"

"I'm off at once for the rancho."

For the life of him, Don Arturo could not entirely repress the smothered exclamation of annoyance. Would not complying with this request interfere somewhat with his own plans?

"Oh, well," he returned grudgingly, "give me the note, and if old Catalina catches me, remember, you take the blame."

"Of course," agreed Don Jose, handing it to him, "and I wish you all success with your own senorita."

Don Jose had hardly disappeared when there was a commotion among the worshipers, and Don Arturo, seeing that mass was over, went outside.

Placing the note in the hands of Dona Manuela proved no easy task, for the duenna kept grim watch over her charges. At last he succeeded, not, however, without the jealous eyes of her cousin detecting the act.

Don Arturo tried to conciliate her by whispering: "The rose nestling in your hair, Senorita, is very beautiful."

"But it is not for such as you, Senor," she snapped, with a wilful toss of her pretty head.

"Here, then, Senor, is another just as beautiful. Wear it for me," suggested Dona Manuela.

Sweeping his sombrero to the ground in graceful obeisance, Don Arturo accepted the flower, and placed it upon the breast of his short black velvet jacket. Covertly watching Dona Mercedes turn and join the duenna, he noted the red blood flame hotly beneath the pale olive of her cheek, and thought: "There, now, it's just as I knew it would be. Because of Jose's love letter to the cousin, there'll be nothing but trouble for me. I must make my peace with Mercedes as quickly as possible.

He rode to the rancho late that afternoon. In the patio he tied his horse and seated himself upon the edge of the corridor upon which Dona Mercedes and the Senora Clara were working in a desultory manner upon the inevitable lace work.

Throwing him a cool nod, Dona Mercedes laid aside the altar cloth she was engaged upon, and, picking up her guitar, began strumming it and humming softly to herself. Her manner implied that, for her, at least, Don Arturo did not exist.

Watching her, he smoked one after another of those little black cigarretos, and inwardly cursed unkind fate

for placing him in such an equivocal position. If only the Senora Clara would leave them alone together but a moment he would explain all to Mercedes, it being quite evident that Senorita Manuela had not done so.

It was some time, however, before the Senora bustled off about her work, and Don Arturo, throwing aside his cigaretto, approached Dona Mercedes.

"Why do you spurn me, Senorita," he began. "It is as if you do not wish to see me. Is it because of that letter I——"

"Surely not. That is of no interest to me."

She shrugged her shoulders, but did not raise her eyes.

For a moment only Don Arturo was nonplussed; then he tried to take her hand. Like a flash it shot upward, boxing his ear. A flush suffused his face, but before he could speak she turned upon him in a fury.

"No, Senor, never again shall you kiss my hand; for that there are others more deserving."

And rising hastily, she entered the house, leaving him to take his departure.

His mind was occupied with bitter thoughts as he rode through the dusk along the quiet road. He awoke to find himself suddenly surrounded by a party of horsemen who, despite his strong resistance, overpowered him. Fastening his arms behind his back, they forced him to ride with them.

A couple of hours later the party stopped before a deserted two-room adobe hut, and, dismounting, dragged Don Arturo within. Thrusting him upon the bare, earthern floor of the inner room, they proceeded to carouse in the outer one. Looking through the doorway, he saw them seat themselves about an upturned cask. In the center of this improvised table they placed a bottle in which was stuck a candle-end, and Don Arturo noted with scarce comprehending eyes that it leaned tipsily, its grease running down the bottle neck. Scattered upon the top of the cask were playing cards and empty bottles, while other bottles containing aguariente passed from hand to hand among the company.

A youth with sombrero pushed well back upon his head was in the act of draining one.

"Malediction!" he stormed, flinging the empty bottle through the doorway, and barely missing Don Arturo; "it's always my luck to get the last draining."

"But you are first with the girls, Manuel," condoled another, wtih a wink.

"Oh, the girls! How about yourself?" retorted the youth. "Didn't I see you snatch the little Mercedes from under her duenna's eyes one day after mass? And that, too, when Arturo stood waiting. They say she is all but promised to him."

Don Arturo winced, but held his breath as Ramon de Moreno cried with sudden fury:

"Never will I allow my cousin to wed with him. It is for that—and other matters—I've brought him here to-night. You will see."

"Here's to the fair Mercedes!" shouted an inebriate, knocking his empty bottle against another's full one.

"You've had enough," growled de Moreno. "Soon there'll be none sober enough to advise with me about Arturo."

"Give him a short shrift, then, Ramon. Remember he left our company, and holds himself too good for us."

"All in good time, boys," promised de Moreno. "And don't forget I settle with him first."

"So that's the way the wind blows! I thought you seemed over-anxious to get him," sneered another young man.

As Don Arturo lay watching and listening, he suddenly raised his head and looked about the dark little room in search of a window. Evidently his only hope lay in the fact that his captors were fast drinking themselves into a state of slumber; that is, all but de Moreno, who remained alertly on watch.

"The fellow's a fiend," thought Don Arturo, watching his captor.

It was well past midnight when de Moreno went to the outer door and looked at the sky. Turning back, he deliberately kicked one of the sleepers.

The man grunted and again sank into sleep. Once more de Moreno kicked him several times, this time with no gentle foot.

"Por Dios!" complained the disturbed sleeper. "Quit!"

"Get up and help me, Joaquin."

"Parque?" grunted the other, sleepily.

"To help me put Arturo upon a horse."

Being securely bound, Don Arturo was helpless to protest. "Tell the boys to wait here for me, Joaquin. I'll not be long."

"Joaquin Morales," cried Don Arturo, as the man turned away, "you used to be my friend; surely you'll not stand by and see me murdered?"

Morales wavered, then turned to de Moreno.

"You intend him no harm, Ramon? You'll not kill him?"

"No; I'll teach him a lesson not to play fast and loose with my cousin, Mercedes."

"You know, Arturo," reminded Morales, "when we elected Ramon our leader, we agreed to obey him blindly. He has given his word not to take your life."

"His word!" scoffed Don Arturo; "what's it worth?"

"I'll show you," cried de Moreno, angrily.

Snatching the bridle of Don Arturo's horse, he sprang upon his own mount and started away. Riding slowly for two hours, they found themselves upon the beach.

"He intends leaving me in some quicksand," thought Don Arturo.

But passing one after another of the evil places, his spirits rose.

"Perhaps after all I'll have a chance to fight for my life."

Back in the hut he had discovered the futility of struggling with his bonds. The rope holding his wrists crossed behind his back, cut deeply into the flesh and bound him to the saddle.

The moon had set, but a cold, white starlight lighted the sky when they arrived at a point of land projecting into the sea. Here the rocky coast was perforated by many caves, to the extreme end of some of which high tide penetrated. At the mouth of one of these latter, de Moreno stopped, sprang from his horse, and soon had the bound Don Arturo on the sand.

"Free my hands and return my knife," demanded the prisoner, "and we'll soon settle this quarrel, or are you too cowardly to give me a chance for my life?"

"Wait. I'll show you," promised de Moreno, with a wicked chuckle. "Let me tell you, Senor, never shall my cousin wed you. Sooner would I put a knife in her heart—and in yours."

"Neither will she wed you," sneered Don Arturo. "Father Tomaso will not allow it, and that you know well."

"Will you come along now, or shall I assist you?"

"Assistance be hanged!—and you also for a cutthroat! Oh, had I but half a chance with you!"

"It's a pity I don't slit that tongue of yours," cried de Moreno, with an oath.

After a struggle he succeeded in dragging Don Arturo inside the cave, where, again binding his ankles together, he left him to his fate.

A few hours later faint daylight crept through the cave opening, and Don Arturo saw he was lying at the extreme inner end. From the opening the ground sloped gradually upward till reaching the roof at the far end. Evidently de Moreno hoped at high tide to drown him like a rat in a trap.

Don Arturo realized that the water would creep slowly but surely upon him. Even at that moment it was inside the entrance, and he knew the cave would be filled at high tide, because just over his head were barnacles and other sea creatures clinging to the rocks.

For a time he was numb with horror; then he resumed his struggles, gritting

his teeth with pain as the rope cut into the raw flesh. But his struggles were unavailing.

"It will only prolong my misery," he thought bitterly. "Better for me to roll face downward in the water and end all at once." But the instinct of self-preservation made him hesitate. "I'll wait till the water reaches my feet; then I'll do it," he decided.

Rolling upon an elbow, he watched the waves with fascinated eyes. He counted them, noting that the ninth, like an uneasy serpent, slipped far into the cave. It greedily lapped the rocky floor till it covered an abalone shell, and the creature within slowly opened and thirstily drank the sea water.

"To it the rising flood brings life; to me, death," bitterly speculated Don Arturo.

Soon the abalone shell was covered by each successive wave, and the water had climbed up a third of the cave's entrance.

"How fast my time is slipping away!" thought Don Arturo.

At last a wave more venturesome than its fellows touched his feet, bringing to him a fresh realization of his approaching last moment, and he struggled desperately to free his hands from the ropes.

At that instant a voice called faintly: "Arturo, oh, Arturo, are you there?"

"Yes, yes," he returned quickly.

"Oh," cried Dona Mercedes, wading through waves that nearly swept her from her feet, and falling upon her knees beside him, "if I had dreamed my cousin Ramon could be such a fiend I'd never have told him about that letter. And if I hadn't heard him talking at his window after midnight with Joaquin Morales, I'd never have known of your danger. I took Ramon's horse and came at once, for I was resolved it should not be on my account that he robbed Manuela of her lover."

The cords being cut, Don Arturo struggled to his feet, and she found his arms about her.

"I Manuela's lover!" he cried. "No, thine, my Mercedes. It is thee I love. Surely thou must have known it."

"Oh," she faltered, her great, dark eyes glowing with love. "And I thought Manuela was thy choice."

A huge wave rolled itself out half way to the end of the cavern.

"See!" cried the girl, pointing; "they will swallow us. Come, come quickly."

"Hand in hand, then, Mercedes mia. Together we will brave the waves—and life," returned Don Arturo.

TO A SEA SHELL

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Out on the wave-washed sand I lifted you,
O pearly-tinted palace called a shell,
And hearken to strange sounds that in you dwell
The same to-day as when the world was new.
I heard the whispered words of love found true;
I heard the crooning of the moon-kissed swell,
The far sweet tinkle of a fairy bell,
And laughter of a child-god in the dew.
Yet, strange, a moment after came the moan
Of weary waters spent with passions strong,
And sounds of strife, then guarded whispering.
O sea shell on the long white sands alone,
You house the echoes of a world-old song
That I have dreamed yet know not how to sing.

THE COWBOY

BY KING KELLY

A SADDLE, a bridle and a lariat rope were Ike Wenn's tools of trade. The saddle had been his pillow for thirty years past. His head was on it now as he stared up at the prairie of stars.

"I tell you, Ike, we can 'stick up' that train and be back into the Smoky Buttes by daylight. Then when the excitement has had time to cool, we'll move south cautiously into Wyoming. We'll buy out those homesteaders between the Big Horn River and Shell Creek, and start a cattle ranch. With the streams for fences and the mountains on the east that are too rough ever to bring sheep over we can end our days in peace and plenty."

This was the substance of a proposition Ike's two partners had advanced to him off and on for the last two months. As usual, one lay on each side of him several rods from the remainder of the riders. Emmett Berry presented most of the arguments, Sandy only affirming or adding to.

They were in the last night camp of the greatest cattle round-up Montana would ever see. All summer the Diamond outfit had scoured the east-central part of the State for strays. The Missouri on the north, the Yellowstone on the east and south, the Mussel-shell and Porcupine Rivers on the west, had always been the natural boundaries of a common range they shared.

With forty of the best riders that could be secured, they had made a clean sweep of the coulees and sagebrush hills of this vast region. And now a herd of many thousand wild-eyed critters pawed and bawled on a flat in Red Water basin.

It was late in the fall, frost was gathering on the cured grass and the cowboys slept under an added blanket. The round-up was over. Only a few more days of cutting out cows and young stock, then the beef cattle would be swum across the Missouri, loaded and sent to Eastern markets. Only a part of the band of riders was necessary for this. Ike and his two partners were among those who proposed to roll their beds.

"I tell you, Ike, it can be done," Emmett insisted in low, earnest tones.

"Of course it can be done," Ike readily agreed; "it's the getting away part that bothers me."

"Don't we know every foot of the ground between here and the Big Horn country?" his partner reminded him.

"Yes, but remember that telephones and telegraphs now encircle this country, and the electric spark travels faster than the fleetest horse."

"We know the water holes and can stand off a regiment if it comes to a show-down."

"The West isn't what it used to be, Emmett. There's a new, unimaginative breed of beings here now raising alfalfa and children, whose ideas of right and wrong were obtained from the family story paper, and are not very elastic. They all have a rusty old shotgun somewhere about the house which they are ready to use on occasions with the courage of a fanatic."

"You're not afraid, Ike: I know you too well for that. You ain't afraid of nobody's gun."

"No, you're right. I ain't afraid of guns. It's the reward, that goes on and on to tempt the budding Hawk-

shaws while the outlaw sleeps and dreams that he has been forgotten and is safe. That's the most dangerous time of all. He gets careless, off his guard and easily trapped. A short proceedings in the court and he finds himself behind stone and steel, sighing for the old hills and streams, and whispering to the unresponsive silence of his cell: 'If I had known! If I had only known!'"

"Suppose we should get away to the Big Horn country with a sack of money, and buy those small ranchers out. The first thing some meddling neighbor would ask himself was where we got the money. Any amateur could figure out that cowboys did the job. What is more natural than that they should search in that kind of a place?

"The neighbor utters his suspicions. Then some stranger appears mysteriously, claims to be a prospector or something else, and tries to act natural. Then comes the anxious, watchful time when the outlaw tosses nervously in his blankets or raises up stealthily as the night wind makes sounds like humans. He goes to town no more. His caution confirms suspicion. He is harassed from all sides. In the end, he takes to the hills for safety. Should he become tired of hiding and enter some small town, a constable, from a half-hidden vantage, will draw a card from his pocket, study the stranger and then the description on the card, until back to the hills seems most in order. Should he tarry, a few are killed, he is wounded, clings to the horn of his saddle until his panting and staggering cayuse reaches the mountains, and drops heavily to the ground. His horse crops the grass nearby for a while, then stands with lowered head above him until he dies.

"Have I not seen men come into the hills with a bullet in their flesh? Do I not know the end of a notorious bandit whom the people think alive and planning more mischief. No, boys, you had better go with me to South America. There's plenty of room there. It's the best way, I think, to still the cry for the freedom of mountains and plains.

"No, by God!" and Emmett's voice arose above the point of caution. "These hills and streams and basins are mine. I rode in them when these chicken ranchers were raising corn and hogs along the Mississippi, and I'll die in them. Jean Berry is asleep between the Shell and the Big Horn River in old Wyoming, and no sheep will ever bite down the grass over her grave or taint the waters of Shell Creek. Don't matter that she'll never know it. I know it, and that's enough. She hated a 'woollyback,' and so do I. I'm going to buy that ground.

"You say the cards are stacked against us. Then I'll slip a 'cold deck' in on them. It's going to happen, Ike, and we want you to go in. You're the coolest man that ever struck these parts, and we want you. It's our only show to git back some space. Let others compromise with these people that introduced the penny and the pencil, if they want to. There'll never be any more round-ups, except kid affairs, lasting two or three weeks and extendin' over a good-sized pasture field. We're too old to go off to a far place where they take the south side of a tree to be in the shade. For me, it's freedom or the ground. If you make up your mind to go, meet Sandy and me at the mouth of Lone Tree Creek a week from to-night. Everything'll be ready. For it's going to happen, Ike. I ain't a-goin' to bow to trade, quit the country and let the sheep run over the graves of my dead, for nobody."

And Ike knew that it was going to happen. For these were not prattling children, but strong, determined men whose respective ages could not be far from fifty. He was forty himself, and had dwelt always among their kind. Their decisions were as rock. It took more than a play of words to turn them.

Soon the heavy breathing of his partners told Ike they were asleep. He lay with open eyes staring at the

heavens, for this would be his last night to lie with saddle under his head on the bunchgrass hills of Montana, and read over old pages in the glow of the stars. He wanted to lie awake and woo the spirit of space that motioned him toward Argentina.

Up from the Red Water Flat came the voice of a night rider, singing as he rode to quiet the cattle, lest they become frightened at the silence and run until weariness had overcome their fear. When he had finished some modern air, another rider struck up "The Lone Star Trail." Another followed with "Sam Bass," and a fourth gave out "The Ring My Mother Wore," and so on, each cowboy giving vent to his own mood in verses gay or sad.

It was good to hear them singing, these men who had courted the broad, vast stretches of the Great Plains. For all that remained of it for them was memory and a song. They had clung to the freedom of the saddle with no more foresight than a child. They dreamed that it would always be; and when brought up between two fences, turned like a tiger to rend some one.

Several had made up their minds to cross the Equator to the unfenced land of Argentina. And, in imagination, Ike could hear them joining their voices in "The Lone Star Trail" under a new field of stars.

"Come and get it!" rang out from the chuck-wagon in the hollow.

Daylight had come, the coyotes were wailing lustily in the frosty morning, but not until the cook broke in on him did the cowboy awake from his open-eyed revery of what had been.

Ten days later, Ike checked his riding outfit and boarded a West-bound train to go to New York by the way of Ogden. Sitting alone in the back end of a day coach, he watched the familiar hills drop behind and listened to the passengers making unsophisticated remarks about wild life in the West as they lolled on the cushions.

The only one who interested him much was the newsboy. This lad was certainly onto his job, and knew who to offer "Ten Years a Cowboy," and so forth, now that the stations were few and far between and the lonesomeness of night was falling over the rolling, sagebrush hills. He seemed to know at a glance just who would want to read about the daring escapes of "bad" men.

Of a sudden the train slowed abruptly. Many sat up quickly, with ears strained as though for a warning shot. They seemed to think it but natural that a train should be held-up every day. And one fellow, in a spirit of bravado, said he wished it would so that he might know how it felt.

His wish was gratified almost as soon as it was spoken. The train came to a stop with a lurch, and the tell-tale shots rang out, so fast and almost simultaneously that it seemed as though a dozen might be shooting. And Ike realized that he had failed to avoid being on the train he wanted so much to miss. They had probably waited in hopes that he might show up.

The initial shots produced a transformation in the coach. A couple of the more timid women began to shriek. Those who had been wishing for such an occurrence, now exhibited uncertainty: to judge from their faces, they felt different than they ever had before. The novice, who had been reading "Life on the Plains," apparently felt no longer the call to a wilder life. Nearly all stooped low in their seats lest a stray bullet should wander through the window: some grasped their pocket-books to be ready to give them up should any one ask for them, while others secreted their valuables. Outside in the dusk ahead, they knew that an interesting scene was being played, with men's lives depending on their coolness.

The conductor alone seemed unperturbed. He walked slowly up and down the aisle as though it were not within his line of duty to go outside and get killed: that things would come out alright in the end.

"Keep your head inside, if you don't want to lose some of it," he nonchalantly warned a fellow who had raised a window and was about to look out.

A few moments' lull in the fusillade followed, then a crash of dynamite rocked the coach. After a period of silence a few more shots rang out, then all was still, and every one breathed more freely.

Ike looked out into the deepening twilight. Two horsemen were riding out of a ravine a gunshot away. It seemed to him a careless thing to do. Why could they not as well keep on down the ravine and be out of sight? They must be drunk with success, he thought, to take those chances. Some one fired from the front end of the train.

The shot found its mark. Emmett Berry grasped the horn as he lurched in his saddle. Sandy grabbed him by the shoulder to hold him on while they dashed down into the ravine.

Ike wished that he had not looked. It was a dispiriting sight to see an old partner fall forward onto the pommel of his saddle and not be able to afford him any help. It was harder still, to think of them trying to fight their way back into the mountains.

The train moved on. The darkness thickened about the windows and shut from sight the rolling hills. Ike slid low in the seat to hide his feelings. For the vision rose before him of two graves, miles apart, and the hated sheep cropping the grass above them both.

THE SEA'S CALL

BY WILL F. GRIFFIN

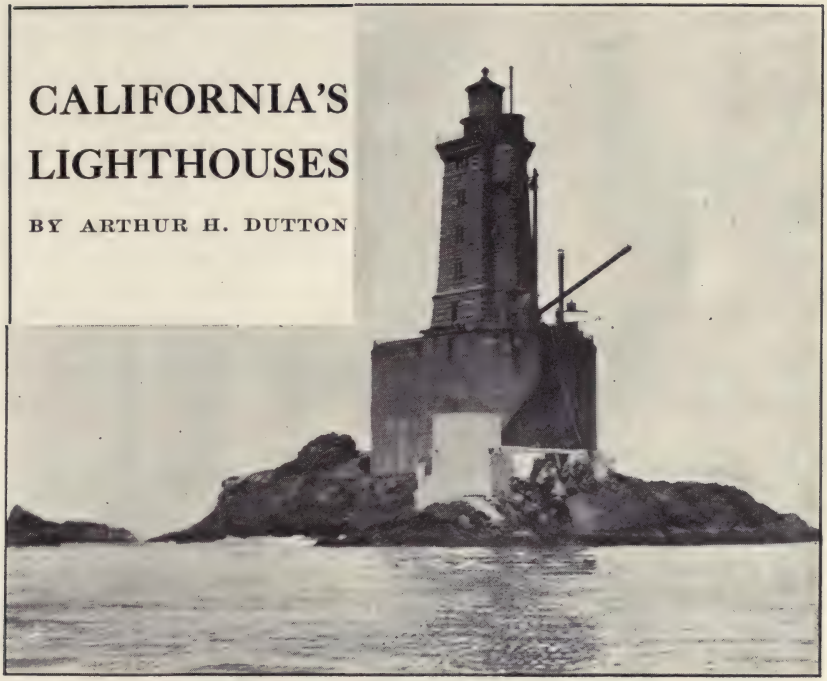
I have come from the sound of the ocean,
Where snowy gulls circle and swing,
And the spray dashes high on the gaunt, bare rocks,
And the sea voices weirdly sing;
Where the waves in their madness are moaning,
And seething o'er reef and o'er bar,
And the rim of the distant horizon tells
Of the lands where the sea riches are.

I can hear, in the stillness of midnight,
The kiss of the waves on the sands—
I can smell the spiced breezes that softly are blown
To my nostrils from tropical lands.
And ever the gulls of the ocean
Are soaring, with plaintive, low cry,
Of isles where the night winds are sighing thro' palms,
And the Cross twinkles low in the sky.

And my heart to the calling has listened,
It has harked to the ocean's lure;
And I must return to its throb and strife,
Whatever I must endure.
For the waves in their madness are moaning
And seething o'er reef and o'er bar,
And the rim of the distant horizon tells
Of the lands where the sea riches are!

CALIFORNIA'S LIGHTHOUSES

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON



St. George's Reef Lighthouse on the far northern California coast.

WITHIN the past year, the betterments in California's system of lighthouses and other aids to navigation have been so extensive as to be almost revolutionary. Not only in quantity, but in quality, these aids have undergone more improvements since January 1, 1911, than in the preceding quarter of a century.

The neglect of the coast of California in this respect in past years has been a by-word among mariners. While the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and even the coasts of Oregon and Washington, have been provided with admirable systems of lights and buoys, beacons and fog signals, California, despite her long seaboard, has exposed the navigator to many hazards, and all on account of the favoritism shown the East by the authorities in Washington. From Eastport, Me., almost to Galveston, Texas, the coastwise navigator may make his voyages without leaving the illuminated arc of some lighthouse. Every outlying rock, reef and other danger in that vast distance is distinctly marked with buoy, beacon or "red sector" from a lighthouse.

California, on the other hand, until this year, has had long stretches of coast unlighted, unprovided with fog signals, and with dangerous rocks, right in the path of navigation, bearing no warning whatever to the navigator.

This is now all changed, and at the present time California has an admirable system of lights and buoys. Best of all, these are of latest pattern, and navigators skirting or approaching the coast of the Golden State have their work made easier and their dangers immensely lessened.

To Commander W. A. Moffett, U. S. Navy, the present efficient inspector of the Eighteenth Lighthouse District, which includes the whole California

coast and its tributary waters, this change of conditions is mainly due. Within the year that he has been in his office, he has accomplished more than most of his predecessors combined.

Yet there is another factor in the improvement that should not be overlooked. The administration of the lighthouse establishment has undergone radical change within the past two years. Formerly, the establishment was governed by a central body in Washington, called the Lighthouse Board, the members of which, civilians, Army and Navy officers, were appointed by the President, and were factory. Neither was superior to the other; often there was conflict. Besides, however capable the Army officers were as engineers, they knew little of maritime affairs, little of the needs of navigation. While they built and repaired the lighthouses, the inspectors superintended their operation, and things were rarely harmonious in any way.

Beginning July 1, 1910, the Army engineers were withdrawn, leaving the inspector—a naval officer and practical navigator—in supreme charge of his district. The beneficial results of this arrangement were at once apparent. Everything was up to the inspec-



Farallon Island, on the approach to San Francisco Bay.

under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department. Two years ago, Congress abolished the Lighthouse Board and transferred the lighthouse establishment to the Department of Commerce and Labor, in which was established the Bureau of Lighthouses, which is the present central body for the whole country.

During the old regime, each of the several lighthouse districts into which the country is divided had two supervising officers—an inspector, who was a naval officer, and an engineer, who was an army officer. This dual arrangement was never wholly satistor, and his ideas were carried out without obstruction.

From the time that he found himself in charge of the Eighteenth Lighthouse District, Commander Moffett got busy. Since then he has bombarded the Bureau of Lighthouses with his recommendations, nearly all of which have been approved, with the result that the whole aspect of California's lighthouse system has been changed for the better.

One of the first and most important things done was the increasing of the power of the lights. At such important points as Points. Cabrillo,

Arena, Reyes, Bonita, Pinos, Hueneme, Loma and others, the candle-power of the lights has been increased seven-fold. The meaning of this to the navigator approaching from a distance calls for no explanation.

Next came a more radical change. It was the abolition of all so-called "fixed" lights: that is to say, lights that burned steadily, hour after hour, without change in intensity or color. These have given trouble for years, as they were so often mistaken, not only for each other, but for shore lights. Often, in explaining the loss of his ship, a shipmaster has said that he mistook a locomotive or city light on shore for a certain fixed light. Many disasters arose from this mistake, which was often excusable, especially after a navigator was uncertain as to his exact position, after a spell of foggy or thick weather.

Abolition of the fixed light removed this trouble. Now each light formerly fixed is "occulting;" that is, it is fixed for varying periods, and "occulted," or dark, for others. By this means, each light possesses its own unmistakable characteristics. It cannot be confused with another.

Among the former fixed lights which are occulting are those at Table Bluff, Point Bonita, Mile Rock, Lime Point, Point Montara, Ano Nuevo, Point Pines and others. No navigator in possession of his ordinary faculties can now mistake any of these for another, or mistake any shore light for one of them.

Meanwhile, a great many highly dangerous points and outlying reefs and rocks, hitherto unmarked, have been provided with warning signals, in order that the mariner may avoid them. For years, coastwise navigators have complained that Anacapa Island, at the southwest entrance to Santa Barbara Channel, was unlighted. It was a dangerous place. Commander Moffett has remedied the difficulty by placing upon the end of Anacapa an acetylene eclipsing light, visible eighteen miles, so that now navigators, coming up the coast, may make out the end of Anacapa Island without difficulty.



Point Bonita Lighthouse at the Golden Gate, San Francisco.

A new station has also been placed on Punta Gorda, on the northern coast. This point is a prominent one, and the fact that it was always unmarked in the past was as astonishing as it was annoying. Commander Moffett has had placed on Punta Gorda a flashing white light, with a modern fog signal.

Off the coast of Southern California

are several very dangerous outlying rocks, such as Richardson Rock, which threatened every vessel passing nearby. Upon Richardson Rock has been placed an acetylene gas eclipsing light, visible eighteen miles, similar to that on Anacapa.

Another outlying danger long neglected was Bishop's Rock, near Cortes Bank, off the coast of Lower California. To care for this danger presented problems. The rock is about 100 miles out to sea in the first place, and in the second, it is directly west of Mexican territory, not of American. However, Commander Moffett made no bones of the matter, but summarily annexed



Lightship "San Francisco," No. 70, stationed off the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

the rock and placed upon it a lighted whistling buoy, so that mariners now approaching it are warned by day and by night, in clear weather and in fog.

The number of new buoys placed in the Eighteenth District during the past year is great. Such important spots as the dangerous places off Port San Luis, Point Vincente, Fort Ross, and other places, and in the rivers and channels inland, have been furnished with additional buoys, many of them whistling and some lighted.

In a word, California is now approaching somewhat the degree of equipment long enjoyed by the Atlantic States and by Oregon and Washington during recent years.

The Eighteenth Lighthouse District is a large one, as it takes in the whole of California. It has fifteen primary lighthouses, of the greatest power, some visible nearly 30 miles at sea; twelve secondary lighthouses, of power and visibility not much below those of the primary lights, and several hundred channel lights. Besides, there are two lightships, one moored off San Francisco channel entrance and the other off Blunt's reef. There are myriads of buoys of every type—bell, whistling, lighted, can, nun and spar; some mark the right and left sides of the channels, others the middles of the channels, others obstructions or other dangers.

To care for these many aids to navigation, the inspector has at his disposal two lighthouse tenders, as they are called, the Madrono and the Sequoia, little steamers, compactly built and provided with means for taking up or placing buoys, and communicating with lighthouses even in boisterous weather, for it is one of the duties of the tenders to carry supplies to the lighthouses along the coast, some of which are in remote and dangerous spots. For instance, that on

St. George's Reef is one of the most exposed, being on a mass of bleak rocks some distance off shore. During a heavy storm, communication with this is impossible, and even under ordinary circumstances it is often necessary to carry passengers and freight to and fro over a trolley suspended between the rock and the ship.

Each lighthouse has its keeper and assistant keeper, and sometimes a second assistant keeper is provided, for it is a cardinal rule of the lighthouse establishment that, come what will, the lights must be kept burning, the fog signal sounding. Men in the establishment are under civil service rules, and only the most reliable are accepted for the responsible positions of keepers and assistant keepers. Those on the lightships lead monotonous lives, pitching and tossing, day after day, night after night, in fair weather and foul, and "always on the station," as the motto of the service puts it. Should mishap befall the lightship, there is always a relief lightship at the lighthouse depot at Yerba Buena Island, San Francisco Bay, to take her place while repairs are being made. Each lightship has her own engines, and can proceed to port when in distress, but never does one leave its station until the relief lightship has arrived to take her place.

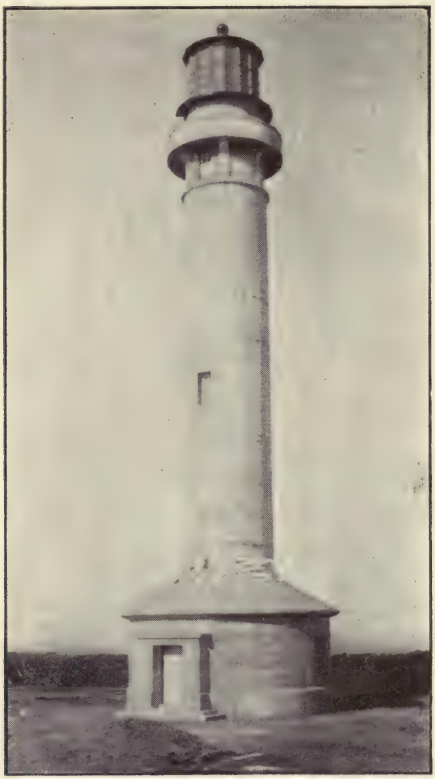
The discipline in the personnel of the lighthouse establishment is as strict as that in the Navy. Sobriety is one of the prime requirements of every employee. There is an *esprit de corps* among the men unsurpassed by that in a military body. Each lighthouse is as neat and tidy as a man-of-war in commission. The apparatus about the lights and fog signals is always in perfect condition, being cared for daily, almost hourly.



Mile Rock Lighthouse, just outside the Golden Gate.

Lightkeepers are allowed to have their families with them, and they have many comforts in the way of quarters, gardens and other home attractions. The utter loneliness of many of the remote stations calls for relief, and this is furnished by the Bureau of Lighthouses to the utmost reasonable extent.

Often a lightkeeper will remain for years at one station, but changes are



Point Arena Lighthouse on the upper California coast.

not infrequent, a keeper or an assistant keeper being shifted, as circumstances may justify, from one station to another.

The improvements made in the California lighthouse system during the past year have been effected out of the regular appropriation for the fiscal year, no extraordinary appropriation having been made for any special purpose. When the inspector thinks a change is desirable, he makes his recommendation in writing to the bureau in Washington, giving his reasons therefor. The bureau examines his recommendations, and, if they are approved, as they usually have been in Commander Moffett's case, the change is authorized. The inspector then has the improvements made and the bills, with proper vouchers, are sent to Washington, where they are paid, the amounts being charged to the allotment of the district.

But even greater improvements are contemplated on the California coast; improvements that call for special appropriations, for which Congress has been asked.

New lighthouses, of elaborate character, have been asked of Congress by the Department of Commerce and Labor; for example, a large station at Anacapa, instead of the present simple one instituted by Commander Moffett. For the new station, $100,000 has been asked. A large lighthouse for Richardson's Rock, instead of the recently installed acetylene light, is asked, at a cost of $140,000, and a station at North Farallon Island, off the Golden Gate, at a cost of $100,000.

When it is considered that the



Point Reyes lantern light, north of the Golden Gate.

safety of navigation of increasing volume depends upon an efficient lighthouse establishment, it may readily be appreciated that these expenditures are trifling. The loss of one ocean steamer might mean the loss of millions of dollars, not to mention the loss of human life. The list of wrecks along the California coast is long, and many of them might have been averted if the coast had been provided with more and better aids to navigation. Fog is prevalent in this region, and good fog signals are imperative. So, too, numerous lights are needed, such as have been provided on the Atlantic coast. Indeed, owing to the deep water that is carried close to shore along the California coast, lights are even more necessary than in the East, where shoal water extends far out to sea, and a navigator may feel his way by taking soundings, which he cannot do in the West, in most cases, until close to danger.

With the advent of the Panama Canal, opening, with its great stimulus to Pacific Ocean commerce, the importance of adequate lighting and buoying of California waters cannot be overestimated. The need for greater attention to the Pacific Coast seems at last to be appreciated in Washington, and the niggardliness with which aids to navigation have been provided for the West in the past seems now at an end.

California at last has a fine lighthouse system, and it is being steadily improved, for which all navigators are offering up their thanks.

THE DEATH OF LOVE

BY OLIVE BENSON

Oh, Love, it is a frailer thing
Than the golden bloom on a butterfly's wing—
When once the tender film is brushed away
What mortal hand can haply stay
The breath of Death? Not mine nor thine;
It falls to earth, and slowly dies—
Poor butterfly!—that soared so high,
Nor dreamed that it could ever die.

Oh, Love—it stays with us as long
As the echoes of the skylark's song;
When melody is sweetest, then
It pours no more in hearts of men—
Dropping from heaven unto earth
It finds within the soul re-birth..
The skylark's soaring voice is mute,
But echoes on the heart's sad lute
Stir faintly—wearily they thrill,
Although the skylark's song is hushed and still.

LIFE

BY MRS. C. L. FLAKE

NATURE HOLDS for each of us all that we need to make us useful and happy, but she requires us to labor and wait for all we get. Thus in the grand aim in life, if some worthy purpose be kept in view we will unconsciously, perhaps, reach the goal of our ambition. We will receive all sorts of excellent advice, but you must do your own deciding. You have to take care of yourself in this world, and you may as well have your own way of doing it.

Energy, to reach its highest development, must be controlled by wisdom. It is energy that makes the difference in men. To talk beautifully is one thing, but to act with promptitude when the time of action has fully come is far superior to the former as the brilliant sunlight surpasses the moon. It is well to make our movements only with caution, but when we see a chance we must at once improve it, or it is gone. Decision of mind, like vigor of the body, is a gift of God. Intellectual training is to be prized, but practical knowledge is necessary to make it available.

There is a certain monotony in daily life. We see not in life the end of human actions. The tongue of prudence knows when to speak and when to be silent. It dares to say all that needs to be said, but it does not tell all it knows. Life without love—oh, it would be a world without sun. Love is an actual need, an urgent requirement of the heart every human being looks forward to happiness and content, feels a necessity of loving. Without it, life is unfinished, and hope is without aim. Nature is defective, and man miserable. Love is the whole nature wrapped up in one desire. It is the sun of life. Love, it has been said, is folly, but in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness, is but a proof of moral excellence. No man and no woman can be regarded as complete in their experience of life until they have been subdued into union with the world through their affections. As woman is not woman until she has known love, neither is man a complete man. Both are requisite to each other's completeness. True love, in a manner, elevates the intellect. All love renders wise in a degree, and the most gifted minds the truest lovers. The love of woman is a stronger power and a sweeter thing than that of man. They cannot be judged by the same rules. Man's nature leads him forth into the struggles of the great world, but a woman's whole life is affection. The heart is her world. It is stronger because she sacrifices more. The love of a pure woman has brightened some of the darkest scenes in the world's history. Who can estimate the value of a woman's affections? It is difficult to know just when love begins. The bosom which does not feel love is cold. The mind which does not conceive it is dull. All that happens in the world is brought about by hope. It matters not that it generally paves the way to disappointment. Used as prudence, it acts as a healthful tonic.

Human life has not a surer friend nor many times a greater enemy than hope. How many would die if not sustained by hope? Many of our plans must be defeated for our own good. There is always a great sadness in the dying of a great hope. It is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Hope is the

last thing that dieth in man. There are so many humiliations in this world. The secret is to rise above them and grasp some pleasing hope. We need the comforting promise of the heart. It will give strength and courage. The way of the world is dark enough even to the most favored ones. Why not, then, gather all the happiness out of life that we can get? Life is made up of joys and sorrows. Knowledge and sorrows are blended together. Life all sunshine without shade, all pleasure without pain, is not human life.

The simplest and most obvious use of sorrow is to remind us of God. In sorrow we love and trust our friends most tenderly. Disappointments seem to be the lot of man. It is well for us that the future is veiled from our eyes. The purest lives are sometimes those that are the fullest of disappointments. It has never happened since the beginning of the world, nor never will for man to have all things according to his desires. Time is the great consoler of the world, even as much as he heals our sorrows and trials. Despair follows immoderate hope, but time in tearing to pieces our most cherished hopes and brightest dreams which turn and disappear with the passage of years.

There are very many dark hours that mark



"Life grows darker, till at last only one pure light is left shining upon it, and that is Faith."

the history of the brightest years —but we have bright days to come to offset the dark ones. Time may effect a change, death breaks the monotony. We have all seen the sun thrust from behind the clouds and light up a storm-swept landscape; even so when the hand of misfortune has darkened our brightest hopes and swept away our dreams of future happiness, has some unseen monitor inspired our drooping spirit with hope and bid us struggle on, and as we look forward into the future, fancy points us to a brighter day's dawning, and thus we are ever beckoned on.

Life is a warfare. There is but one way of looking at fate; whatever that may be, whether sunshine or clouds, we must not lose heart, for it will be all the worse for both ourselves and those we love. Even when the soul is bowed down with the weight of its sorrow, even then some faint glimmering of a happier future steals upon us like a rainbow of light. Do not, then, allow yourself to sink into despondency: man is born a hero.

Life grows darker as we go on till only one pure light is left shining on it, and that is faith. Old age, like solitude and sorrow, has its revelations. In the darkest night, faith sees a star. Faith and confidence are on synonymous terms.

Human life: what is it? It is vapor gilded by a sunbeam, the reflection of heaven in the waters of the earth.

MOONRISE

BY IRENE BURCH

The rich, bejeweled garden lay
 Veiled in the dimness cool and fair;
One sat beside me on the stone
 With hidden gems about her hair.

Joy and still gladness held my heart,
 Nor any cloud did cross the sky,
Till from the yew-trees' latticed boughs
 The horned moon swam slowly by.

Out of the same red low-hung boat
 Stepped swift Desire with dainty feet,
And rippled all the languid air
 With pulsed longings bitter-sweet.

Farewell, farewell to kindly Joy!
 Lo! there the tread of fierce Desire,
That walks the dark with silver step,
 And haunts the night with eyes of fire.

THE CRUMBLING OF CRAZY HORSE'S COMMAND

BY FRED A. HUNT

DURING Christmastide, 1876, the predatory Indians, under the command of Crazy Horse (Mo-e-no Mah-son-e), at that time camped some distance up Tongue River, made a dash on the peaceful settlement of Miles City, Montana, and drove off a bunch of cattle. Several times before, the Indians had indulged in the same unpleasant feat, and Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Fifth U. S. Infantry, Brevet-Major-General, U. S. Army, commanding the district of the Yellowstone, with headquarters at Fort Keogh (a couple of miles up the river from Miles City), determined to punish the hostiles, and incidentally to render the little settlement of Miles City immune from further similar depredations.

Accordingly, an expedition was rapidly prepared under the special supervision of First Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin, Fifth Infantry, Aide-de-Camp, who personally arranged all minor details, and the outfit started on December 29, 1876. While the commanding officer and his staff were taking a last look at the cantonment on Tongue River, an orderly was despatched to overtake the column that was meandering—meandering is mathematically accurate, for the command had to cross the crooked river some twenty times before reaching the battle-ground—up Tongue River Valley, and give Colonel Miles' instructions to Lieutenant James Worden Pope, Fifth Infantry (now Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster-General) as to the location to be occupied for the first camping place. The orderly considered it his duty to go first to Miles City and take a bibulous farewell of that locality; he filled his canteen with tarantula juice. When Miles and his staff proceeded up the tortuous line of march under the loom of the dominant Tongue River Butte, the recalcitrant orderly was discovered, snugly ensconced in a cactus-bed, whereto he had fallen from his horse. The befuddled orderly looked like a porcupine with the varied assortment of spines protruding from his body.

The mercury in the thermometer crawled into the bulbs and stayed there during the travel of the column, the bitterly cold weather, however, producing one benefit to the moving troops, as it enabled them to cross Tongue River on the thick ice. The route pursued was virtually that of Sir George Gore's exploring party, and a number of cairns encountered on the high ridges were discovered to be the permanent resting places of members of that party—killed by Indians. It is perhaps unnecessary to dilate on the suffering of the soldiers and four-footed animals by the extremely cold weather. All western campaigning in those early days, 1876, was attended by intense hardship and an unpleasant variety of physical discomfort; but the soldierly duties had to be accomplished, and Miles and his troop were noted for their vigorous activity.

Because of the debilitated condition of the animate part of the transportation, Captain and Brevet Major Chas. J. Dickey, Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, was detached some sixty miles up Tongue River in charge of the laden ox-teams, while the main column, with the more facile mule transportation,



Rain-in-the-Face (Ha-Ko-o-van), Uncapapa Sioux, supposed to have killed General Custer in battle, June 25, 1876. Copyright by L. A. Huffman.

pushed ahead; two pieces of artillery being masked with wagon-bows and canvas for deceptive purposes. As the command advanced, the Indians abandoned their whilom permanent camp on the bank of Otter Creek, which they had contemplated occupying for the winter, and where they had constructed wickiups of logs, grass, bark and brush.

On January 1st and 3d, 1877, skirmishes were had with the retreating hostiles, who continued their withdrawal into Hanging Woman's Fork, where, at dusk on January 7th, the scouts had a stiff and dangerous conflict with the Indians. They became surrounded by the hostiles and had to protect themselves by getting behind fallen rocks and logs, whence they maintained a steady, defensive fire on the uncertain foe. At the sound of the fusillade, Lieutenant Charles E. Hargous, Fifth Infantry, was despatched, with the mounted advance guard, to rescue the scouts, but on ascertaining the number of the attacking Indians, he withdrew and made the surrounding Indians more fierce in their assault on the scouts, who had extreme difficulty in getting out of their hornets' nest. One bullet clipped a lock from "Liver-Eating" Johnson's shock of hair, which felt, as he remarked, "like a pair of red-hot sheep shears." Johnson never wore a hat.

The scouts estimated their assailants at some two hundred and fifty warriors. But they managed to cut their way out and captured one young warrior and seven Cheyenne women and children, relatives of one of the chiefs (Ve-yun-e) of the tribe.

The 400 men of the military force then composed themselves for such rest as they could acquire, their repose not being assisted by the doleful sound of the war drum (a large one composed of snake skins and only used on high ceremonial occasions), and by the songs of the squaws, which were wafted on the calmness of the night from the adjacent Indian camp. The Indians had a war dance around the council fire, while the medicine man made medicine which he handed out to the warriors and stated that its possession would render him immune to the white man's bullets. He declared, also, that as long as he was alive on the battlefield, the success of the contest would be with the Indians.

In the ruddy glow of the council fire, with hundreds of crooning squaws and war bedaubed warriors, gathered close and the boom, boom, of the big war drums pounding the air, a fiery orator arose and addressed the throng in a spirited speech, which was later translated as follows:

"We have made good medicine, and the Great Spirit has helped us. We will kill the soldiers who have come to drive us from our homes and will hang their scalps in our lodges. The



Lt. Long, Dr. Tilton, Lt. Pope, General Miles, Lt. Baldwin, Lt. Hargous and Lt. Bailey. This photograph was taken outside the cantonment just before mounting horses for the Tongue River expedition against Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, which terminated in the Battle of Wolf Mountain, Wyoming, January 7th and 8th, 1877. The thermometer was 42 deg. below zero.

Great Father gave us these lands, and the buffalo, and we will keep them. Let us be brave, and we will kill these soldiers and take their guns and cartridges so that we can kill any more that may come against us. Our Big Chiefs, Rain-in-the-Face and Crazy Horse and Gall and Sitting Bull killed Yellow Hair (Custer) and his soldiers, and we will kill Man-With-the-Bear-Coat (Miles) and his soldiers just the same way. Let us be fierce like wolves, strong like bears, swift like antelopes, and have no mercy on these soldiers any more than a buzzard has on a dying deer. The Great Spirit will help us."

On January 8th the battle opened, the Indians having a large force in opposition to the troops, and cheerfully prophesying to them: "You can't get away now." They surrounded the soldiers on all sides and fought determinedly. The Cheyennes took the right, and the Ogalalla Sioux the left side of the valley, which was covered with snow; the latter part of the engagement being carried on in a blinding snow storm. The disguise was torn off the two guns, and from a bluff they were handled by men under the command of Lieutenants J. W. Pope and E. W. Casey, the latter a most gallant officer of the Twenty-second Infantry. About three hundred warriors were concentrated on the right of the troops' line, where Major Dickey was stationed, and where they would leave their war-ponies behind bluffs and advance on foot, rifle in hand, filling every ravine and lining every crest. But failing to dislodge Dickey's force, they concentrated their offensive movement from right to left, where the most determined and bitter contest occurred. Encumbered with their heavy and unwieldy clothing, which the Arctic cold made needful, stumbling and falling in the deep snow or sliding on the ice-covered rocks, the soldiers climbed and scrambled to a ridge on the left, and there confronted the deployed warriors, a snow-covered plateau intervening between the two forces. The shooting was careful and so accurate that Corporal Gus Rathman, rising above the fallen log he was behind to take a pot shot, was instantly shot in the upper lip, the ball penetrating his brain.

Upon this plateau the medicine man

would dart, clad all in red, and dance about in a very orgy of daredeviltry, shouting: "Nah mi-yo pow-wah man-ist" (I have made good medicine), and for a time it seemed impracticable to hit him. But two excellent marksmen of the troops, Sergeant "Danny" Burns and Corporal Byron Bronson, took rigid aim and fired at the same time, and the Medicine Man gave a spasmodic leap high into the air and fell dead on the snow.

Meanwhile, the Indian force was being recruited constantly in that section of the line, and the weary soldiers were becoming disheartened at the apparent hopelessness of their task in keeping the increasing mass of warriors at bay. Learning of the predicament, Colonel Miles recognized the necessity of sending re-enforcements, but where were they to be procured, with every man with his hands full of warfare? So he turned to Lieutenant Baldwin, and, pointing to the left hill, said: "Tell them to take that infernal hill and drive the Indians away."

Baldwin put spurs to his horse, "Red Water," dashed over to the left, and then, with hat in hand, gave a ringing yell, jumped his horse up the hillside, and inspiring the tired soldiers by his presence, led a charge, helter-skelter, on the foe, who were quickly routed from the important position. Whether they would have been, however, had the inspiriting Medicine Man (Big Crow, "Okh-kukh-e Mokh-e") remained alive, is a moot question.

Still the battle raged for hours, under the able command and control of Crazy Horse, who, from an eminence on the extreme left, signaled his commands with a piece of looking-glass when the sun was shining, or by a whistle when it was obscured. His whistles were repeated by the sub-chieftains in other parts of the field, or shouted in the peculiar sing-song, high-pitched voice that the Indians knew would carry a long distance, and which was clearly audible above the din of warfare. But the resolute and inflexible demeanor of the soldiers ("I have never seen troops more steady, and I could not compliment them too highly for their fortitude," officially reported Colonel Miles), and the death of their Medicine Man, made Crazy Horse decide that to postpone the fight was expedient. So the hostiles slowly retreated through the Wolf Mountain range and toward the Big Horn.



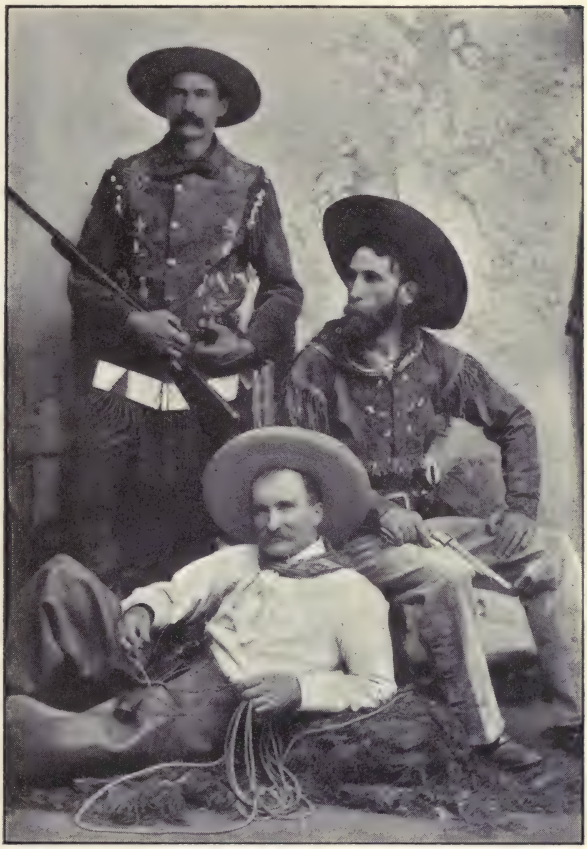
Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Fifth U. S. Infantry, called by the Indians "Nah-Ko-Nokh-Ko Ist-sa," the man with the bear coat, now Lieutenant-General U. S. Army. The bearskin trimming on his overcoat gave rise to his Indian name.

There were presumed to have been some three thousand, or more, warriors under Crazy Horse, and they were reported to possess unusual military capacity and exceptional prowess, the reputation being conceded by foes and friends alike. Crazy Horse had sent word to Sitting Bull (Ta-tan-ka Yo-tan-ka) that his number of warriors and quantity of ammunition had been greatly increased, and that he could meet any force brought against him. He met them alright, and found that "Paddy" Miles' bunch "Mishts e tom e uts nah mot o a ve am mokh e" (kept them running and fighting all the time)

despite the flamboyant boast at the start of the fight, and the assertion that the soldiers had eaten their last meal. Three of the soldiers verified the prophecy, however, the troops' casualties being three killed and eight wounded.

Lieutenant Oscar F. Long (later Superintendent of the Army Transport Service at San Francisco), was instructed by Colonel Miles to make a clear and definite report of the engagement, and, in his anxiety to comply with his orders, took a position where the view was excellent, but the bullets were chipping up the snow all about him. He had but recently graduated from the West Point Military Academy, and been assigned to the Fifth Infantry. Baldwin thus found him the center of marksmanship, like a rooster on Shrove Tuesday, and asked him: "What the —— are you exposing yourself like that for?"

Long replied, specifying the ostensible duty with which he was complying.



"Yellowstone" Kelly, Levi Wing, Alonzo Tripp, scouts with the Yellowstone Command.

Baldwin laughed and told him that his zeal was alright but unless he made his post of observation a more secluded one, he was more likely to make his report to the Recording Angel than to his superior officer.

One of the officers informed the writer that he had had a very narrow escape. Interrogation revealed the fact that the officer had loaned his pony to a scout, and the scout had had the pony shot under him. "And," explained the officer, "had I been on the pony's back, they might have shot me!" The officer was quite portly.

The result of the fight was the surrender at the Cantonment of Two Moons (Ish-e-o Nish-is), Hump, White Bull (Ho-too-ah Wo-pi), Horse Road (Mo-e-no Om-e-ma-yo), and three hundred hostiles, while two thousand, under Crazy Horse, Little Hawk (In-e-yo Hah-kit), The Rock (Ho-o-ni), Little Big Man (Okh-hah-kit Makhite Hit-tan), surrendered early in the year at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies.

The tired and frost-bitten troops returned to the cantonment at Tongue River, and had a brief rest while enjoying themselves after their kind. One of the diversions being amateur minstrels, and more or less imposing theatrical performances, under the tutelage of Harry A. Marshall, bandmaster Fifth U. S. Infantry, who composed a descriptive piece of music symbolical of the Crazy Horse fight.

THE SHELL HOUSE LADY

BY DELLA PHILLIPS

"YES, I played once; some day I'll play some more," said the Lady of the Shell-House.

Perhaps no other woman ever indulged in such queer play. It was a play of house-building, and a most unique house at that.

The Lady of the Shell-House is, in private life, Mrs. J. Edson Smith, and the Shell-House itself is one of the curious sights of Santa Ana, a pretty, little Southern California town.

It is safe to say that this house is one of the strangest abodes ever built by man or woman, and there is not another like it in the world..

With the exception of frame, roof and floors, it was built entirely by the hands of Ellen Frances Smith, now seventy-two years old. So far, she has put in five years of play, as she is pleased to term her novel task, though only a portion of that time was consumed in actual work on the building, and there is still more playing to do.

She has built two chimneys, constructing a good fireplace under one; has mixed all the mortar and carried and placed every brick and stone in the entire structure.

There are eight rooms and a hallway, and she has fitted doors and windows; ceiled, clothed and papered the inside of the house in a neat and comfortable manner, and the unusually convenient cupboards and closets are of her own designing.

But it is the outside of the house that gives it its name, and stamps it with the seal of absolute uniqueness.

Its ornamentation from roof to foundation consists of cobblestones, seashells, imitation brick, galvanized iron, sanded wood and bits of ancient bric-a-brac that no one else would dream of using.

Just above the door of the many-windowed hallway there is a border of Mason fruit-jar lids embedded in the shell and glass studded mortar. Near the base of the house is a row of family portraits set in diamond shaped frames of cobblestones. There are bits of broken dishes, children's playthings, pictures painted on glass, etc., cleverly worked into the decorative scheme with shells and pebbles. The whole is coated with a preparation of pulverized glass and abalone shell of her own devising. These shells and pebbles were collected from the Orange County coast and from Catalina Island, and the Shell-House Lady was twenty-seven years in getting her materials together.

The plain surfaces of the house are stained dark brown, covered with the shell and sand preparation, and bordered with quaint, leaf-like designs wrought in shells and pebbles.

There is a sort of annex to the building, evidently fashioned in imitation of the square enclosures of the ranch windmills, which is, as yet, unfinished. The decoration across one side of the square structure appears to be some sort of scroll work. On closer inspection it proves to be parts of a wicker baby carriage, ingeniously pressed into service to relieve straight lines.

The designer and architect of the Shell-House is a tall, vigorous old lady, with a strong, fine face, and hair only slightly grey. She and her husband are strict vegetarians, and every-day exponents of the simple life.

The master of the Shell-House has his own strong individuality, and is a fitting mate for its mistress. Though several years her senior, he walks his six miles every day, and is almost as agile as a boy. He is a man of liter-



"Shell-House," Santa Ana, California. The exterior walls are built entirely of abalone and other large sea shells, cobblestones, colored bottles, imitation brick, sanded wood and bits of odd-shaped stones. Mrs. Ellen Frances Smith, now seventy-two years old, did all the work during "five years of play."

ary tastes, and has his own particular room lined with books and arranged to suit his fancy.

"I was a rancher for many years," he explained as we sat among his books and listened to the strains of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," played by a phonograph in the adjoining room. "I like it, but it didn't give my wife a chance to do what *she* liked. After I'd had my way awhile, I thought she ought to have her chance; so we came to town, where she could follow her inclinations. Now she works outdoors and I work in, and we each cultivate the other side of our natures, the side previously neglected."

Mr. Smith has a leaning toward socialism, and this broadminded recognition of his wife's needs and rights fits admirably into the broader principles of this doctrine.

As there are frequent visitors at the Shell-House, and as both the occupants are busy people, one afternoon during the week, from the hours of two until five has been set apart for their reception. At this time, Mr. Smith brings out his choicest records for the phonograph that occupies a small room fitted up in a manner especially calculated to bring out its clearest tones, and receives the visitors in the sunny sitting room.

Here, an hour was pleasantly spent with the master and mistress of the Shell-House. As I took my leave, the

mistress accompanied me to the door, where we lingered a moment to view the setting of the Shell-House. The decorative scheme of plants and flowers in the yard follow that of the house, at least in point of variety and diversity of arrangement. There were plants peculiar to the Southwest, cacti, palms, figs, banana, tree-tomato and alligator pears. Interspersed among these were flowers old and new fashioned, and a democratic squash vine outgrowing its proper environments and pushing itself out on the sidewalk and into the domain of the petunias flowering there. It looked as if any green thing was given a welcome in the Shell-House yard.

A glorious California sunset was ablaze in the Western sky, soft breezes wafted scents of orange blossoms to our nostrils and dusky shadows lay heavy and deep under the long-limbed walnut trees across the way. The glory of the sunset touched the strong face and upright figure of the Shell-House Lady, throwing them into strong relief against the background of the Shell-House. She looked thoughtfully at her work, and said once more:

"Yes, I have played; some day I'll play some more."

SONG OF THE WESTERNERS

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

We are the sons of the open air,
 Who live in the land of light.
Riches are ours that carry no care;
The dominant strength of the sun we share;
Slow to anger, but quick to dare,
 And fervent to seek the right.
 Laurel and bay leaf their sweet odors yield,
 The clover-scent drifts from the wide, sunny field;
 Truth is our banner, and fairness our shield,
 The sons of the open air.

Glad is our life in the land of light,
 Serene are our souls, and sure;
In the joy of the day, in peace of the night,
To the ultimate good we have pledged our might;
Our faith is fixed on the final right,
 As stars in their course secure.
 Fragrance of lavender, perfume of rose,
 Sweets from the bank where the violet grows;
 Over the garden the soft zephyr blows,
 To us, of the open air.

Come, cool North wind, with a stirring lash;
 O South wind, come with a kiss;
Descend, sweet rain, in a sudden dash,
Till the long, green grasses are all a-splash;
Creep up, dim fog, from the salt sea-wash—
 You none of you come amiss.
 Balm of the woodland and brine of the sea,
 Odor of orchards a-bloom on the lea;
 These are our birthright; thrice blessed are we,
 The sons of the open air.

STATE SHIP SUBSIDIES

BY HENRY THOMPSON

IN THE LAST session of the Legislature of the State of California there was introduced a bill entitled "An Act to provide for the appointment of a Ship Subsidy Commission," I am going to consider this proposition as a means of reviving the American merchant marine.

The bill was introduced on the last day of the session for that purpose, was referred without discussion to the Judiciary Committee, whence it did not emerge. The bill provides for the creation of a ship subsidy commission of five to award and control all subsidy funds. The board is to be composed of one resident ship builder, one ship's husband or managing owner, one owner of domestic goods which are shipped to foreign ports, one consignee of foreign goods to Californian ports, and one public charterer accountant. The commission is to pay to the owners of ships built in Californian ports 5 per cent a year on one-half of the actual and necessary cost of building, in two half-yearly payments. It is also to ascertain and pay the difference in cost of operating such ships with American officers and crew at the rate of wages for American seamen for the time being, and the lowest cost of operating such ships under foreign management. Only ships trading regularly between Californian ports and foreign ports, or between Californian ports and American ports on the Atlantic Coast are to be entitled to the subsidies. An ancilliary bill provides for the raising by State taxation of the sum of $500,000 for the first year's subsidies.

As the State Legislature does not meet again until January, 1913, there is no chance of these bills becoming law in California before then. It is, however, open to any other maritime State, either on the Pacific or Atlantic seaboard whose Legislature may happen to convene earlier to pass bills of similar import. While the principle of the maritime States of the country themselves providing the means of re-creating the lost industries of American ship building and operating may be novel, it may be worth while to consider whether it may not contain the solution of the much-vexed question, and point the way to the end which the entire nation so ardently desires, and which in the face of the near completion of the Panama Canal has become a matter of almost vital importance.

It seems to have become hopeless to expect any adequate aid from the Federal government. In fact, it may be taken that Congress has no power to grant such aid, its powers being limited to the authorization of entering into contracts for the carrying of the mails, and under present conditions it has to pay for that service at a rate ridiculously disproportionate to what the cost of the service rendered would be if ships could otherwise be sailed on a remunerative basis. But when American ships cannot undertake such employment except on terms which wholly or partially protect them from the loss they would incur from operation without a mail contract of such amount, there is nothing left for the Federal Government to do but to pay it.

But the employment of ships in the postal service is necessarily of limited extent, and goes but a very little way toward that general revival of our shipping which we have now, more than ever, a right to look forward to.

No line of American built ships with a mail contract only can possibly

hope to compete with foreign vessels in the general passenger and freight business between this country and Europe or the Orient; but even if it could, what we want is not merely a few mail carrying vessels. We must have in course of time enough ships to carry our goods to Europe and bring back European goods to us.

This is far beyond the scope of mail contracts, exorbitant as the prices paid for them may be.

The question, therefore, seems to resolve itself into this: We want our shipping revived. It costs money to do it. What is the price? Are we willing to pay it? And is the business worth it? Now our maritime States, by reason of the building of the ships within their borders, the employment of their citizens, the expenditure of money in their ports and the earning of freights, are the ones which are more directly benefited by the shipping industries.

It would therefore seem logical to follow that the cost should fall upon them. Will the benefits be commensurate? Let us see: Suppose the State of New York were to tax itself $1,500,000 a year for a ship subsidy. That would provide for the building and operating of 25 steamships at $1,000,000 each, as follows.

Two and one-half per cent on the cost ($25,000,000) would be $625,000. Three and one-half per cent thereon to cover the difference in cost between domestic and foreign operations would be $875,000; together, $1,500,000. Now how would the other side of the account stand? What would be the benefit from such taxation? First, there would be the creating of the markets for the material required in the building of the ships. All, or practically all, of which would be domestic manufacture. Second, the employment of the mechanics and artisans necessary for the work. Third, the furnishing of the stores and supplies required in operating the ship. Fourth, the payment to American seamen of the wages. Fifth, the receipt by American citizens of the freights now paid to foreign shipowners. Sixth, the insurance business which would go to domestic underwriters, and the profits to arise from the various occupations incidentally connected with the shipping business. Would all this be worth $1,500,000 a year? Experience only can show. It seems to us that it would be well worth trying the experiment.

At all events, if the benefits to be derived from the ship-building and operating industries are not worth the cost, then we need no longer bemoan our sad fate in not having them. But on the other hand, if they are worth while, this method of attaining them by means of State subsidies seems to open a speedy way for our doing so. That they are worth while under conditions that prevail in some parts of the world may be gathered from the experience of France, Germany and Japan. The liberal ship subsidies or bounties of the former country having placed the French flag conspicuously in evidence the world over, while in Japan a like policy has created an enormous merchant marine from absolutely nothing. The German merchant marine has also been increased from little or nothing to its present large proportions by the adoption of a similar policy. In 1901 the annual postal subsidies voted by France amounted to $5,211,000, and in addition thereto the government paid $1,129,050 in bounties for construction of ships and $2,373,900 in operation bounties, making a grand total of $8,713,950.

In Germany, the total mail contracts were $2,421,650, and in addition, indirect bounties in the shape of exemption of import duties in materials used in the construction of ships and preferential railroad rates on many articles exported in German bottoms, were paid. The Germans generally feel that their direct and indirect bounties have been a good investment, as evidenced by the fact that German shipping has developed very rapidly since the beginning of this policy of protection in 1886.

The value of the industries to Japan

may be gauged by reference to the following statistics:

In recent years the Japanese appropriations for the encouragement of ship building have been as follows, viz.:

In 1909	$5,578,707
In 1910	5,792,536
In 1911	6,294,370

showing a large annual increase in the amount of the appropriations.

The assistance thus rendered by the Japanese to the shipping industry is based upon the primary conditions of speed, with certain other conditions as to mileage and the routes over which service is rendered.

If a nation of 40,000,000 people can afford upwards of $6,000,000 yearly for the purpose, we may well ask whether a nation of 90,000,000 people cannot afford at least as much.

To what extent England has in recent years subsidized her shipping in addition to mail contracts seems to be a matter on which opinions differ, but there can be no doubt that in the good old days she followed the simple plan of declaring war against her competitors, and by sinking their ships effectively maintained the supremacy of her merchant marine at an indirect cost probably far greater than any subsidies of modern times. But this method has of late fallen into disfavor; she has now to see the flag of other nations successfully competing with her own in the ports of many countries.

The prospective opening of the Panama Canal has naturally caused efforts to be made by our countrymen to provide for the great increase of water traffic between our Atlantic and Pacific ports. Meritorious as such efforts undoubtedly are, they must of necessity be of comparatively limited extent.

They reach the coastwise trade only, however great its increase may be, and seem to be aimed principally at contending with the transcontinental railways for such portion of their present traffic as can be profitably taken by water from one coast to the other. However beneficial this will no doubt be to the consumer on each coast, so far as the carrier is concerned, it will not do more, at best, than transfer the business from one set of our citizens to another. It will of itself not increase our trade. It will merely divert it from one mode of transportation to another. It will not enable us to ship our goods to Europe or the Orient in our own bottoms, or to bring the goods of those countries to our own shores. It hardly touches the broad issue of the revival of our own merchant marine. To do that, much more money must be forthcoming than the price of any mail contract or contracts, generous though they may be.

With regard to the Californian bill under discussion further than the suggestion that the State shoulder the burden of the subsidy, its provisions do not seem to have been worked out with sufficient care to provide for the many contingencies which must obviously arise. Such as the limit or amount of the subsidy, its duration, whether it should be on a decreasing scale; whether the American nationality of the crews should not begin with some fraction and gradually work up to the whole.

These matters the author may have thought it best to leave to the legislative wisdom. But whatever terms and conditions the various State legislatures might think fit to impose upon the building and operating of ships built in their ports, the broad principle of the expense being undertaken by these States certainly commends itself to me as a method of solving this great question, well worth the trying. That the principle of the States putting their own shoulders to the financial wheel is beginning to be recognized may be noted from the fact that the State of Connecticut has, within the past month or two, voted $1,000,000 for the improvement of its harbors, an expense previously considered as appertaining to the province of the Federal government only.

HOW THE REV. BEN FRANKLIN GOT ALONG ON $100 A MONTH

BY JOHN SOUTHERN

I AM GOING to tell the story of a minister's experience in San Francisco on a salary of one hundred dollars a month, and for the purposes of this story, I shall call him the Rev. Ben Franklin.

His were godly parents and he was reared in a godly home. Early in life he decided to enter the ministry as his life-work.

Through the years of his training in the seminary he had read and heard much of ministers who had gone into new fields and built their own churches rather than become the pastor of a church already built and on a good footing. This implanted within him the longing to go and do likewise.

For the first few years after graduation he could not do that, but eventually the opportunity came for him to enter just such a pastorate, a home missionary field, in the city of San Francisco. The salary promised was one hundred dollars a month. This was not any more than he had been getting. Within the last five years all living expenses had been gradually going up, and by the time he came to this city pastorate everything was at least twenty-five per cent higher than five years before.

But if it was no more salary, it furnished the Rev. Ben Franklin the opportunity to try to carry out some of his youthful dreams—that is, to build up a church from the ground.

I have just remarked that within the last five years all living expenses had been going higher and higher, and during this time all other salaries had been going up—all but his own.

Therefore he reached this large Western city to labor as a home missionary pastor on one hundred dollars a month, a sum which an average preacher could have commanded half a century before. The salaries of very few ministers have increased along with living expenses and in keeping with other men's salaries.

Mr. Franklin's family consisted of himself, wife and three children, whose ages were from five to twelve. These were healthy, growing children and their demands were the same as those of any other growing children.

It became a question of how he was going to make ends meet on such a salary in a large city. Days and nights he puzzled over the question. Days' and nights' puzzling over this question when he ought to be giving the time to the pressing problems of his parish. When the family wanted to take a day off and go to the park, he wondered whether the carfare should be spared or not. The family learned not to think of seeking pleasure in any other places except those where the only expense was the carfare.

There were days when Mr. Franklin wanted to attend conferences held by his fellow ministers to discuss great and important questions. These conferences were most of the time arranged by the few ministers whose salaries were somewhat better, and they could spare the fifty or sixty cents it cost to attend the conferences more easily than the majority of their fellows who had smaller salaries. These conferences were nearly always held in connection with luncheons in order to save time and for the fellowship of such gatherings, but the cost of the luncheon and carfare often prohibited many from coming.

My friend was among those who would have been delighted to attend a certain conference arranged for a certain date at the Y. M. C. A., but sixty cents was worth a good deal to him. He was approached by one of the leading ministers at a Monday

morning ministers' meeting, and the following conversation took place:

"How are you, Franklin?"

"Pretty well, I thank you."

"How is the work?"

"The work is opening up encouragingly."

"We are going to have a conference at the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday at noon at a luncheon for the purpose of considering some great questions. Can't you be with us?"

"I fear I cannot."

"Why, you ought not to miss it. We want you there."

"But I cannot come."

"Are you engaged for that time?"

"No."

"Then why can't you? I think I will put your name down as one who will attend."

"No, you had better not, for the fact is, I can't spare the money."

"Oh, come along; it is only fifty cents."

"Can't help it. I haven't got the four-bits to spare."

As far as the actual condition of his finances was concerned he spoke the truth, not only for himself, but for several others in that Monday morning gathering.

I might go on with instance after instance showing where Mr. Franklin had to very seriously consider the expenditure of twenty-five cents when it was not for actual necessities.

Franklin himself often thought he was not a good manager, because he could not make his salary do more, and it was humiliating to have to refuse to spend fifty or sixty cents to go to a Y. M. C. A. conference.

I am intimately acquainted with him, and I know absolutely what he must do with his money. Here is the budget his salary of a hundred dollars a month must cover:

Food	$30.00
Clothing	10.00
Rent for a five-room flat into which he must crowd his family	18.00
Insurance	6.00
Lights and fuel	3.50
Telephone	1.50
Laundry	3.00
Carfare	3.00
Benevolences	5.00
Total	$80.00

This leaves twenty dollars out of the salary, and no allowance has been made for illness in his family, for his reading matter, which costs at least three dollars a month, for new books, and they are his tools, and ten dollars a month for his books is not too much, for the education of his children and for furniture. Many of the items are given at a very low rate.

When you consider all these things, it is a wonder the man makes his salary go as far as it does. Instead of his being a poor manager, he is one of the best of financiers to make a salary like that cover his expenses.

I have not said a word about any money to pay his debts incurred in getting his education. Most ministers come from poor families, and the Rev. Ben Franklin is no exception to the rule. He graduated with a debt of five hundred dollars, and had managed to pay off a portion of it. By the time he reached his new pastorate in the city this debt, or what remained of it, was very pressing. Where is he going to get the money to pay the rest of it? This debt is one of his nightmares. He spends sleepless nights wondering how he will ever get even and save a little money against a rainy day like other men do.

The Rev. Franklin is a college graduate with special training in the seminaries for his profession, and is an all-around practical man, and it cannot be said that his present condition is due to incompetence, for he is thoroughly competent.

Mr. Franklin's salary is on an equal footing with the laborer, but he has to occupy a very different position socially from his laboring brother. He has to live on an equal footing socially with professional men whose incomes are three times his.

MAN IS NOT SO MUCH PHYSICALLY

BY A. R. PINCI

MAN, NOW THAT he has successfully aviated the Alps and the Rocky Mountains, can say, without fear of making a misstatement, that he can fly high, but at the same time he is far from a good flyer, and as yet his physical efforts are very inconsequential when compared not even with some of the birds, such as sea-gulls or condors, but with some of the tiny insects which pester him—mosquitoes and flies. While a fly is seldom found at an altitude of more than a hundred feet, and a mosquito a short distance from the shores of the sea or a river, when they have reached their limits they have done much more than man is correspondingly expected to do, in the line of flying, for many years to come.

So much for the locomotion that requires mechanical appliances scientifically adjusted to the phenomena of the air or nature in general. Take even in walking. Man's walking possibilities are limited. Four miles an hour, for eight hours, is a very wide limit, and could not be kept up many days in succession. A horse can walk much more than a man, and so can cats, dogs and even ants. If it comes to jumping, the best athletic records hover about seven feet, which is slightly more than a man's height; but in contrast to the flea, a man would have to jump ten times higher than the Washington Monument, as the tiny bloodsucker can jump more than one thousand times its own height.

Mr. Burgess has succeeded in swimming the English Channel, but with the aid of accompanying boats, and other aids which the most humble of fish certainly do not require in maintaining, throughout their life, better averages. True that they are in their own element, but, everything told, animals can do much more than men.

By the aid of mechanical instruments, the product of his brain, man can sweep along on a prepared track at 120 miles an hour, or glide over the surface of the sea at about 40 miles an hour, "with all the comforts (and more) of home. He can also build towers nearly 200 times his own height or burrow into the crust of the earth to a depth equal to about 700 times his own height.

But strip a man of his machine-made instruments, weapons and clothes, and the lord of creation is no longer a lord, but a lesser creature, in self-help than some of the inferior animals. An ape weighing 60 pounds, or two-fifths the average weight of man, is much more than a match, single-handed, for an unarmed man, and the contest would hold in favor of the ape even if the man weights 180 pounds.

Man's best speed for a mile, running, is 4 minutes 12¾ seconds, which works out at about 14 miles an hour. But the grey wolf, the commonest among the beasts of prey, lopes along at an easy 20 miles, and thinks nothing of covering 60 miles in one night, when hungry! The hunted fox has been timed to run two miles at a speed of 26 miles an hour. A racehorse at full speed travels 32 miles, while a greyhound, which is, so far as known, the swiftest of all four-legged animals, runs at 34 miles.

Jumping also shows man behind. Speaking generally, 6 feet in height and 23 in width are the limit of a man's achievement. A red deer has been known to clear a wall 10 feet high, the chamois can do a foot better, while the spring-bok of the South African veldt will shoot 10 feet up in the air just for the fun of the thing. Some of the beasts of prey are more wonderful in their athletic performances. The black jaguar can reach

a branch 14 feet from the ground. The record width cleared by a horse is about 37 feet, while the ostrich, in running, clears 25 feet. But the kangaroo can leap with ease a width of 50 to 60 feet, and easily clears obstacles 10 and 12 feet high.

Birds have been credited with speeds of upward of 60 miles an hour and more; sea gulls are said to exceed the 100 mile speed in tempests. The swallow is swifter than the wild duck or carrier pigeon, and recent experiments in Europe have so proved it. A hen swallow was taken from its nest in an Antwerp railway station and sent in a basket by express to Compeigne, a distance of 146½ miles. There, at 7:30 in the morning, she was liberated. At 8:38 the bird returned to her nest, the tiny creature traveling at the rate of 129 miles an hour, or 189 feet a second. She traveled four miles returning for every one the train made going. In half a day a swallow can, therefore, when it migrates south in winter, fly from Belgium to North Africa in less than half a day, and it requires an average steamship nearly two days to make the trip.

The achievements of fish, athletically, are also wonderful. To see a salmon leap up a perpendicular fall five or six feet high is a most ordinary sight. Many of the predatory fishes can travel at the speed of a torpedo boat. The sight of porpoises gliding under the cutwater of a steamship going more than 14 miles an hour is likewise common, and trans-oceanic passengers see it all the time. The speed of some ocean fish is considered more remarkable when it is sustained against currents or in an opposite direction to the tide, which offers great resistance to their progress, compared with their movements in the direction of either, as in the case of ordinarily swift birds flying with the wind.

As to lifting powers, man can lift twice his own weight, and in exceptional cases of "strong men," horses have been lifted, but the strength lasted for less than a minute, and these high averages could never be counted in his daily life as in the case with animals. An eagle will descend at the rate of more than a mile a minute from altitudes, seeking an object of prey on the valley below, and without further ado carries it upward to its own lair or nest, without even the common pause "for a breath," which man always seems to require in endurance deeds. A man could never, after running five hundred feet, pick up without stopping, a dead weight of 50 pounds and continue running with it 500 more feet, which is a much easier feat than descending as many feet and ascending the same distance with dead weight.

Nor could he imitate, even inferiorly the spectacle recently witnessed by some travelers in the West, where a grizzly bear was seen to carry a bullock twice his own weight up an incline of one in three. The man who can carry two men up a similar grade is yet to be found.

These are a few instances from a record that is duplicated every day in the ainmal world. They are not special endurance contests or prize feats, like those of man, which are taken in comparison. Man's prodigy exceeds only in aiding himself with appliances for making that which animals cannot make, but even so, his field is limited. For instance, no machine has yet been invented that will duplicate the cells of a bee-hive and that will subdivide so accurately and intricately. He can build dams, but now and then they give way, like the Austin dam which collapsed recently, but the beaver dams seem to withstand all sorts of floods and shocks, and in a section in Canada, a big paper mill has been compelled to suspend operations, because beavers have erected a dam deviating the natural water power into other channels, and as it is against the law to destroy beavers and beaver dams in that country, special permission must be requested to seek redress and continue the work. Meanwhile the mill is closed.

A JOYFUL MESSAGE FOR THE SIN-SICK

BY C. T. RUSSELL

Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."—John 14:1.

THE WORLD does well to keep up a cheerful, outward demeanor—to "drive dull care away" to the best of its ability. Nevertheless, there is great force and weight to St. Paul's words to the effect that "the whole creation is groaning and travailing in pain together, waiting" for Messiah's Kingdom and its long-promised blessings to lift the curse of sin and death and to restore to mankind the smile of the Father's favor. Reason though they may, that there is no personal God—that there is merely a blind god of nature, an evolutionary force, etc., nevertheless, deep down in the heart, men believe that there *is a God.* Almost unconsciously the mind attributes to Him Wisdom, Justice and Power—but little of Love or sympathy with humanity and its frailties.

Root of All Trouble.

This very intuitive knowledge of God is closely associated with many human troubles. As the root of nearly every trouble, perhaps deep below the surface, is sin—disobedience to recognized principles of righteousness, and a fearful looking for of retribution, and uncertainty as to what it will mean. This is true, not only of many Christians, but frequently true also of others who have made no profession, who have taken upon them no solemn vows of obedience.

This troubled heart condition does not always show upon the surface. Sometimes the troubled heart is in the theatre to try to forget its troubles. Sometimes its owner is immersed in sinful pleasure-seeking, in endeavor to drown some haunting grief. Sometimes relief is sought through intoxicating liquors or narcotics; sometimes in suicide. Sometimes the troubled one is on the stage. One cannot surely know that the merry laugh and witty joke and cheery song do not come from a troubled heart. We are sure that they *do,* in many instances, for frequently those who have been indulging in merriment have committed suicide a few moments thereafter, leaving messages that their hearts had been severely burdened, while outwardly cheerful.

We have much sympathy with these sorrow-laden hearts. As a race we are walking through "the valley of the shadow of death," day by day. On every hand we have reminders of this—grief, disappointment, headache, heartache, etc. If we are measurably free from pain ourselves, yet have sympathy, we are pained in the interest of others. If none of our own dear ones has recently died, the great Enemy, Death, has laid hold upon the home of a neighbor, a brother, and he is bereaved and a reflex shadow falls upon our hearts; and further, the thought comes that *our* home may be invaded by the great Enemy which has already swallowed up twenty thousand millions of our race—and that by Divine permission, because we are sinners—and because sinners are unworthy of everlasting life.

The Fear of the Lord.

In our troubles, we sooner or later realize the lack of human sympathy

or, at least, its impotency. Feeling our helplessness, we instinctively look to our Creator. In the hour of trouble remarkably few doubt the existence of God. As Jesus said, "Ye believe in God." But as we look to the Almighty for protection and consider Divine Justice and realize our own weaknesses and shortcomings, the heart of man fails. How could he think that the Omnipotent One would have interest in or care for such a worm of the dust as he feels himself to be? How could Divine Justice look with any sympathy upon the course of selfishness which he recognizes stretches out behind him in full view of the All-Seeing Eye?

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," is the inspired Message. Surely many have this beginning of wisdom come to them at some period in their life's experience. But such a fear is the start of wisdom only when it leads the fearful one to greater carefulness of living and to a desire for the Heavenly Father's approval. If this be the leading of the fear, it is indeed the precursor of, the leader to, wisdom. As proper fear or reverence for the Almighty comes in, it acts as a restraint upon sin. It tends to make one more thoughtful, more careful, more wise, in seeking for a better way.

Come by the Narrow Way.

Jesus addressed the words of our text to Jews who, under the instruction of the Law given by Moses, had learned of Divine righteousness and the Divine requirements of all those who would come into harmony with Him. They believed in God. They recognized His Justice. They were desiring to be His people; they had heard of Jesus; they had traveled with Him as His disciples. In a general way they believed in Him. To a large degree they accepted Him as the promised Messiah, and yet they found it difficult to express a fullness of faith. We would like to bear home upon the hearts of these the very Message that Jesus gave to those who heard His Voice: "Let not your heart be troubled —ye believe in God; believe also in Me."

Hear Him saying to us to-day, You already believe in the Creator and His Justice. You already desire to draw near to God. You have heard that He has sent His Son into the world. You have heard that this is a manifestation of His love and sympathy for you. You have heard that while you are condemned as imperfect, as sinners, as unworthy of eternal life, Divine provision has been made for your recovery through the Redeemer. As you believe in the Father's Justice which condemned you and which justly holds you at a distance from Him as unworthy of His favor, so now believe also in Me. Believe that the Father hath sent Me. Believe that it is His Love for you that prompted the sending. Believe that His Love is as strong as His Justice. Believe that His Justice and Love will co-operate for your eternal comfort and blessing, if you will accept the Divine terms.

Losing Our Heart Troubles.

The Father knows your heart troubles. He wishes the burden to be there until you shall appreciate its weight—until you shall be ready to cry to Him that you are sin-sick, weary, troubled, and above all, hungering and thirsting for righteousness and desiring reconciliation to Him—the smile of His face. He has not waited for all of this to take place before making provisions for you. He has anticipated your needs, your longings, your necessities. He has already provided the Redeemer, who is Mighty to save. If Divine Justice is exacting to the last degree, believe that Divine Love, as represented in the Redeemer sent of God, is equally exhaustless, boundless —sufficient for all your needs. If you will accept of this, the Divine arrangement through Christ, your heart troubles may be at an end. You will still have troubles in the flesh, weaknesses, aches and pains, but your heart will be joyful and happy in a fellowship Divine with the Father, through the Son.

How to Get the Peace.

Ah! says one, I have heard of God and of Jesus and of the invitation to reconciliation, but I know not how to proceed. To whom shall I go? How can I gain a hearing in my case to obtain the blessed assurance, Thy sins are forgiven thee; go and sin no more. Which church shall I join? To what priest shall I confess?

First of all, my brother, or sister, allow me to rejoice with you that you have come into the condition where you are seeking and knocking for the opening of the storehouse of Divine favor, because "He that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." Continue, then, to seek and to knock, and very soon the blessings will be yours. See, first, whether or not you are seeking the proper blessing. You want forgiveness of sins that are past. You want the assurance of Divine love and care. You want the Heavenly Shepherd to take you for one of His sheep and look after your interests, both temporal and eternal. If so, good. You are seeking the very thing that God is pleased to give. Many are seeking something else—seeking to have some of self-will and some of God's will, some of sin and some of righteousness. They seek in vain until, in purity of heart, they seek that which God is willing to give.

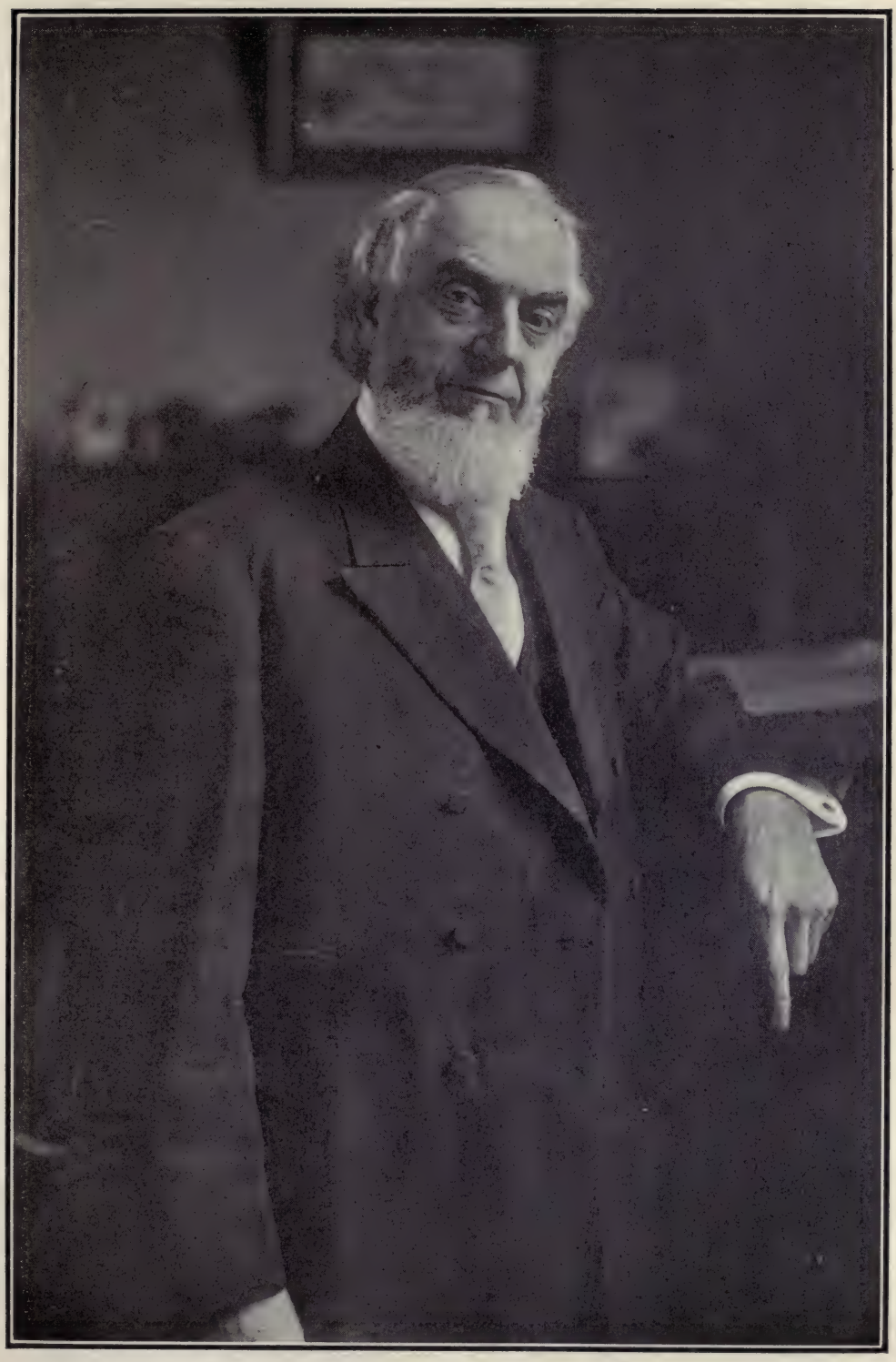
All of God's gifts are by grace. None of us could claim them on the grounds of justice or merit. We cannot keep God's perfect Law, not because it is too exacting, but because we are fallen. We were born in sin, shapen in iniquity; in sin did our mothers conceive us. Be our wills ever so strong, our flesh is weak. The Divine arrangement of this Gospel Age is adapted to this very condition and is open for the honest-hearted, the sincere penitents, the ones fully determined for righteousness.

You need not come to any earthly priest, but as the Master said, go to the Father, in secret, in private. Go not in your own name, or merit, or worth, but in the merit of the Redeemer. Go Scripturally, claiming Him as your Advocate and appealing in His Name for the forgiveness provided by Divine mercy—to cover all the sins of the past and provide for all the imperfections unwillingly yours for the future—even to the end of the way. Coming thus, Jesus becomes your Priest, your Advocate with the Father. "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous." (I John 2:1.) Let us come with courage to the Throne of Grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in every time of need." (Hebrews 4:16.)

What will you say to your Father as you present yourself in the Name of Jesus, do you ask? In prayer tell Him that you are sick of sin and desirous of His righteousness; in every way tell Him of your appreciation of the glorious qualities of His Character and of your desire to be as much conformed to that Character as possible. Tell Him that you know you have nothing worthy of His consideration, except the merit of Jesus to be imputed to you, which will be the covering for your imperfection. Tell Him that you present your *all* thus justified by faith, that the merit of Christ *may be* imputed; that you desire to be a living sacrifice—to be faithful unto death to Him, to His Message in the Bible and to all who are, with you, following in the good way to the Kingdom.

Daily Dying—Daily Living.

Those who have acted upon the above directions of the Lord's Word and who have thus been accepted of the Father and begotten of the Holy Spirit, are thenceforth New Creatures in Christ Jesus. To them "old things have passed away and all things have become new." Their souls are not troubled, because they have passed from *death* unto *life*, from Divine disfavor to Divine relationship, as sons of God—and "If children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, if so be that we suffer



Pastor C. T. Russell of London and Brooklyn Tabernacles.

with Him, that we may also be glorified together." (Romans 8:17.) Those who reach this blessed state are no longer heart-troubled. They will have troubles from the world, the flesh and the Adversary, but withal they have rejoicing—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding" ruling in their hearts.

But the end is not yet. The body has been separated from the will. The will has become identified with Christ and represents the New Creature, which will not be perfected, and in its new body, until the resurrection. Meantime, as the Apostle teaches, the flesh must be considered and treated as an enemy because of its weakness, its fallen condition. A struggle, a battle, must go on continually to the end of the course. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The faithfulness of the New Creature, the will, will be judged by its loyalty to the Divine will and its strenuous endeavor to keep the body under—to be dead to the flesh and to the world and to be alive to the will of God. Every day should make us more alive as New Creatures and more dead as old creatures.

Scriptures Misunderstood.

At the present time we have 1,200,000,000 that in no sense of the word are called by the Lord, and therefore have had no opportunity of responding to that call. With the thought that has prevailed for centuries that these uncalled millions are doomed to eternal torture, the hearts of God's people have been very sorely troubled, and infidelity has been very greatly assisted into a denial of everything pertaining to Christian faith. All agree that it would be very unreasonable for the Creator of those 1,200,000,000 to expose them to the danger of eternal torment, and not give them the slightest opportunity for hearing of the only terms of salvation from it.

But when we get the correct, the Scriptural view of the matter, we see that the penalty upon those 1,200,000,000 is, "Dying thou shalt die," and that in this particular they are not different from their fathers, who were under the same curse, or sentence of death—the Adamic condemnation.

We see from the Scriptures, too, that our Lord Jesus, "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man"—"to be testified in due time." (Hebrews 2:9; I Timothy 2:6.) Jesus, therefore, tasted death for all these 1,200,000,000, and for all their forefathers. He has given the ransom-price for their sins as well as for ours, the Church's, and resultant blessing must come to them as well as to us.

The coming blessing is a rescue from the sin-and-death conditions in which they were born—an opportunity for rising out of those conditions of degradation, up, up, up to full perfection of nature, and all that was lost through Adam's disobedience. This work of Divine Grace, we see, is to be accomplished for the world during the Messianic Age, when Christ and the Elect Church will constitute God's Kingdom, with power and great glory for the blessing of the world.



RAISING PLANTS BY THE MILLION

BY JOHN B. TRASK

CALIFORNIA is big in big things, and being easily the biggest fruit and flower producing State in the Union, it naturally has some big nurseries. The largest of these—indeed, the most complete in the world, is the California Nursery, located at Niles, some twenty-four miles south of Oakland, and an hour's ride on the railroad. To Eastern visitors this nursery is one of the show places of the State. Even a Californian, familiar as he is with the State's prolific variety of ornamental trees, fruits and flowers, cannot ramble over the 600 acres without expressing surprise, admiration and delight at the wonderful and varied display of plant life; at the same time acquiring a new conception of the magnitude in which the business is handled in this age of great commercial endeavor.

There is reason for his wonder, for



Sequoia Gigantea, California Big Tree, and Chamerps Excelsa, Japanese Fan Palm, showing the vigorous growth of a Big Tree from nursery stock.



Main office, with Marguerite hedge in bloom.

nowhere else in the world can he find such a display of plant life representing the abundant varieties indigenous to California, and, in addition, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, are the best commercial specimens that thrive on the Pacific Coast. Since 1865, the California Nursery Company has been combing the world in quest of fruit and ornamental plants that will add to the varieties, richness and commercial value of plant life in this country. These foreign specimens are met on every side in their broad fields, in the shape of seedlings, grape cuttings, and other varieties, and in the lath houses where plants rub leaves and branches far from their native habitat in the Himalayas, Chili, the Guadaloupe Islands, Japan, Africa, the Rocky Mountains, Norway, Palestine, Italy, Asia Minor, Spain, the West Indies—wherever plant life grows that will adapt itself to this climate.

Necessarily, when any company raises plants by the million it is also actively in the business to market them by the million, which means the possession of efficient administrative and office forces, and capable experimental, growing and selling departments. All the interminable and multitudinous details of this work must move with clock-like precision, else old Dame Nature will violently protest in the shape of plant destruction. Should the routine be disturbed by any neglect, and congestion arise at any point, a jam would likely follow that might cost the company many thousands of dollars before it could be cleared away. Consequently, Manager W. V. Eberly is at his post at all hours, especially in the shipping season, which is now.

The broad and level acreage of the company looms a strikingly colorful picture of plant life even on the flower and tree covered landscape of Alameda County. Near the administrative building are the green houses, hot houses, lath houses, cutting, packing and shipping quarters. Further removed are the stables, the blacksmith and other repair shops and the fumigating quarters, for it is an invariable rule of the establishment to fumigate in hydrocyanic gas every foreign plant on its arrival, and most of the plants for shipment are put through the same process to insure their health.

The entrance to the spacious grounds sweeps in a broad avenue between feathery palms, heavily bordered in season with banks of flowering marguerites, up to the main office building half covered in blooming

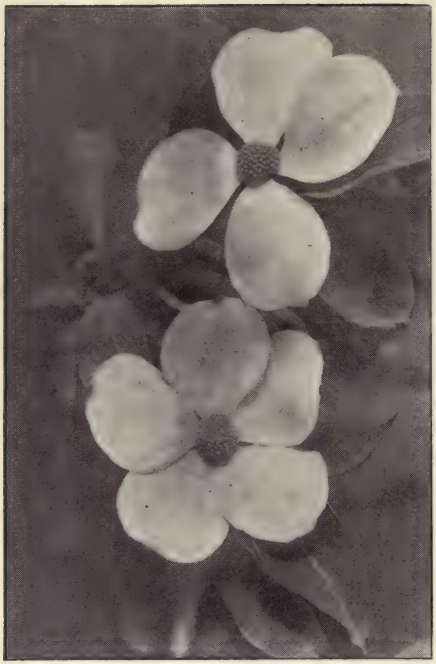


Driveway entrance to grounds of the California Nursery Company, Niles.

vines. From there the roadway stretches a devious course through a maze of plant life which is apt to bewilder the stranger novice till gradually out of the labyrinth of trees, shrubs, vines, flowers and growing things he gleans a conception of the simple and scientific lines to which the company has reduced the plant raising and selling business after nearly fifty years of practical endeavor. As he drives along the roadway blocks, squares, patches and acres of young fruit trees, vines, flowers and ornamental plants spread out before his dazed view in almost countless numbers, and in every stage of nursery growth. What will amaze him most, at first, perhaps, will be the apparent infinite variety and stupendous mass of the growth, for the California Nursery Company handles everything in plant life of commercial value that will grow here; size and variety count for nothing, for shrinking violets are growing within a stone's throw of towering specimens of California big trees.

In one field, this month, there are growing seedlings of one million Marabolan plums, stock on which the French prune will later be budded. Nearby is a strip of 300,000 apricot seedlings; within a stone's throw are 150,000 young pears; on the other side of the roadway are acres of rootings of the rupestris St. George, the noted resistent grapevine stock of America; beyond are 200,000 peaches in dormant bud awaiting the growing season that will prepare them for the market next year; at a distance are fifty acres of strawberries of the famous Banner variety, which commands from $3 to $5 per crate more than the ordinary kind—and so it goes, square after square, and acre after acre, of berries, fruits, nuts and ornamental plants in infinite variety and numbers.

Oddly enough, to the layman, the demand for ornamental trees and plants is almost as large as for fruit plants, indicating the improving taste of country dwellers and city residents in adorning their garden surroundings. The kindergarten life of this department of plant life is best exhibited in the hot houses, in the lath houses and the fields. The processes of starting them is deeply interesting to plant lovers. In some instances, cuttings are placed in small boxes of sand, which has been thoroughly washed clean of all organic matter. These cuttings are sometimes as small and slender as a pin, a veritable thread of life, but somehow it takes root, and a tiny flower appears, so small as to be almost indiscernible to the naked eye: a faint flicker of life supports it



Evergreen Dogwood, considered one of the most beautiful plants in bloom.



California Tree Poppy, a plant very hard to propagate.

through a filmy rootlet, and it grows and grows till it becomes a sturdy plant ready to be potted. Rows and rows of slips only an inch or two long are there protruding from the clean, damp sand; they slowly acquire roots in the same way, and grow up to be heather, breath of heaven, myrtles, Mexican orange, Norfolk Island pines, and other varieties, all silently moving through that mysterious process of acquiring plant life from the bud. It is said that the keen-eyed, painstaking German expert, who was brought here by the company specially to manage this department, can make roots grow on a wooden toothpick, but, despite his arch wizardry, Mother Nature's secret surrounding the conception of root life is as mysterious to him as to a tyro. Why one bud can be made to send out a root, and another, nearby, a branch, is a mystery which still mocks the craftiest nurseryman. With a knowledge of properly preparing the way for the callous, which later invites the growth of the root, the ordinary expert is able to perform his present wonders, and this he adds to with special tricks in budding, grafting, layering and in-arching.

Tiny as are some of these baby plants as slips in their nursery sand-cribs, they grow to be comparative giants when removed to the open ground. For instance, the slips of Norfolk Island pine average two inches in length in the nursery, but in the open ground, in California, they attain a height of one hundred feet; in the East, however, the plant is less vigorous, and is raised as a porch ornament or for decorative purposes.

Perhaps the most wonderful plant in the green house department, at least the one which attracts by far the most attention whenever it is in flower, is the Night Blooming Cereus. On the last occasion it shone resplendent in thirteen blooms, an extraordinarily large number. The flower is considered one of the rarest and most interesting sights in plant life. It is a native of the West Indies, from whence specimens have been imported into this country to adorn the green houses of the wealthy. In such places the blooming is considered an event

of sufficient importance as to warrant sending out invitations to friends. At the rare intervals when they bloom, the buds begin to open between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and are full blown by eleven o'clock. By three or four o'clock in the morning they begin to fade; but during their short existence there is hardly any flower of greater beauty, or that makes a more magnificent appearance. The calyx, when open, is nearly one foot in diameter; the inside, being of a splendid yellow color, appears like the rays of a bright star; the outside is of a dark brown. The petals being of a pure white, contribute to the lustre; the vast number of recurved stamens in the center of the flower contributes to its distinction, and to crown its atmosphere is a strong, sweet fragrance which hangs suspended far around it.

Only a comprehensive, thorough and ball-bearing system can furnish the means of conducting a nursery of this magnitude. The smallest details must be persistently and tirelessly followed in order to command success. No matter how great the pressure of business, the exact number of each variety of plants on the place is known from day to day, else the company might become badly tangled in its shipments through the bunches of accumulating orders: it might oversell some favorite seasonal demand. Again, if the company were ignorant that certain varieties in the great mass of plants were lagging in demand, it might be caught at the end of the two years with thousands of unsalable plants on hand, thus facing a considerable money loss. By keeping daily tab on each variety on hand, the company exercises a nice and complete control of its enormous stock, and, like a great emporium, is enabled to keep the selling department readily draining the overstocked portions.

Staggering as it may seem to the uninitiated, the character and history of practically every one of the masses of millions of plants growing on the place is known and tabulated by the management. This is part of the wonderful detail of a system that has grown and expanded through a course of nearly fifty years of experimenting. It is this accumulated data in the book records of the main office which enables the management to guarantee every plant true to label which leaves the place. This line of endeavor is aptly illustrated in the thorough and practical methods of the experimental department. The station consists of forty acres set out in two or three specimens each of the various kinds of fruit trees, selected from the very best stock to be had. Each tree is labeled, and an office record is carefully kept of its date of blossoming, its fruit, and all the data which will throw any light on its condition and productivity. Keen and close attention is thus given these individual trees, because they furnish the "cions" used in the budding and grafting on the hardy seedling stocks. Every stage in the growth of these seedlings is noted in the records till the plants are shipped at one or two years old.



Star Jasmine. Very fragrant.

The big scale on which physical labor is handled on the place may be gauged by the eighteen and twenty horse teams which are used in plowing and tree root cutting (root pruning.) Maximum efficiency is a

cardinal point with the company, for only by exercising it can the cost of so much constant labor be brought to a point where a margin of profit will rise. In tree root cutting, for instance, the other day a team of eighteen horses walked through tiers of eight-foot non-salable trees, dragging a large U-shaped blade, used like a plow, and the trees toppled over and were handled as fast as they fell.

These same horses and cutter are used in getting out the one and two year old fruit trees marked for shipment, and again illustrate the dexterity and rapidity which the management must exercise in order to ship millions of plants annually. The eighteen horses, two abreast, urged on by their eight drivers, walk along with a row of trees between them and the dragged blade cuts off the roots a certain set number of inches below where the tree leaves the soil. Another gang of men load the trees in wagons, and they are carried to the packing house, where the roots are inspected and then dipped into a slush of earth and water.

This furnishes them the necessary moisture to keep them on their journey. The packers then seize them, and almost before one can write "Jack Robinson," they are rounded up in close bunches, damp straw scattered through them, tules are snugly cloaked around them, an electric driven drum draws a rope tightly about them, very much as a bale of hay is bound into shape; while thus tightened, strands of Manila rope are made fast around the bale; with a swift sweep of a sharp knife the foreman slashes away the protruding ends of the tule and rope, gives the electric "starter" a kick and, presto, the bale of young apricot trees rolls out into the hands of the shipping clerk, ready to be tagged to its purchaser in any part of the world. All foreign shipments, whether they be destined for Africa, Europe, Asia or South America are carefully packed in cases. This packing is done as well as if the goods were expensive china or silverware. These goods arrive in South Africa, for instance, in as perfect condition as if they went only to Fresno or Los Angeles.



An eighteen horse team of the California Nursery Company, used for plowing and tree root cutting, illustrating the scale on which the company works its extensive fields.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

The poem of the day read at the dedication of the Peace Monument, one of the captured cannon of the Philippines, at Berkeley, February 22d, before posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps and kindred organizations.

We hear the dead of ages cry—
And all the toiling millions plead:—
How long shall human beings die
To satisfy a nation's greed.

Let Christian nations bear in mind
This world is but a monster school
Where they are set to teach mankind
God's charter law—the Golden Rule.

Can we our conscience justify
While selling savage nations rum?
Is war religion's battle cry?
Shall we serve God with fife and drum?

Let all the ships that plow the sea
The human race still closer bind:
While that proud banner of the free
To world-wide peace leads all mankind.

Let Freedom's soaring eagle scare
All warring vultures from the earth,
And heavenward all the incense bear
That mothers burn around the hearth.

War's curse is not alone its dead;
What endless grief the battle starts:—
The path of glory heroes tread
Is ever paved with broken hearts.

Let women weep no longer for
Their loved ones slain by man's caprice:
From out the palsied throat of war
There comes the silent prayer for peace.

This war-scarred monster seems to say:
War is a nation's only vice.
Give thou thy fellow man fair play,
And make this world a paradise.

War clouds will never mar the sky
When peaceful mortals come to know—
The first to shout the battle cry
Do not themselves to battle go.

Let nations try some wiser scheme,
With world-wide laws to make them just:
A world-empowered Court Supreme
With world-police to say: They must!

Let precious blood no more be shed,
Nor human backs with taxes bend;
Let war have no more tribute dead!
Cries Reason: Let there be an end!

San Francisco, 1912. FRED EMERSON BROOKS.



"The notes of the old Mission bells fall softly on the evening air."
—See San Diego, the City Beautiful, page 259.

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CALIFORNIA COUNTRY HOMES: NO. 2

THE CHARMING VILLA OF H. A. TORCHIANA, SANTA CRUZ

BY JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

Photographs by J. E. Olive, Santa Cruz.

WHEN THE Torchianas first acquired the place it was hardly to be considered a desirable residence for people of cultivated taste, with a love of nature and a fondness for its worship "far from the madding crowd." Yet the Torchianas, or more correctly speaking, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. van Coenen Torchiana, have over their entrance door a quaintly lettered inscription reading: "Happy is the house that shelters a friend," and they straightway set to planning how the big, but tasteless house could be made over so as to hold a host of friends,

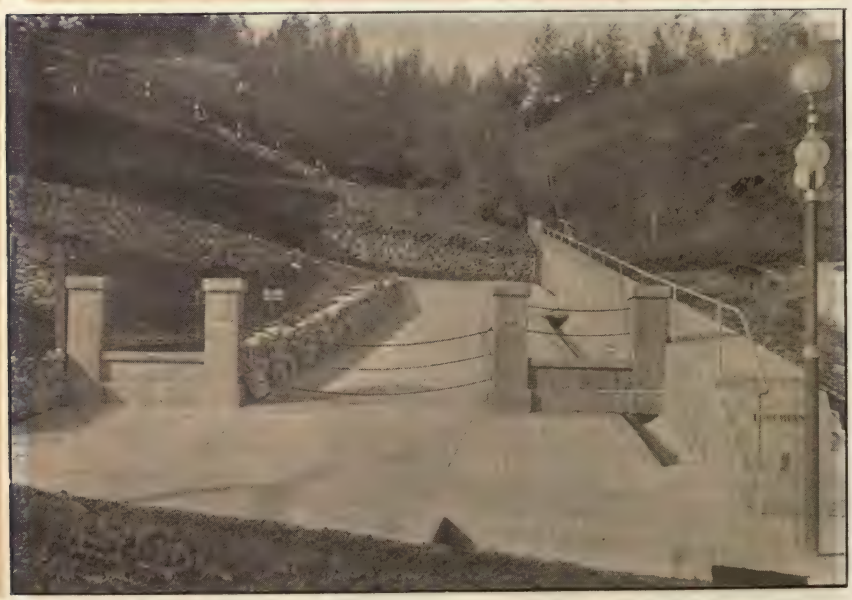


"The entrance hall which has been added."

and the ten-acre plot surrounding it could become a source of employment for leisure thoughts and leisure hours, and a source of enjoyment and outdoor pleasure for their friends.

If Mrs. Torchiana, leaning against the pergola-support masking one of the old entrances to the house, seems to smile with pleasant satisfaction as she looks around her, she is perfectly justified, for there to her right is the entrance hall which has been added, the welcoming inscription above the wide glass door, a slender Florentine cypress on either side, graceful sentinels holding watch over sloping, velvety lawns, and the hospitable roof within their reach.

Before entering, I want to see that Mr. Torchiana's share in the renovation or rejuvenation of the house and grounds is not overlooked, for Mrs. Torchiana says that he robbed himself of sleep at night drawing pictures of what the lawns should be, the drives through the grounds, the forest plantations; and in the morning before breakfast he was outside trying to fit his drawings into the land. Nor does she grudge him an iota of the credit for planning the interior that greets you as you pass in between the two Florentine cypress. A conservatory, you say, as you look admiringly upon flowering vines running up and around window frames, and inside doors leading farther into the house, and wonderingly examine the tree-stumps, from which droop giant fern-fronds, rare lilies and choicest palms, in pots and tubs. A home-like living room, it seems, with its wide, rock-built chimney, with broad mantle and characteristic inscription; with groups of easy chairs around a tea table, a comfortable couch drawn up across one window with the broadest view of sea and land, and with a library table with books at hand, and lounging chairs about it, and a little ways off the study table for the school work of the two daughters. Though the floor is laid in tiles, rugs, runners and carpeting cover a great part of these. To see



The entrance to the rolling wooded grounds plentifully splashed with garden effects.

it at its best, it must be at some afternoon or evening reception, when magically brilliant with electric light, with groups of fair women and handsome men, when the very atmosphere seems charged with sparkling wit and flashes of genius, for the host and hostess are ever surrounded by congenial people.

That I might see how nearly Mr. Torchiana's dreams and plans of a perfect country home had been realized, we started out for a stroll, one afternoon when the sun lay fair and full on the city at our feet, lighted up bay and ocean in the distance, and spread before us a panorama that can never be compressed into views on paper, no matter how artistically taken, or how cunningly devised. Our best artists can but approach perfection.

As we entered the Palm Drive, the broad, white macadamized road leading through the entire estate, I turned a moment to meet one of the most entrancing sights ever given mortal to enjoy. Across the descending bank of green, through which winds the Torchiana road, across green fields in the distance, beyond groups of town houses and country homes, forming a slight elevation by its dense growth of tall trees, lies Phelan Park, the shimmering sea for its mirror, the wilder ocean rising beyond to hug the sunshine to its stormy bosom, and Monterey, shadowy and wavering of outline, on the other shore of the bay. And what kind of a sound was it, do you think, that broke in on my silent rapture? It was an unmelodious "gobble-gobble-gobble," uttered by a great bronze turkey that had made a flip-floppy dart at Mrs. Torchiana, as it came hastening across the lawn and then stood still, struck an attitude and made a wheel. But the wheel was defective, for it was just "after the battle." Not that Mr. Turkey is at all combative; on the contrary, he is devoted to the family, and from earliest morning he watches for his mistress to open her dressing room window, when his most affectionate "gobble-gobble-gobble" greets her; and all through the day he is with the family, even sharing the see-saw of the two daughters when they come home from school, though I never before heard of a turkey who would "teeter." He is specially devoted to the youngest I fear the older one may not have so



The glorious panoramic view from Inspiration Point. The Pacific Ocean in the distance.

much patience with the overbearing ways of the bird.

But it seems in the nature of any kind of Turkey to breed trouble, for Nig, the steady old family horse, gave voice to something between a grunt and a nicker, as he was looking straight at us from where he stood tied near the Palm Drive, in the shade of a grove of eucalyptus and Monterey pines. Then another candidate for favor came slowly forth from the forest of eucalyptus, running along the upper side of the Palm Drive: a black cat, which followed her mistress all through the grounds, jealously watching the turkey out of the corner of her eye.

This eucalyptus forest extends clear to the end of the grounds; a part of it is now the playground of the children, but the main part will be devoted to the comfort and care of pheasants, quail or any other bird that chooses to partake of the Torchiana hospitality. The other trees, such as the cedrus deodara, the Lawson cypress, the ficus elastica, are grouped about the grounds with seemingly effortless effect; the silver birch alternating with the palm on the Palm Drive, and both the pine and the cypress of Monterey the feature tree on the banks and slopes of the newly built road.

What a pleasure it is to wander around on these firm, smooth, hard roads, where never a drop of water stands after the heaviest rain. That is why the cost was not considered, so long as results were obtained; and now friends can drive their autos and motor cars clear through the estate, and down the hill on the other side, if they so choose. The grounds, and these drives, are open to visitors on certain days of the week, and I believe even at night, for all the grounds are strung with electric wires, and the Japanese lanterns only mask the electric lights.

The utmost surprise and rapture is always called forth by a visit to Inspiration Point, well named, for there is nothing to compare with it this side of Yosemite. Well may Mrs. Torchiana look proudly down from there, for



"The interior that greets you on entering."



In the pride of victory.

she is viewing much of her own planning—the wide, white road winding down, and the gateway that opens on the street, a solid, stately gate, granite posts and heavy chains, and all the ground surrounding it, and the stairs rising to the right of it, firm and white in concrete and in granite.

But above, where stands the little lady who is a society idol with unconquerable penchant for home duties and hard work, the results of her labors speak for her. She planted all those eucalypts, now three years old, with her own fair hands, when the trees were six inches tall. There are the finest varieties there, of polyanthema, with the pink blossoms; of sideroxylon, with the scarlet flowers, and of the corynocalyx, called the Sugar Gum.

Walking slowly back from here, the usual California question obtruded itself: "What season of the year is this, anyway?" For looking across to the elevation of the house visible from here, I see the giant white Lamarque rose climbing up to the third story,, full of blossoms; at my feet are the callas in long rows, and a little piece away there swings a pink passion vine across the nearest fruit tree. And this is the middle of January in Santa Cruz.

THE WOODLAND PATH

BY GEORGE L. ANDREWS

How wondrous is the quiet charm and spell
Of this all-shaded path that winds afar!
Here I may rove by beds of asphodel
While wilding things their souls of song unbar.

The giant trees lift leafy boughs on high,
And ferns and mosses beckon far and wide;
The wood nymphs romp beneath the open sky
In glades where flowers bloom on every side.

A little stream goes winding down the way
Beside this woodland path of mystic charm,
And sweet and clear its waters ring all day
In rhythmic sound like far-off bees in swarm.

To deepest depths of the great forest old
This path allures and calls me evermore;
Here I walk in the mystic realms of gold,
And drink deep of the woodland's mystic lore.

HOW THEY BUILD HOMES IN THE DESERT

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

With photo illustrations taken by the author.

THIS IS THE desert: burning hot sand, hard packed under foot, leagues and leagues of greasewood, a Dead Sea of apparently varnished foliage, glossy green and highly aromatic in the noonday sun. The bushes stand high as a man and close together, presenting a mass of verdure that extends far as the eye can reach, even to the fanged mountains that crouch, bristling, all around the mesa. The leaves are harsh to the touch, and a little sticky; no creature will eat them; they are hard and uninviting to the eye as the calcium-lighted foliage of a stage setting. And here are cacti; suhuaros, the giants of their tribe, a century old, many of them, and reaching sometimes to a height of forty feet. Yet they are merely a mass of pulp held upright by a skeleton of tough fibre. Here, too, is the ocotilla, like a bunch of fish poles, more liberally supplied with thorns than a rose tree, a red-hot flower growing like a flame at the tip of each pole.

If one should care to build a home in this wild and barren land, wherewith should he build it? Of such material? Even though it were eked out with trashy cottonwood and willow that grow along the rare water courses, and the juniper, so painfully procured from the distant mountains. The problem is man-size at least! And yet cities, with homes, churches and fortifications, were here before the gringo or his railroad.

How did they build, these red men



Typical desert scene on the unreclaimed lands along the Gila River. The shadowy outlines of the distant mountains are almost lost in the hazy, burning atmosphere.



San Xavier del Bac. (Notice the adobe construction of the unrestored tower.)

and yellow men who preceded us in the Southwest?

My ever-faithful kodak is ready with the answer, and in looking through my collection of pictures, taken not far from Tucson, I find homes woven like a nest or a basket, others not much more pretentious or substantial that a rag thrown over a bush, while still others are built of sun-dried mud, well constructed and comfortable enough for any man. Finally there is a church, built mainly of the same unpromising material, which, if it were in the Old World, would be included in the "grand tour." Long before the railroad came, the Mission of San Xavier del Bac stood there, a thing of grace and beauty in an oasis of the southwestern desert. The dominant race which drove the iron trail within sight of this edifice has not succeeded in placing an art work of the same class within many hundred miles of it. After the railroad came, the white man built, according to his own practical, unlovely ideas, and the structures of mortared brick and lumber were equally practical and unlovely, but the men who in earlier times fought with the desert had to depend on the materials at hand, greasewood, cactus and sun-baked sand, eked out with trashy willow and cottonwood.

Each took of them according to his needs. The nomad tribes, such as the Navajos and Apaches, bent together branches of the greasewood until their tops met, and covered them with blankets. To this day they do the same when wandering from the reservation to gather acorns; whole clans of them, including squaws and papooses, mounted on sorry ponies; thus they travel for weeks at a time through the mountains over trails (which were once war trails) and make camp where their favorite food supply is plentiful. When they are through using their

impromptu house, they pack the roof into a small roll, throw it over their pony's back and ride away. The *hogan* is the Apache's ideal of home, sweet home. It is always in a desirable neighborhood, the neighborhood *he* desires; it is cool and airy; it has a large lot (extending from California to Texas); it is supplied with running water, that is, if he pitches his camp near a stream, and is not encumbered with domineering landlords or janitors; there the housemaids cease from troubling and the scrub-women are at rest, for by the time the house needs cleaning he simply moves.

Some of the Papago homes about Tucson are not much more substantial, being woven loosely of greasewood and willow withes and bearing more resemblance to a huge, rough laundry basket than to anything else. A house of this construction is roofed with leafy boughs, and, if the family happens to possess more wearing apparel than is needed to cover its nakedness, these superfluous yellow skirts and pink shirts are tacked on the house for additional protection against the sun.

Uncouth enough it seems to us, yet perhaps to some dusky lover this frail shelter may appear as sweet as did another bower-like home to the hero of an old chivalric love song.

When Tristram stole away his Isolde from King Mark, we read that they fled to the woods and took refuge in

"A lodge of intertwisted beechen boughs,
Furze-cramm'd and bracken-rooft, the which himself
Built for a summer day with Queen Isolde
Against a shower——"

* * * *

"She lived a moon in that low lodge with him."

The poets seem to love this kind of a home, prefer it to even the smug brick and lumber dwellings of the suburbs. Omar has built one with a single line:

"Green little home amid the desert sands."

This kind of a house seems well adapted to desert dwellers; the shade keeps the earthen floor cool, and the breeze that filters through the woven mass of leaves and twigs is robbed of its fierce, dry heat. It is more comfortable, I judge, than certain costlier dwellings in Tucson; at least the family does not have to move away for the summer.

A house in the same neighborhood is built in a somewhat similar style of architecture (which one might call the Early Papago), the main difference being a generous coating of mud-plaster over all. The thatched roof is thus made quite water tight, and it would take a violent storm to blow the rain through these walls.

From this it is but a step to the *jacal* —a dwelling not despised by the Mexican rancher. It is formed of cottonwood logs standing upright and reaching about seven feet above the ground, the corner posts, of course, being exceptionally strong and forked at the top. Substantial timbers are slung from fork to fork, and rafters laid on these, then the long, thorny poles of the ocotilla are placed side by side across the rafters, or sometimes the tough and fibrous skeleton of the suhuaro is used, forming an excellent support for the thatch and the final roofing of mud. The same humble and ever-handy material is used to chink the spaces between the upright trunks and the house is practically finished. Where a window is required, a couple of short length logs have been used in the wall, while the door frame is formed by omitting three or four altogether.

This is the sleeping room, the parlor, living room and dining room is usually a shelter from the sun, something on the order of a rude pergola built in front of the house and piled high with branches and foliage.

Perhaps the family wishes to be exclusive and fence its little plot of ground; here again the ocotilla finds a



From top to bottom—1. A home constructed of adobe and brush. 2. Adobe bricks being made on a home-made press in the desert. 3. Typical mud roof home. 4. The jacal, the uprights of cottonwood cuts, chinked with mud.

use: the bristling wands are stuck upright along the property line, with an occasional post from which strands of bale wire are stretched in such a way as to hold the improvised palings in position. Some of these ocotilla poles die, of course; others take root, putting forth little, round leaves and finally the rude and unsymmetrical fence is tipped with a row of bright red blossoms.

The next advance in desert architecture is the building of sun-dried bricks —the true adobe—and here we cannot stop with the description of a single edifice, for the adobe includes not only the obscure home of the peon, but the very comfortable and substantial residence of the rancher and business man —yes, even hotels, United States army posts and some of the most beautiful churches of the Southwest are built almost entirely of just plain mud.

Naturally, it is the most primitive of these structures which seem a spontaneous outgrowth of the soil, so perfectly fitted to its environment that the desert seems incomplete without the 'dobe. I have in mind one such home which stands between a magnificent growth of prickly pears and a patch of plumed sorghum, its presence there as perfectly a matter of course as if it, too, were rooted in the sand.

It is low, four-square and flat-roofed, surrounded by a mud-thatched awning whose supports are the forked trunks of trees, and whose sloping roof falls into quaint and graceful curves.

Where the rain has been allowed to beat on the unprotected walls of this building, the tiers of masonry are honey-combed, all square corners of the bricks are washed away, and the mortar of mud bears trace of the ravaging waters; but where the sheltering veranda has served as an umbrella for these walls, they are practically as good as on the day they were built; to the artist, of course, they are far more beautiful thus, with their faded wash of palest blue, stained and chipped, gaining in color and variety their loss in commonplace neatness.

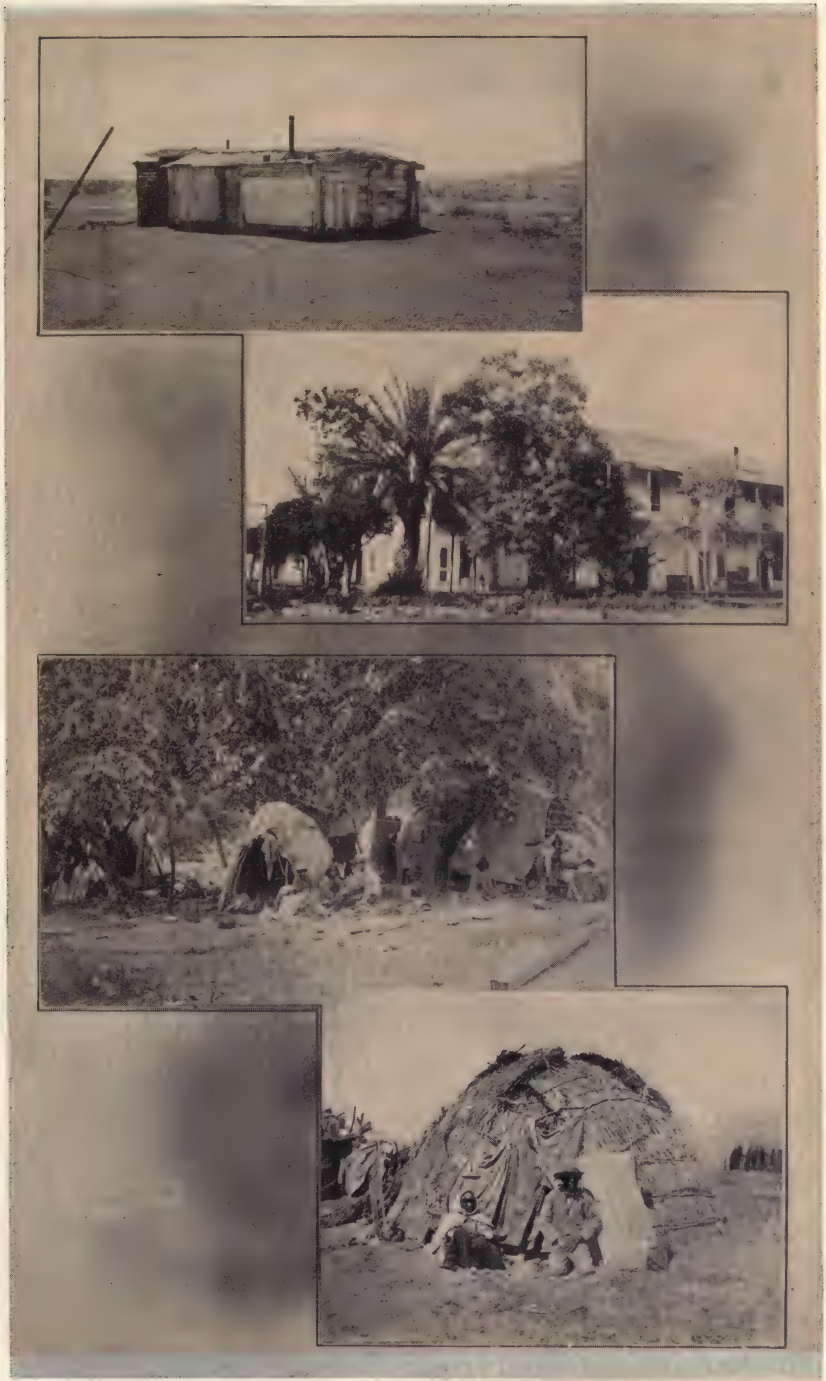
This 'dobe, like many another hereabout, can boast of an oven standing in the yard. It is also of the most convenient mud, shaped like an old-fashioned bee-hive, but more nearly hemispherical and considerably larger, being about three feet high.

This is the typical home of the Mexican rancher in Arizona.

Protection from the rain is all that the adobe needs to preserve it indefinitely, and this problem is solved with comparative ease by a coat of plaster over the masonry, which must be renewed from time to time, just as a ship's hull must be scraped and painted after every voyage. Equipped with such a raincoat, the adobe house is made not only more permanent, but more attractive to the eye that finds satisfaction in straight lines and smooth surfaces. Such homes are occupied, even in cities the size of Tucson, by those who are able to afford brick or frame construction, but find the thick, earthen walls better adapted to the climate of the desert. The town adobes are less picturesque, as a rule, though once in a while you find a charming old patio, overgrown with grapes and pomegranates, drowsing in the modern town. They vary in architecture from the simple, unattractive cube of the laborers' dwelling to the ornate design in "Mission Style," brought up to date and supplied with all modern conveniences.

One of the pleasantest Arizona homes I visited is that of a cattleman, a home set in the middle of the hot, brown ranges, sheltered by a grove of cottonwoods such as tower nobly above the rare water holes.

I had been jolted unmercifully the greater part of the day in a springless stage; had passed herds of cattle with cowpunchers in sombrero and "chaps;" had encountered a band of Apaches, yelling in a very hair-lifting manner and riding furiously upon us (in pursuit of some stray ponies, as it presently transpired); had shot a rattlesnake from the stage, and seen an orange-mottled Gila monster; felt, in fact, as if I were riding through the



From top to bottom—1. A house built of railroad ties near the Mexican frontier. 2. An old two-story adobe surrounded by vegetation at Mesa, Arizona. 3. An Apache home in Nagan, Indians grinding corn. 4. Basket home made of interlaced grass mats.

pages of an illustrated magazine, through the Wild West story that invariably graces, or disgraces, each number.

Shortly before sundown the stage drew up before a low, broad, hospitable looking house, whose front door opened into a court, flanked on both sides by cool, darkened living rooms, very grateful after the dusty glare of the range. As I entered the parlor, I caught a glimpse of the patio, or open courtyard, with scarlet flowers growing beside a little murmuring fountain. But the interior was a surprise to the tenderfoot, whose idea of a cattleman's home was based on magazine stories. The parlor was plastered, carpeted and papered; the furniture was upholstered mahogany, and if this was old fashioned, the instruments in two corners of the room were not. From one of them we were refreshed with Melba's flute-like tones —a cow-ranch is the last place I should have visited to hear Madam Melba sing—and then from the other instrument, one of those new-fangled pianos from which you can extract music by either manual or pedal effort, the cattleman's daughter favored us with a Nocturne by Chopin.

Presently we sat down to a table whose linen, cut glass and silver were of the finest; the food did not shame it, and the black coffee, or "barefoot coffee," as our host called it, was equally good. It all seemed like a dream, or else the cowboys, Indians and Gila monsters were; I was not quite sure which.

But the Southwest is a land of surprises. To find these grand opera records and expensive instruments which discourse Chopin by foot-power out there on the range, gave you the odd impression of a magazine in which a form of the advertising section had been inadvertently bound between the Western fiction pages.

That was my first meal in a 'dobe.

Still, I would be the last to say that romance has passed away from the Southwestern frontier, or that its setting has everywhere grown prosaic as the advertising pages; on the contrary, to find some spots veneered and polished with civilization affords one a piquant contrast to the raw edges. For instance, the prospector, a friend and social equal of my host, lives in a cabin which would form a capital background for a story. With his own hands he built it of unshaped stones, chinked with the ever-handy mud, and thatched with yard-long blades of bear grass. Such homes are very common in the mountains, where the building material has been rattling down from the bald peaks for centuries. They are more permanent than one has any reason to expect of unmortared walls, their weakest spot being the roof, which is likely to fall in after a few seasons. For this reason some of the prospectors carry a roof of tarpaulin which, after doing their annual assessment work, they take away with them.

One finds these cabins scattered through the mountains, deserted for the greater part of the year, surrounded by scattered rubbish of the camp, empty cans, fragments of leather, bits of rope, and always, amid the sordid reminders of reality, the jewel-like tokens of that radiant goddess whom they serve, a little heap of precious ores whose very names are suggestive of bright-hued, iridescent Hope: chrysocolla, like a turquoise, azurite, sparkling pyrites, peacock copper.

From such a hut of unsquared stone men have emerged to build them mansions on the Avenue. And even those who never made their "big strike" possessed their stately Castles in Spain; hung upon the shapeless cabin walls tapestries of dream which the plodders of humanity never behold. What visionaries are these builders in the desert!

Other dreamers, whose dreams were not of earthly treasure, came to the naked Southwestern waste in still earlier days, came before the Pilgrim Fathers had set foot on Plymouth Rock, and built. So lofty was their ideal that its expression, even in sun-

dried mud, is a thing of wonderful beauty.

The black-robed padres, who ventured among the tribes of this fierce land and risked their lives that they might win souls, have left a lasting memorial. It is not a monument telling what they did, but an institution which still *does* the work they planned —teaching the descendants of the red man whom they found there. Out of the untaught aborigines, they helped make a prosperous and moral community, and likewise, from the common soil of the desert, they built them a church. To-day its towers and dome rise white and light as a vision of the New Jerusalem, crowning an oasis in that parched and forbidding land.

The building has been restored judiciously; that is to say, the traces of antiquity have not all been restored away. Moreover, the same adobe of which it was constructed is used in making the required additions.

Left to themselves, such edifices become a prey to the rains and the winds, and form melancholy and picturesque ruins. On the outskirts of Tucson is a forgotten church, dedicated, I believe, to San Juan, whose crumbling arches appeal to the imagination as do the famous ruins of the Old World. The process of decay is so rapid; any rain storm, you think, might cause the ancient structure to collapse in a shapeless heap and then even this relic of some one's aspiration, care and toil would pass utterly away.

Another example of the rapid disintegration of the adobe is the abandoned Fort Lowell, near Tucson, an extensive quadrangle of barracks, officers' quarters, storehouse and the like, which was built in the '70's and dismantled in 1886.

It reminds one of an excavated city, so very aged appear the crumbling walls, so desolate the square that was once populous, bright with uniform and glinting steel, gay with the high spirits of adventurous men.

But the need of it has passed away and day by day you can see the abandoned outpost returning to the bosom of the earth from which it sprang. For those things which are built of the desert have this quality in common: that when they are no longer needed they are swallowed up again by the desert. Perhaps it were well if some of our more pretentious structures and institutions had this quality of obliterating themselves when their usefulness is ended.

SUNSET

(In the Rogue River Valley)

BY ADDISON B. SCHUSTER

The mountain has the color of a dusty Autumn grape
 The sky beyond glows rich like ancient gold;
The shadows cross the valley and the breeze-front follows close
 And the day's a pleasant story all but told.

All around the ragged skyline cling the last bits of the day,
 In a variance of lavender and rose;
The shadows rise to claim them till one peak stands all alone
 In the last and rarest beauty of the close.

DEADMAN'S ISLAND, PANAMA

BY DIO LOUIS DAWSON

IT IS SAID that for every tie laid down in the construction of the Panama railroad reaching from the city of Panama to Colon, a distance of fifty miles, a human being gave his life. That is the estimate cost figured in lives. There is another side recorded in dollars and cents which, strange to say, was the most important when the road was being cut through the dense jungles. When the "forty-niners" wanted to get to California nothing mattered. The railroad was rushed to construction. The immigrants boarded the cars at Aspinwall, close to Colon, and paid from sixty to eighty dollars for the trip across to Panama. That was long before M. De Lesseps, the great French engineer who dug the Suez Canal, undertook to cut a waterway through the Isthmus. The railroad was then one of the best-paying investments in that country, and even yet high fare is charged all those not connected with the government.

Deadman's Island was chosen as a burying ground for all those who died of "Yellow Jack," that fever being the cause of most of the thousands of deaths. As the character of the germ was not then known, the remoteness of the island was supposed to prevent the spread of the terrible sickness. When a man was afflicted, he died quickly and with great pain. The



When the hoist was made fast we slung the chest containing the body of our shipmate over the side, ready for burial on Deadman's Island.



Los Intierros, or grave diggers, at their gruesome work on Deadman's Island

people fled from him, and for all they knew it was the hand of God—they could attribute no definite cause to the sickness, and feared it worse than they feared anything else on earth. They knew no remedy; there was no easing of the pain, and only death in its most hideous form awaited the afflicted.

The dead were handled by callous, indifferent Jamaica negroes, called "intierros," who seemed immune to the sickness. Even the natives feared them. These "intierros" took the bodies over to Deadman's Island about five miles out from the entrance to the canal, and gave them a hasty and unceremonious burial.

During the construction of the railroad and the earliest portion of the French occupation, a large crew of these "intierros" were kept busy, and according to common belief the devil kept them alive. No one would go near them, but all would flee at their approach. The mothers of the little children had but to say, "Intierros," and the naughty ones would mend their ways. The fear of the death and these black "intierros" has come to be a part of the folk-lore of Panama.

Since science has discovered the actual way in which the germ of Yellow Jack is carried, there are few deaths from the fever in the Canal zone. Two doctors, in the interest of their profession, and in order to prove conclusively that the mosquito was the spreader of the germ, allowed themselves to be bitten by a mosquito that had fed on a person sick with the fever. Both doctors took the disease, and died as a result of the experiment. If what they did was not heroic, then there are no heroes in history.

The French thought that the fever came from the damp of the earth; so they built their dwelling houses high on stilts, and let the mosquitos bite. But they frequently died. The houses they used are still to be seen along the canal route, with the wreckage of millions of dollars worth of machinery half-submerged in the waters of the Rio Grande and Chagres rivers. Very little of the machinery could be used by our government, as it had rusted away since 1885, when the French project fell to pieces through lack of funds and the enormous death rate of the employees.

Besides being malarial, the humid climate of the canal zone causes iron to oxidize quickly, and consequently machinery goes to ruin very fast when

neglected. It is very hard to preserve food stuffs. Candy sent from the United States in tin boxes will spoil in a week, and turn mouldy, while clothes have to be well aired frequently

During the Panama revolution against Colombia, the motherland, in 1902-3, the United States was always represented on the Pacific side by at least one warship. One of our gunboats was sufficient to exterminate the armada of any of the republics down there, and as we wanted to see Panama win the struggle for freedom, as the natives understood it, they were always encouraged by the sight of the American flag.

From that time on, owing to the enmity held toward us by Colombia, a gunboat has been kept down there. While the revolution was still in the blood of the natives, our sailors were not allowed to mingle freely among them. Our shore leave was limited to small hamlets along the coast, while cruising about, and to Deadman's Island while lying at anchor in the bay of Panama.

From a distance, Deadman's Island is a beautiful spot on the placid ocean shore, pyramidal in shape, densely covered with foliage, like a huge bouquet set in the sea. Not a glimpse of the island can be had through its thick covering, save along the beach and a partially cared for section of the burying ground, where now and then a grey tombstone stands out in contrast to the green at the foot of the slope. A couple of open work shacks made of bamboo and grass are the only signs of living habitation. Three "intierros" live in these, accompanied by a family of monkeys and some parrots. When these black men are not digging fresh graves they are supposed to cut the brush and weeds from the old graves; but as there is none to see that they carry out their duty, the old, thickly-populated cemetery is disintegrating on the surface as well as beneath, and now appears more like an untrammeled jungle than anything else. Various bones are sometimes seen on the surface, while lizards and snakes slip through the naked roots over the graves, and hiss at the curious sailor who attempts to read the list of names on some monument which marks the resting place of a whole ship's company.

Naturally, the island is not a particularly inviting place to spend one's time, but it was the only convenient strip of earth we of the ship's crew could find in which to stretch our legs, so of afternoons we used to pull over in one of the cutters, anchor the boat out aways off shore, and go for a swim in the shallow water towards the ship. When we tired of swimming we would ramble among the graves or play sailors' pranks.

Some enterprising natives from the mainland got in the habit of coming, unknown to the captain, in a large dug-out canoe laden with fruits and even liquor. We came to expect them, and took money along with us in what we termed "the swimming party." We would eat mangoes and sip some liquor —all the "bum-boat" would sell, until ship-time to return. The bumboat man spoke English, and would not let any of the fellows get drunk, for he knew that would end sharply his business relations with us and produce trouble.

Occasionally some natives would come with a corpse and give it to the "intierros," who would carry it ashore and bury it without any more ceremony than if it were an ordinary animal. We came to regard an event of this kind as a great sign of life on the island, and would gather around the grave as they carried it up, and wonder about life and death, and whether or not it was right to bury a human being in such an uncanny place. We had no fear of the "intierros," although we had a repugnance for them, and raised our lips in abhorrence when near them and sucked the air through our teeth. A kind of sickness always came over me at seeing this procedure, and the whole island reeked in the seemingly fetid atmosphere. Of course it was always natives who were buried in this fashion.

In the early '50's it was the fever that fetched them to the grave; now it was sometimes the fever and sometimes they were killed at work or killed in some unknown way for unknown reasons. For our edification the "intierros" would lift open the lid and display the dead, and then laugh at our looks of disgust.

When they put the crude box into the hole and began to throw in the dirt one of their larger monkeys, which always went about with them, would help pitch in the dirt, using his hands for a shovel, and looking up at his callous-minded master for approval, which he always got. Some of the sailors tried to make friends with the monkey. One offered him some cocoanut *dulce,* and got his hand bitten badly for his pains. After that it was open warfare between the monkeys and the sailors. Whenever we landed, a great chattering would go up around the shacks, and the monkeys banded together as if to repel an attack by us. We came up then, and made faces, which infuriated them and gave us great fun. Whenever we got too close the big leader of the monkeys would take a stick in one hand and act as if to throw it. But he never did, although we teased him continually.

Some of the parrots could talk and some of them whistle, and they all could cry like a brat. During these monkey uprisings, they contributed all the noise they could to the occasion. They spoke only "bumboat Spanish." One screamed continually: "Caracoles, caracoles!" Whether he was swearing or wanted something, I never could tell. They were very beautiful birds, and we planned to capture a good "talker." Its favorite expletive was "Jesu Cristo, Jesu Cristo." After many trials we succeeded in snaring its foot with a string, but when it found itself caught it tore around at the end of the string, screaming "Jesu Cristo" so loudly that the "intierros" came running out, and we had to let it go, and decamp. After that we couldn't get near any of them. They would yell "Jesu Cristo" and "Caracoles" at sight of us.



A landing party from the ship.

Several ships joined ours at Panama Bay, and we all steamed out around Toboga Island into a little bay called Chame, and held the regular semi-annual target practice. It took several days to set the target and buoys, and all the time we held sub-calibre practice, loading-machine drill, and all the rest of it.

We had on board the old-fashioned type of six-inch guns. They made a terrible roar, flung a suffocating heat, and sometimes refused to go back "into the battery," slipping into what is known as the gravity return mount. With all their bluster and smoke they did very little damage to the target. The service men had to bounce them up and down occasionally to bring them into the proper position for the next shot. This kind of service made the boys so familiar with the guns that they became careless in time of firing. Owing to this fact and to the defective type of breech-plug used, the plugman on number three was killed outright. He had taken a position to help shove the gun back to the battery immediately after firing, when the operating arm, which he had not shoved home, burst out, swung around, and caught him in the midrib, laying his side open. He fell to the deck dead, a ghastly sight.

We prepared to bury him on Deadman's Island. A great cask was constructed so as to protect his body as much as possible in case any of his

relatives, later, should send for it after receiving the news.

I was among the party sent ashore to dig the grave, as they would not think of letting those blacks do anything for a white man, and an American sailor at that. We selected the most beautiful place available, close to where he had run and swum during his last days, and cleared it of weeds. This time the "intierros" looked on, and they made us so nervous that we shouted "vamose" at them until they moved off with their pack of monkeys, parrots and devil's omens.

We had a great wreath of flowers made ashore, and the other ships also contributed a beautiful offering of flowers. A funeral party was arranged, burial services were held on board and ashore at the grave by the chaplain. Almost every sailor attended the funeral, which consisted of a line of boats. A military burial, consisting of three volleys fired from the rifles of a company of men over the open grave, as is the custom on board a man-o-war.

While the chaplain was saying "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," an old, half-crumbled skeleton fell out of the wall of the grave and rattled upon the lid of the coffin. When the chaplain finished, we filled in the grave and spread the flowers upon it, while from a little distance the "intierros" looked on. They had been watching throughout, and it made us all feel very uncomfortable to think of the events connected with our associations with the island.

Two years later I helped to dig up the same body and send it to the United States. The boy's parents wrote that they wanted the interment near their home.

MEMORY

BY BARIC CAYVAN

"Love, grant me this—an thou must go," she wept,
With ashen lips and eyes a-swim with tears.
"Take all thy treasure my poor heart hath kept—
But take, too, all the mem'ry of these years!"

"So be it: fare thee well." And Love was gone,
Smiling, to read the rapture in her glance;
While she, heartless, ran swiftly, blindly, on
To seek once more Youth's fair inheritance.

Again she wandered where they parted then—
"O Love!" she cried, "thy bounty was in vain.
An thou canst not return to me again,
Give back the memory—with all its pain!"

WHAT THE COLLEGE GYMNASIUM IS DOING FOR AMERICAN YOUTH

BY E. H. BARKER

IT IS SO frequently asked, "What is the use of all this Delsarte business with dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and other gymnastic paraphernalia; and haven't college students anything better to do than spend a great part of their time in the gymnasium, cutting up a lot of fool antics with chest-weights and quarter-circles?" that it seems worth while to stop, for a moment, to consider just what results are actually accomplished by such a course as is pursued, for example, by the average freshman class.

If it be granted that health is of any great advantage in the so-called daily warfare of existence, then it must certainly be admitted that those things which put the body in a position to do battle successfully are of supreme importance. To insure any reasonable degree of comfort, and not to be in constant fear of ill health or loss of life, some education of the muscles, and up to a certain limit, the more the better, is necessary. Advances in literary power or scientific skill cannot be readily measured with a yard-stick. We cannot say just how much a student's perception is in advance of what it was a year or two years ago. There is as yet no means of measuring exactly the capacity of the mind for continued and exhausting labor, but with advances made in physical development we have at hand all the appliances for measuring very nearly a man's capacity for work and his ability to withstand fatigue. As the girth of a muscle may be taken as showing approximately the strength of that muscle, we may take for some of our data the measurements of certain parts of the body; namely, the girths of the upper arm, forearm, chest, thigh and calf. The measurements given below are those of a class of freshmen in the University of California, taken at the beginning and at the end of eight months of systematic work, one-half hour daily The first set of figures give the girth in inches; the second, girth after eight months; and the third, the gain:

Upper arm	11.6	12.5	.9
Forearm	10.5	10.9	.4
Chest	33.	35.	2.
Thigh	19.6	20.8	1.2
Calf	13.6	14.	.4

It must be at once apparent to even the most casual observer that these are gains in the very places where increased strength is of most immediate service. A gain of nearly an inch in the girth of the upper arm means a vast increase in strength and general usefulness. A gain of two inches in girth of chest points not only to an enormous increase in lung capacity, but also to increased ability to withstand fatigue, and to added power to ward off disease. In a word, it means a very important improvement and enlargement of the engine-room of the body. The table shows, not the improvement of some one isolated case of special development, but the average improvement made by all the members of a class.

Just such improvements as these are being made annually by thousands of

young men in our college gymnasiums all over the land, and yet we hear now and then of some ineffectual attempt to remove physical training from the college course. If the body is not developed while the boy is still susceptible to physical training, it will never be developed. It must be done then, or it will forever remain undone. The time for severe physical training is in the college years.

"It is during school and college days," says a recent writer, "before life's burdens feel heavy upon his shoulders, that a man should increase his biceps and expand his chest. After that, exercise must mean to him relaxation, not development."

AN ANCIENT ALLEGORY

BY JOHN BROWN JEWETT

Life sang at the breaking dawn:
"Come, Day; come to me."
As Life sang the day grew on;
Life's heart swelled with glee.

Life sang in the sunny morn:
"Come, Love; come to me."
Love came, as if wholly born
From the melody.

Life sang, toward the burning noon:
"Come, Fame; come to me."
Like an answer Fame came soon
To the minstrelsy.

Then Life rested in the shade.
As the day wore on,
In the shadow that Time made,
Love was strangely gone.

Vanished Fame almost as soon;
Life sang: "Come again,
Love and Fame, this afternoon."
But the song was vain.

Evening darkened: Life once more
Sang: "Day, come to me.
Come as thou didst come before,
When I called to thee."

Day no more, but darkness, came.
Life had passed away.
Life and song and love and fame
Were but parts of day.

THE SABLE STOLE

BY LOUIS J. STELLMANN

"ROMANCE," said Billsworth, sententiously, "is dead."

Atherton surveyed his friend quizzically, through a cloud of cigar-smoke.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"That isn't funny," returned Billsworth, testily. "Your jokes lack point, Jim, just as life lacks interest. I'm not in love, as you very well know. I'm just plain bored. Some one has said, rather aptly, that life is just one blanked thing after another. But it's always the *same* thing. Morning, noon, and night; breakfast, luncheon, dinner, with some work and play between. Yesterday, to-day and forever, like a tune played over and over—that's what our modern civilization amounts to. Show me one real adventure and I'll die happy."

"You're wrong," said Atherton. "I know, for I've felt the same way. But it's indigestion and ignorance that makes us quarrel with our age. There's just as much romance now as ever, though it may not be thrust upon one as offensively as it used to be."

"Rot," interrupted Billsworth. "Prove it."

Atherton was silent for a moment. Then he picked up the newspaper before him. "Very well," he retorted. "I'll bet you that this sheet will furnish us a clue to at least one first-class adventure within five minutes. Dinner for two, with champagne. Are you game?"

"Yes, if you bar 'Personals' and fortune tellers, which includes mediums," agreed Billsworth. "And I stipulate," he added, cannily, "that the loser pay all expenses of a wild goose chase."

"Done," said Atherton. He was scanning the paper rapidly. For several moments neither spoke. Then Atherton folded the paper twice, with a dexterous turn, ran his pencil around several lines of type, and passed it to his friend. "There you are," he said.

Billsworth snatched the paper, and read the lines indicated.

"For Sale—Lady's handsome sable stole. Practically new. Cost $300. will sell for $50. H. Ortheval, No. 443 Western Place."

"Lovely clew, that!" cried Billsworth, throwing down the paper contemptuously. "The only element of interest is whether 'H. Ortheval' is a maid or a bell-boy. The police will supply us with the owner's name."

"Don't be an ass," returned Atherton. "Do you suppose a thief would advertise stolen property and give his name and address? There's a mystery about this. I feel it. Anyhow, we can't lose. We don't have to buy the stole."

"Very well," Billsworth assented, listlessly. "At best we'll hear a hard luck story, and buy something we do not want. My brother won't thank me. But, come on. There's nothing better in sight."

They left the restaurant, and, after some argument, decided on a cab. Billsworth opposed this, but Atherton insisted that they begin right. "Who ever heard of starting a romance with a trolley ride?" he said. "Let's get the proper atmosphere, anyhow."

At the corner nearest the house indicated in the advertisement, they dismissed the cabby. The street was poorly lighted, but it was one of those old-fashioned districts where house-numbers are still plainly inscribed on the transoms of front doors. No. 443 was a commonplace-looking fraction of a commonplace brick row. It showed little sign of human habitation, save a

dim light in the hall. Every shade was drawn. There was something subtly funereal about it.

A ring at the ancient bell-pull set up a weird, jangling clamor, and soon slow footsteps were heard in the hall. The dim light in the hall brightened, and there was an appreciable pause. The men in the vestibule had an uncomfortable sensation of being scrutinized from an unseen peep-hole. Then the door swung back, revealing a large, coal-black negro in a powdered wig and shabby butler's livery. He bowed ceremoniously, and then stood, silent, endeavoring to preserve a correct attitude, although obviously much agitated. They noted that his once splendid garb was old and shabby; that his great, white-stockinged calves and ankles terminated in huge carpet-slippers; that the long, black fingers of his hand, which held the tray, were ornamented with diamond rings, flashing prismatically in the glow of the red-globed lamp.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" he inquired, in singularly perfect English.

Atherton replied: "We came to see Mr. Ortheval."

As if suddenly struck a blow, the negro dropped his tray and staggered back. "*Mister* Ortheval!" he gasped. "*Mister Ortheval!* 'Fore the Lord!"

"What's the matter with you?" cried Billsworth. "We came about an advertisement in to-day's paper—to look at a sable stole. Doesn't H. Ortheval live here?"

The negro's recovery was as rapid as his apparent panic. He picked up his tray and faced the two men with a smile that disclosed age-yellowed teeth, freely filled with gold.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he returned. "Come in. You mean *Miss* Ortheval. Yes, she is at home. I thought you referred to her father. Mr. Ortheval is dead. Yes, quite dead." To their astonishment, he wiped his eyes, furtively, with a silken, lace-edged handkerchief that exuded a scent of cologne. He showed them into a parlor, took their cards and shuffled off, his carpet-slippers dragging audibly, as he ascended the stairs.

Billsworth and Atherton surveyed each other, too amazed to speak. The parlor was shabby-genteel. The inevitable marble clock ticked on a lambrequin mantel. Several family portraits hung on the walls; the furniture was horse-hair, upholstered with faded damask. The one grotesque and inconsistent article which the room contained was a wire dressmaker's form. It stood in one corner of the room upon a small circular rug of Oriental design.

About the neck of this headless figure was draped a handsome sable stole. Both men arose and examined the fur.

"That's a fine piece of goods," said Billsworth, handling it with a certain respect. "I don't know much about furs, but I've seen these things in my brother's place marked as high as a thousand dollars." After a pause he continued: "This is a queer deal. What do you make of it? Why do you suppose they want to sell this for one-sixth of its real value? How do they come to need fifty dollars so badly, when they keep servants and have a house like this? Why, that darkey's got five hundred dollars' worth of diamonds on his black fingers! Regular Arabian Nights' mix-up, eh?"

Atherton smiled. "It begins to look as though we had flushed our adventure."

They were interrupted by the return of the negro. He bore, with immense dignity, a handsome silver tray, holding two goblets of sparkling wine.

"My mistress's compliments," he said unctuously. "Miss Ortheval will be down presently. In the meantime she hopes that you will do her the honor to partake of refreshment."

A telepathic flash passed between Billsworth and Atherton. Was this whole thing a trap? The mistress a hoax? The ridiculously low priced fur a bait?

The negro answered their look of suspicion. "The wine is excellent Burgundy," he said, reproachfully. "It has been in my master's cellar for

twenty years. It was an old custom of his to offer wine to his guests."

He stopped and seemed to listen. Atherton and Billsworth heard nothing, but they fixed their eyes on the door, through which, presently, a young woman entered. She was clad in black, and walked noiselessly, with a stateliness that was impressive. She was of average height, and her face, although too strong for mere beauty, was wonderfully attractive. Her age might have been anything between twenty-five and forty. Her left arm rested in the sling of a black silk scarf.

Shamefacedly the men reached for their glasses. With a silent salute, they drained the contents, and bowed in acknowledgment of their hostess's greeting.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," she said. "Ilcario, you may go."

"I dare say," she added, after the negro had gone, "that you think us quite mad."

"On the contrary," denied Atherton, gallantly. "We are charmed with your hospitality. I have rarely tasted such wine."

"It is quite old, as Ilcario has doubtless told you," she smiled. "My father brought it from Spain. Ilcario takes great pride in serving it to guests. He is a quaint character, my butler. For years he has refused to accept salary from us, because he is rich through a legacy. He has a fancy for diamonds, as you may have noticed, and for the old uniform, which he refuses to change for a new one. Ilcario speaks five languages, and has read most of the classics. The stole at which you have been looking is his."

The men shifted uneasily in their chairs. Their perplexity grew with each fresh development of this curious situation.

"May I ask," said Billsworth, finally, "why this fur is for sale at so low a price—and by an owner so wealthy?"

"Your question is natural," replied the young woman, "but I regret my inability to enlighten you. That is Ilcario's secret. Perhaps he will tell you, himself."

As though her words were his cue, the negro re-entered. Miss Ortheval turned to him.

"Do you wish to inform these gentlemen why you are selling this stole, Ilcario?" she asked. "They do not understand why you need money when you wear so much valuable jewelry."

The black darted a quick, excited glance at his mistress, and began speaking rapidly in some foreign tongue. It sounded to Atherton, who was something of a linguist, like a Spanish and Indian patois, but he failed to understand it. Miss Ortheval answered the negro's short, staccato sentences with more musical phrases in the same speech. Almost in a moment the strange conversation ended. Ilcario's attitude seemed suddenly apologetic, and Miss Ortheval excused her apparent rudeness with a gesture of whimsical affection toward the butler.

"He is like a child in some things, despite his learning," she explained. "He says you will laugh at his reason, and that it cannot matter to you, because the stole is honestly his and more than worth the price asked. His reason for wishing to sell it involves a personal affair, half sentimental and half superstitious. He begs that you will not insist on an explanation.

Billsworth fumbled for his purse. "I will take the fur at the price named, madam," he said. "Your assurance is sufficient. Let the darkey keep his secret; though I won't deny that I'm curious."

He counted a number of greenbacks, separated them from the others in his purse and handed them to Miss Ortheval. "You are acting as an—er—agent in this matter, I believe," he said.

"Yes," she replied. She took the bills and slipped them into the bosom of her dress. "Ilcario," she called, "get a piece of paper or a box and wrap this fur for the gentleman."

In a moment the negro returned with wrapping material. He took the stole carefully, almost reverently, from the wire figure, and wrapped it in tissue paper. This he placed in a box, cov-

ering the whole with heavier paper, and tying it securely. He seemed rather clumsy at this, and there was on his face an expression of poignant regret. These signs had disappeared, however, when he finally handed the package to Billsworth, and he seemed almost elated. The two men said good-night to Miss Ortheval, and a few minutes later found themselves again in the street.

Late that evening, when Billsworth unpacked his box, he found the contents to be an immense pair of patent leather shoes, which, evidently, had never been worn.

* * * *

Despite the hour, Billsworth telephoned for Atherton, and though that gentleman was just kicking off his shoes in an apartment five miles away, he hastily dressed and responded in person.

"Now, what are we up against?" Billsworth inquired, in a tone not devoid of reproach, as he finished showing the criminating shoes.

Atherton examined them attentively. They were in a plain box, and bore no brand or distinguishing mark. Evidently they had been made to order.

"Perhaps another mystery; perhaps a simple mistake," Atherton answered at last.

"Or, perhaps, a common swindle," returned Billsworth, with nasty emphasis. "I've a mind to notify the police and have them arrested."

"You'd get more than fifty dollars' worth of troublesome notoriety," warned Atherton. "All your friends would have the laugh on you if it got into the papers. Besides, I don't believe it's a swindle. Why should they throw in a ten dollar pair of custom-made shoes, when there's plenty of sawdust to be had? Ilcario probably packed the stole in one of his old shoe boxes, and then switched them by mistake."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted Billsworth. "Anyhow, I'll take a chance. I'd like to see that old darkey again."

"And I'm perfectly willing to renew my acquaintance with the girl," said Atherton, eagerly. He picked up his hat and was about to leave when the door bell rang. A moment later Billsworth's man brought up a telegram.

"The boy's waiting for an answer, sir," he said.

"Hold on a minute, Atherton," said Billsworth. He tore off the envelope, and after a quick perusal, passed the enclosure to his friend. It read:

"Miss Henrietta Ortheval requests the pleasure of Messrs. Billsworth's and Atherton's presence at dinner, 7 p. m., to-morrow. Miss Ortheval hopes, in this manner, to explain certain matters which may now seem extraordinary. R. S. V. P."

The friends surprised each other in frank amazement. Then, in accord with a mutual though silent agreement, Billsworth seated himself at the desk, wrote, smiling grimly:

"Messrs. Atherton and Billsworth, in convention assembled, accept, herewith, Miss Henrietta Ortheval's invitation to dine and receive certain much-desired explanations."

"Give that to the boy," he said.

II.

When Billsworth and Atherton again climbed the steps of No. 443, Western Place, the house was brilliantly illuminated. Lights showed through every window, for the shades were but partially drawn. An immaculately uniformed "Buttons," small and rosy-cheeked, admitted them in lieu of the enormous negro. The parlor, into into which they were ushered, was subtly transformed. Flowers stood in several tall vases. The furniture had been dusted and repolished. The wire form was gone. Several late magazines, still uncut, and a number of new books were lying upon a center table.

"Good evening, gentlemen."

They wheeled, startled by the unexpected greeting, to behold their hostess. In her they noted the same indefinable change which the parlor had undergone. Instead of the sombre black of the previous night, Miss Orth-

eval wore a modish evening gown of shimmering blue satin. Her hair, elaborately and stylishly coiffured, was decked with a white rose. The sling had been discarded and long white modish gloves covered hands and forearms.

She seemed younger, more approachably modern and intimate in her charm than before. Billsworth and Atherton stared at her in surprise and unconscious admiration.

"Dinner is ready," she announced, without further parley. "Permit me to conduct you." She offered an arm to each. Bewildered, but eager, with their hostess between them, they sauntered slowly down the hallway to a brilliantly lighted dining room. Within, they were presented to a younger woman introduced as her sister. She was quite pretty, though of less positive character than the hostess. The table was set for five.

"I expected another guest," said Miss Ortheval, "but he may be delayed. We will not wait. Be seated, gentlemen, please."

Then, for the first time, the men noticed that the table was round. Atherton's place was at Miss Ortheval's right. Next to him sat the younger woman, and, beside her, Billsworth. The place at the hostess's left was vacant.

The two guests looked vainly about for the old negro. The dinner, which was apparently being furnished by a caterer, was served by a good-looking young man who seemed rather above his class, intellectually. He wore a pair of the colored spectacles usual to men with weak eyes. Billsworth gave him one disappointed glance, and then turned to his hostess.

"What has become of your interesting old butler, if the question is not impertinent?" he asked.

Miss Ortheval exchanged a quick glance with her sister. "Oh, Ilcaria," she said, with a certain constraint. "He has left us for a little time."

"I am sorry," returned Billsworth. "I had hoped to see him again— That is," he added, as Miss Ortheval reddened, "entirely aside from our little business transaction."

Miss Ortheval motioned to the waiter to withdraw. When he had gone she turned to Billsworth. "There is no use beating about the bush," she said; "I must tell you that Ilcario has disappeared."

"With the stole?" Billsworth blurted, impulsively.

"Yes," replied the hostess, with a smile, in which there was a touch of disdain. "But that can easily be righted. I shall hand you, before you leave, the—consideration involved. But I trust that Ilcario will return before we have finished our meal."

"Then it is for him we are waiting," cried Atherton, excitedly. "He is not a negro at all——"

Miss Ortheval laughed outright. "Oh, dear, yes," she answered. "Ilcario's color is perfectly genuine. He is, I fancy, looking for our tardy one, who——"

"Wait," spoke the younger Miss Ortheval, quickly. "Let me explain this muddle—since it is all on my account. The missing guest is my fiance—and Miss Ortheval's brother. We are stepsisters, though I have taken the same name."

"Norah!" interrupted Miss Ortheval, quickly.

"I don't care," protested the younger woman. "I am tired of this eternal mystery. What can these gentlemen think of us? That we are thieves? or swindlers? I can't bear it any longer. They have been drawn into this thing inadvertently—through Ilcario's mistake and our own. I am going to tell them. There is nothing wrong about it. Your false pride, Henrietta, will only lead to more trouble. Ilcario is inexplicably absent—Norton may not come at all. It is much better to tell the truth."

"Very well," said Miss Ortheval, quietly. "Perhaps you are right. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. My sister will tell you—what she sees fit."

Atherton made a slight gesture of protest. "I want to assure you, ladies," he said gallantly, "that neither of us

wishes to force a confidence on the strength of last night's occurrence." He turned to the elder woman with unconventional friendliness. "Of course we are, naturally, curious," he continued frankly. "But it is only in the hope that we may be of some service that I wish to hear a family secret." He looked at Billsworth, who nodded his corroboration.

"I thank you," said Miss Ortheval. "And I am convinced now that Norah is right. Proceed, my dear."

The younger woman did not speak at once. She glanced from one to the other of the men, and finally fixed her eyes upon Billsworth.

"Norton Ortheval and I became engaged some years ago, in violent opposition to my mother's wish," she began. "My mother hated and feared Norton. She was a woman of unaccountable prejudices and strong passions. At times, I think, she was insane. Her affection for me was her one tender sentiment, after the death of my father, which embittered her whole life. She married Mr. Ortheval because she supposed him to be rich, and thought, thus, to provide for my future.

"For herself she cared little, and when she found that her second husband was only moderately well-to-do, she felt a sense of personal injury, and included the father in her hatred of the son. At one time I believed she had poisoned my step-father, but in this I was wrong. She took advantage of his sudden death, however, to separate me from my lover.

"In some manner she contrived to persuade Norton that I had poisoned Mr. Ortheval because he opposed our marriage. Her own hatred she had always concealed from Norton. In her youth she was a great actress, and she never forgot her art. She worked on Norton's love for me to such an extent that he consented to disappear if she would conceal my alleged crime. She even induced him to give her a written confession of *his own guilt*—to protect me, in case I were suspected. Norton's hat was found floating on the lake. The boat in which he had gone sailing drifted ashore bottom up. I believed him drowned—and it was not until my mother's death a year later that I found his false confession and suspected the truth. Afterwards I found a letter to my mother from Norton, who was then in South America. It confirmed my suspicions. They had correspondeed in secret, apparently, for some time.

"I think my mother's heart must have softened toward him as she neared the end—possibly because of my grief, which, as she must have observed, did not abate with time. I believe that she held out some hope to Norton, for his last letter, which she must have forgotten to destroy, contained this passage: 'I am coming to America. Do not try to reach me by mail; but, when all is well, advertise a sable stole at a price much below its value.'

"Why he hit upon this curious signal I do not know. My mother must have impressed upon him the need of caution. The sable stole, which Mr. Billsworth purchased, was Norton's birthday gift to me, shortly before his departure. We did not, of course, intend to sell it. Reminded by the advertisement, I took it from the trunk yesterday morning and hung it in the parlor to air. We have had no visitors for a long time, and the sun enters through the bay-windows there longer than in any other room.

"Ilcario was to have told all inquirers that the fur was already sold. It was through his blunder that you were drawn into this affair, and it was also through his remorse and unwillingness to part with the fur that he substituted the pair of shoes, regardless of consequences."

She paused.

"Then the story of Ilcario's ownership was merely a—subterfuge," said Billsworth.

The elder Miss Ortheval averted her eyes. "Yes," she answered, "that was another of Ilcario's misguided but well-meaning schemes. I adopted it, because I was temporarily unable to

think of a better way to extricate myself from a sudden dilemma. I was suffering intensely from a burn on my hand. As soon as you were gone, I realized the absurdity of it all. But it was not until Ilcario proudly exhibited the stole he had 'saved' for me that I realized the serious consequences which might follow. So I called a messenger and sent you the extraordinary message which must have puzzled you even more than the discovery of Ilcario's patent leathers."

"Yes," said Billsworth, "we were completely mystified—and there are still a number of things I do not understand. May I ask a few questions?" he said, very respectfully to Miss Norah.

"Certainly," she replied, graciously. "I suppose you wonder why we are expecting Norton to-night?"

"That is one thing," said Billsworth. "Another is why Ilcario disobeyed instructions and admitted us at all."

"He explained that he was agitated by your asking for Mister Ortheval," returned Norah. "Ilcario is in our confidence to a limited extent only. I could not, of course, tell him of my mother's perfidy, although I believe he suspects it. So he still thinks that Norton is in some danger from the law. He believed at first that you were detectives, come to arrest him. In his relief at learning that you came about the fur, he forgot to say it was sold. Ilcario is quite excitable.

"Yesterday we received a note from Norton. It came in a typewritten envelope, and was, apparently from a stranger, who said he would call at seven to-night and examine the fur. But it was signed N. O., and we recognized the writing at once. Why he has failed to arrive is as much of a mystery as Ilcario's disappearance. Whether there is any connection between the two events, I cannot——"

She broke off her narrative with a gasp, and stared, suddenly, at the door opposite, which, presumably led to the kitchen. The others, turning, swiftly, beheld the waiter standing on the threshold. He had removed his glasses, and his face seemed like another man's. His eyes, luminous with pent-up feeling, were fixed on the younger Miss Ortheval.

"Norah!" he said, and he took a step forward, "*Norah!*"

The younger Miss Ortheval gave a little cry and sprang to her feet. For a moment she stood irresolute, seemingly dazed with surprise. Then the waiter held out his arms, and the girl flung herself into them, sobbing hysterically.

Miss Henrietta, too, had arisen. "Why, it's Norton," she said, in amazement. "It's Norton—and we didn't know him!"

Billsworth and Atherton sat, silent and uncomfortable, until the lovers at length emerged from their oblivion. Then the elder woman called to them softly. There were tears in her eyes as she led them forward and presented the newcomer to her guests.

"I can hardly believe it to be you," she said to the erstwhile servitor. "How funny you look with a beard, and—what have you done to your hair?"

"Dyed it," said Norton Ortheval. "You see, I was still afraid. I bribed the man who came from the caterer and took his place. Ilcario arranged it for me. And I listened at the door until I could stand it no longer—even with these gentlemen here."

"But where is Ilcario?" asked Miss Henrietta, still puzzled.

Norton opened a window and gave a low, whistled signal. It was repeated softly from somewhere without and soon stealthy footfalls were heard on the gravel path of the garden below.

"You may come in, now, Ilcario," said the young man. "There is no further need of keeping watch below."

Soon the huge negro appeared through the door at which Norton had previously entered. At sight of Billsworth he started, guiltily, and hung his head.

"It's alright, Ilcario," said Billsworth, quickly. "Everything has been explained."

Without a word, the negro quitted

the room. In a moment he returned with a box, the counterpart of that which Billsworth had carried home the evening before.

"I was bringing it to you this morning, sir," he said apologetically, "when I met Mr. Norton. I was going to tell you I had made a mistake. You will pardon an old fool's blunder, won't you, Mr. Billsworth, sir?"

"Certainly, Ilcario," said Billsworth, heartily. He took the proffered package and extended it to Miss Nora. "Will you accept it as an—er—wedding present?" he asked, with a bow and a challenging smile.

The younger Miss Ortheval flushed. "Oh, that wouldn't be right," she expostulated. "You bought it for—someone, didn't you?"

"I bought it to restore my faith in romance," Billsworth answered. He explained his remark, while the others listened in surprised interest.

"And now," said Atherton, "I insist upon having my share of privilege by paying this bet myself, and inviting you all to an engagement dinner." He leaned toward Miss Henrietta. "You will come, won't you?" he asked, looking into her eyes, half-pleadingly, half-compellingly.

Into the elder Miss Ortheval's cheeks there crept a faint flush.

"Yes," she returned, with a certain tremulous shyness.

TWILIGHT

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

Across the fields of rose-flushed hue
 Stretch purple shadows soft and dim,
And sweet peace fills the land anew
 Unto the far horizon's rim.

The shadows darker grow and long,
 The soft, wine-tinted evening glows,
While swells a wealth of magic song
 From where tall poplars stand in rows.

A mystic loveliness prevails
 O'er all things in a wondrous way,
And into dream-eyed beauty pales
 The last bright tints of fading day.

And sudden from the copses near
 Frail, lovely visions wander out—
And I know in this hour so dear
 That nymphs and fauns are all about.

The dim fields now are wondrous fair,
 The dreamy music is divine,
And I with creatures of the air
 Have tasted of the gods' own wine.

CHARMION

BY ANNA L. MARTIN

"AND WHO is this?" I asked, as Truesdale handed me another photograph.

"That is Charmion," he answered in a changed voice.

"The Egyptian?" I queried.

"The Egyptian," he affirmed softly.

With unconcealed curiosity, I examined the picture. The dark beauty of Charmion was undeniable. It flashed out even from the pasteboard with something like mobility. The unusual personality of the subject had overcome that flat, neutral quality of the photograph by which only one expression, one phase, is depicted—had made it a work of art. Though the eyes were smiling, yet the mood behind them was variant. They could be tender, mocking, cruel.

"You," began Truesdale, with uncontrollable agitation, "you who have never known the love of Charmion, who have never been enraptured by the music of her voice, who have never held her palpitating form, can have no conception of the anguish that is mine, now that she is lost to me. I fear, forever." With a look of unutterable adoration, he pressed his lips to the picture and replaced it in his pocket, for it had no place among the others at which we had been looking.

"Duty," Truesdale continued, speaking more to himself than to me, "called me from Charmion's side. Before I went we sought for some enduring object by which to pledge our love. We stood before the tomb of Cheops, but that mountainous mausoleum seemed too frail a thing; we turned toward the broad, green Nile, but its dark, inconstant bosom warned us of its capriciousness; we looked to the desert, but the suffering, the death within its heart, kept us dumb. Then Charmion swore by Osiris and I swore by my God. It was at this moment, Gilfred, that something fluttered down and fell at our feet. It was a gray eagle's feather. We looked to the sky where the great bird was soaring. 'He is not stricken,' cried Charmion; 'it is propitious. Keep the barbed talisman. We will give it a tongue; it shall mean 'Come,' and at any time in the future that you send it to me I will obey the mandate. I swear it by the sacred ibis.'"

As Truesdale said this, he fell to weeping. He unfolded a piece of white velvet which he had taken from his pocket.

"Here," he said, "is the feather, but where is Charmion? For a year I have searched the world for her. That she is alive I am certain, for I had known it had she died. I am equally certain that she is not in Egypt, and I have come back here hoping I might find her. I am not fit for society, Gilfred; my old pleasures would be intolerable to me now; but you attend the opera, the theatre, the salon. Look for her there. Find her for me, or I will go mad."

It would have been impossible, inhuman, to have refused to aid my unhappy friend, but I was troubled with a grave misgiving. I had seen the face of Charmion somewhere, and I feared that if Truesdale found her it would be but to lose her irrevocably.

Truesdale immured himself in his apartments in a perfect abandon to grief. The onus of the search was left to me. I alone was admitted to his seclusion, but as his conversation was always on the subject of his wretchedness, my presence was no relief to him.

Each day I rendered him an account of my rounds to public places, and of the failure of my quest. Induced by his importunities, I would sometimes visit several theatres of an evening. Truesdale's health failed visibly under these disappointments. I began to fear for his reason, and my heart was filled with bitterness toward the Circe who had thus cruelly transformed the most engaging, the most debonair of my friends.

It was in sheer pity of Truesdale that I one day tried to reason with him about his passion. Impossible task! What man was ever argued out of love? At first, Truesdale denounced my stupid interference, and then, as I was persistent, he favored me with cold, silent attention. When I had finished, I felt that there was a breach between us. The next day when I called he was not at home. Nor did I see him again for several weeks, and then fortuitously. This time it was I who would have avoided him. He read my intention instantly, and suspected its motive. He stepped in my way, and looked me questioningly in the face. "You have found her?"

There was no alternative. "Yes," I said. He leaned heavily on my arm as we walked away together, but neither of us spoke again until we reached his rooms. Then, sinking into a chair, he asked in a voice shaking with emotion: "Tell me." As I talked he buried his face in his hands.

Of all the faces at the opera there was none handsomer, none happier, than Charmion's. Her box was the cynosure of all eyes; here, of a surety, was "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Clothed in the barbaric splendor of her jewels and embroideries, she looked a pagan demi-goddess who had audaciously condescended to frolic with mortals, to submit to their environment, and to engage in their amusements. It was in keeping with this role that she permitted the scion of the aristocratic house of Trivola to dance attendance on her.

At the first recess of the opera, a gray-haired lady of dignified bearing arose in her box, which was directly opposite Charmion's. Her sables were hastily wrapped about her, and she left the house. The friend at my side whispered: "She is Trivola's mother. It is always thus when he is here with Charmion." I looked at the flushed, infatuated face of Trivola, and wondered that he was the son of so proud a mother.

"Charmion came out of Egypt with Trivola more than a year ago," said my friend.

"Chattel?" I asked.

"Ah," he answered, "that is not known, but it is supposed so, though Trivola has none of the airs of proprietorship."

"I should like to meet her," I said with sudden determination. "Can it be arranged?"

"Easily," my friend answered. "Trivola has left her box; we will meet him in the foyer; he will present you."

I had gotten thus far in the recital to Truesdale when I hesitated. "Go on," he said in a hoarse voice, without looking up from his hands. But I did not know how to proceed. From this point he would have to question me.

"Did you meet her?" he asked, raising to me a haggard face.

"Yes," I answered.

"Did you mention me?" he inquired fearfully. I nodded, and then he cried as though it were a thing scarcely believable:

"Oh, Gilfred! Had she forgotten?"

I determined to rescue him from this infatuation. "She presently remembered," I replied, "and when she did she spoke of you as 'that boy?' "

"Is that all you have to tell me?" he asked me, with a calmness born of despair.

"She dotes on Trivola," I replied. "That is all."

Truesdale sank into a reverie which lasted for hours. For many days a brooding melancholy possessed his soul.

Finally he said to me:

"I must see her. She has a subtle power over me; she has made a plaything of my heart. She had not for-

gotten me as you supposed. She knew that I would search unceasingly for her, and, that I might not fail, she thus wantonly flaunts herself in public. Her mind dominates mine. I cannot banish her from my memory; she commands me to adore. If I see her, as you have seen her, exercising her wiles on the unfortunate, though happy, Trivola, her faithlessness will sicken on my heart, and I will mourn the dear idea with which I have deluded myself, but Charmion never."

We went to the opera. Charmion was there. Her black eyes flashed over the audience. Was she looking for any one? Truesdale and I stood in the rear of the auditorium, and there her gaze rested for a moment.

"She sees us," he cried, in a low, agitated voice, and fell to trembling.

"Impossible," I objected; "she could not single us out with so cursory a glance." She did not look our way again.

For several evenings I accompanied Truesdale to the opera. Charmion was always there. As soon as Truesdale appeared, and took up his station near the foyer, she turned her shapely head and darted a bright glance in his direction. That was all; she never looked a second time, but that look was not accidental. It was a moment stolen from Trivola; perhaps Charmion might be induced to become more generous. The gloom which depressed Truesdale was increased by these experiences at the opera.

One night, as he stood dejectedly watching Charmion, I decided to try heroic measures with him. "Let us visit her box," I suggested.

To my astonishment, he turned fiercely on me: "I have some self-respect left," he cried. "I shall come here no more."

The next day Truesdale informed me of his intention to travel. He would be gone for an indefinite period —a year or six months: he could not say how long, but he would start at once. "To see her was the wrong way," he confided in me. "I must summon to my aid all the firmness I possess, and as a matter of principle banish her from my thoughts, from my heart, forever."

I applauded his resolution, and when he left I read on his pale face the first traces of a great conflict.

A fortnight later, curious to know whether or not Charmion was aware of Truesdale's absence, I visited her box at the opera. She was unchanged, untroubled. How graciously she received the homage of admiring eyes! Truesdale's name did not pass her lips. Trivola left her side for a few moments, and in that interval a messenger appeared and handed her a note. Her twinkling fingers opened the missive joyously, and I became horror-stricken when I saw that it contained a gray eagle's feather and a card on which was written an address. Charmion's eyes became brighter and her voice deepened; otherwise she betrayed no emotion. She arose. Trivola returned. She gave him some laughing excuse for leaving so early and alone. He was wretched.

I escorted her to her carriage, at the door of which she boldly handed me the card she had received, and to the driver I read for her the address of Truesdale's apartments.

Many months passed. Charmion continued to dazzle before the public, but Truesdale was seen no more in his accustomed haunts. I concluded that he had continued his interrupted travels, but in this I was wrong, for one rainy, bleak night I was accosted by him most unexpectedly. He was terribly changed.

"Truesdale," I exclaimed; "when did you return?"

"A long time past," he answered, in a voice that was not familiar to me.

"Have you given up your travels?" I asked.

"I have given up everything," he said, with a bitter smile. "Let us walk a little," he continued, slipping his arm through mine. "Walking is capital exercise, though it does not divert the mind. Nothing does that!" There was a note of hopelessness in his voice.

"Do not despair," I began, but the

misery in his face checked me.

"Despair?" he cried. "I am past despair. A fungus is fastened on my soul; and Charmion—she is no longer beautiful to me, Gilfred, but she is indispensable. She personifies Vice, and one may meet her as well in Calcutta as in Paris; may yield his liberty to her as well on a lone, storm-beaten mountain peak as amidst the luxurious seductions of the abodes of pleasure. She breathes upon the unwary conscience and it sleeps. But the awakening comes, and then the victim sometimes shoots himself immediately, like poor Trivola, or he may pass through that stage of wretchedness into one more pitiable, though less poignant. The man who, under grievous temptation, repels the promptings of an exalted moral understanding and deliberately springs from that heaven-erected eminence into the foul mire beneath, will sink deeper, and more difficult will be his extrication than he who, having spent his life sitting on the slippery bank, slides easily into the filthy pool in which his feet have always been accustomed to paddle."

I wanted to take issue with him. His idea irritated me. But Truesdale had become self-absorbed. We were walking toward the river, and his eyes looked strangely bright as he watched the restless reflection of the distant lights upon its glassy surface.

"And the feather," I asked ironically. "Does that typify anything?"

"That was the crucial point," he replied, with surprising composure. "To yield it of my own volition was the resignation of my Will."

And there I left him, standing in the rain, under the depressing influence of the weather and his own thoughts, while I hurried to the opera and took the station he had so often occupied near the foyer, and waited, even as he had waited, for a bright glance from the eyes of Charmion.

WILD POPPIES

BY LUCIEN M. LEWIS

O you smiling, yellow faces,
Blooming in such desert places,
I keep wondering all the while
At the beauty of your smile.
Do you love the far-off hills,
And the murmur of the rills?
Did you choose this lonely spot,
Rather than some garden plot?
If you'd only bloom in view
Loving hands would care for you;
In their dainty finger-tips,
You could kiss two rosy lips.
Can you tell the artists, too,
How the Master painted you?
Is the secret of your dyes
Hid in far-off, alien skies?
And your perfume—as you grew,
How was it distilled for you?
O you smiling, yellow faces,
Blooming in such desert places,
I keep wondering all the while
At the beauty of your smile.

THE LOCATED LINE

BY NOIRAM ECARG

THIS LITTLE story of fact and fancy is best told by the following correspondence between Miss Margaret Morrison, visitor in San Diego, Cal., and Mr. Richard Garretson, civil engineer, engaged in railroad construction in Baja California:

Camp No. 4, Matanuco Canyon, B. C. Mex., 1-12-10.

My dear Margaret:

It is almost a week since I arrived at the "scene of my labors," and am just beginning to become accustomed once more to rough and ready camp life, after the winter in town, which you helped to make so enjoyable.

Need I describe my eventful journey over the little old San Diego Southern Railway, with its usual crowd of tourists, eager to visit "Old Mexico?" I had to wait an hour at Tiajuana for the company team to take me the remaining fifteen miles to the "Front," and it was an hour of amusement to me to watch those tourists flock around the monument on the boundary line to have their pictures taken. Then they would rush into the various vehicles to be taken the half mile into the town, where they would storm the curio stores to secure Mexican blankets and pottery as souvenirs of their trip, each being allowed to bring back one dollar's worth of goods free of duty. What a scramble they made securing and writing postals to their friends in the U. S. A. I have heard that seventy-five per cent of the people visiting San Diego, take in Tiajuana, and I believe it.

It was almost with regret that I climbed into the waiting buckboard and turned my face away from that last sign of civilization, and after a tiresome drive through what seemed to me to be desolate and almost barren country, we arrived at "camp."

There are six of us at this point; our camp is located on the edge of the canyon and the Tiajuana River (it is a river only part of the year) is within a hundred feet of us. There will be water in it for some months to come, and in it (on Sundays) we will wash our clothes and swim, if that is possible in a pool eight by ten feet, which we have made by building a dam.

Of course, we will be very busy for some time to come; our work consists of staking out and checking the work for the grading contractors, who follow close behind us; then later on will come the bridge and tunnel work, there being two of each within a mile; the bridges are to be steel viaducts on concrete piers, and no doubt will keep us busy. Naturally, in these first days, everything seems so strange and new, and the stillness at night is really startling, but no doubt before long the monotony of it all will be very apparent, and I can assure you any news of the outside world that you may be kind enough to send me will be greatly appreciated. Already I can see what a great event each day the arrival of the carrier from headquarters camp is.

Sincerely,

DICK GARRETSON.

P. S.—Address is Care of Const. Engrs. Camp No. 4, Tiajuana, B. C. Mex. (That is the nearest Post-office) —or the Chief Engr's Office will send mail down on the "Work Train."

San Diego, Cal., Jan. 25, 1910.

Dear Friend Dick:

Your interesting letter arrived quite a few days ago, and was glad to hear that your trip was *so* enjoyable. There is little news to tell you.

We have been having such beautiful weather, especially for this time of year (but they tell me that it is not unusual here). I cannot compel myself to stay indoors any more than necessary. Often of an evening I go out on the upper veranda to watch the sunset; the brush of an artist is not capable of doing justice to its glories, and so I will not attempt to paint the picture in words. To you I suppose it does not seem so wonderful, as you have been here a number of years, but to me, this being my first winter in the South, and having lived *so* long in the cold, colorless North—well, it just defies description.

Have been down town all afternoon shopping, and in all that time accomplished nothing. Isn't it odd how much time a woman can spend "shopping." Sometimes I think it is just an excuse, after all, to get as nearly as possible into the real hustle and bustle of down town life, which means so much to a man. Then, too. it is a lot of fun watching the people. Saturday is such a busy day here.

How I laugh, now, at the picture I had of San Diego before coming here. You know I had a very different idea of what this place would be like. I thought it would be a sleepy, quiet, Spanish town, with shady, tree-lined streets; big, rambling, moss-grown old homes, with wide verandas, on which the older members of the families would sit and peacefully dream away the warm afternoons, and that most of the "best families" would show a strain of the Spanish blood; in fact, that this would be just the "Land of Manana." Oh, what a mistaken idea I had, for I find that this is just a typical California town, with all the "get there" of the West, intermingled with just enough of the real poetry of the South to make it charming.

But you are in real Old Mexico, with such interesting work to take your attention. What a change camp life will be for awhile. I hope it will not prove so fascinating that you will not care to come to "Town" sometimes, and when you do, do not forget that a welcome always awaits you at 1323 Pt. Loma avenue.

Sincerely,

MOLLY GARRETSON.

Camp No. 4, Matanuco Canyon, B. C., Mex., 2-6-10.

Dear Margaret:

This is the big day of rest. I have just had a swim in "our pool," performed the weekly laundry stunt, and while the clothes are drying on the bushes, am going to lose myself for a while in thoughts of civilization by writing to you.

Things are beginning to hum out here, and there is so much to do in getting started. Am now thoroughly at home with this life—don't mind a bit getting my finger nails full of sand every time I put my hands into my pockets. Joking aside, it seems the only thing; we are on the go every minute of the day, and by night our dinner, and, by the way, no dainty one, either, served by a most fetching Chinese, eaten in company with some fifty laborers (you know, we board with the contractors), who, I believe, represent almost every nation on the globe, although, of course, the Mexicans predominate, a pipe by the camp fire, and then to bed. Gee, but that narrow cot looks good, and sleep! say, it seems like before I am sound asleep it is six o'clock again, and another day. Sounds exciting, don't it?

One of these days we will really have a railroad built through here; this week we have been staking out the West Portal for Tunnel No. 1, and figuring on the concrete piers and abutments for the river and canyon crossings.

This afternoon we are going to take a hike of ten miles to Construction Engineer's Camp No. 3, to see their work.

Do you know, some effects of our former training are felt even out here, for we have our "sets," so to speak, and each fellow believes his territory is the most important. However, we do enjoy seeing the fellows, and we expect to have some music, canned, of course, as most of our luxuries here are. Camp No. 3 has a graphophone. That's where they have one on us, but they are Headquarter's Camp, you know.

Each Sunday, two of the boys are allowed to go to town. My time's coming soon. Can't you guess when I get in how quickly I'll take the route leading to 1323 Pt. Loma avenue?

Sincerely,

DICK.

San Diego, Cal., Feb. 13, 1910.

Friend Dick:

I enjoyed your last letter very much, but I am afraid has aroused in me a desire to get out of doors, too, for the house this morning seemed like a prison; everything seemed to say to me, "Come out," and I could not resist the temptation. I wonder if this is the secret of the fascination that camp life has for you? So I am going out to Mission Cliff Park to answer your letter.

I am sure that I will never grow tired of the surprise that the unsuspected beauty of this little gem of a park springs upon its visitors.

Every time I go out there, it seems different, that there is something there that I did not see before, but after all, I suppose that is natural, for are two sunsets ever alike? No, of course not, for the Master Artist never duplicates.

As one goes out on the trolley car and the level stretches of quiet streets (the grades are so gradual as to be unnoticed), with their cozy little vine-covered homes, are unrolled to your view, it seems as if Nature had at last outdone herself in her effort to create a level mesa. At the end of the car-line lies this beautiful garden, small but perfect. I shall never forget my amazement when, after strolling a short distance through an intricate labyrinth of flowers, I found myself on the edge of a steep cliff overlooking that most wonderful scene, Mission Valley. It does not seem strange to me that those good old padres chose this spot to erect their first Mission. As I sit spellbound, gazing over the solemnity of it, a sort of awe comes over me, and all troubled thoughts of an outside world of care and strife fade away, and peace comes instead—a peace that only that narrow width of shimmering green valley can bring, as it stretches out mile after mile, faithfully guarded on each side by the rugged, beetling cliffs, which again form themselves into the table-land which runs out to meet the distant mountains, while the deep canyons only occasionally break into their severity, jeweling their walls like mysterious amethysts and brightening the gray-green of the willows that fringe the banks of the San Diego River and strive to cover the shining white sands of its great bed, left bare where the stream sacrifices itself in its effort to give up its life to keep green the waving fields. What an ideal setting for the little white steepled church, which to me seems but the altar of one of God's grandest temples.

Usually, as one's eyes travel down the valley, the scene is cut off by the soft, gray fog which hangs like a great drop-curtain over the entrance to the valley, but to-day this curtain is raised, and in the distance can be seen the shimmer of the broad expanse of Old Ocean, which under this Southern sun, flashes like a great diamond and reminds one of a powerful searchlight pointing out the gateway to a sacred tabernacle. If this is but the entrance, what, you ask, should be its terminus? Even on the clearest day, human eye is not strong enough to see, from where I sit, the casket, as it were, in which Nature terminates her work, but it is a fitting surrounding for the Mission de Alcalde, now a grievous ruin, and the last evidence of the magnificent courage and hope of those grand old priests.

And now, after all, my purpose is

defeated. I came out here to write you of the trivial affairs and simple gossips which I believed interesting, but they seem to have faded into such insignificance as to be unworthy of the effort, and I shall let them wait until I go back into the tracks of civilization, where perhaps the accomplishments of mere man may again become paramount.

Sincerely,

MARGARET.

Matanuco Canyon, Feb. 20, 1910.

Dear Margaret:

Your delightful letter of the 13th was received just yesterday, having been taken by mistake to Camp No. 5, and I had begun to think you had forgotten your friends in "Barbarous Mexico." Of course, I need not tell you how much I enjoyed that letter, and I hope some day soon I may have the pleasure of watching a sunset with you out at Mission Cliff Park, where I am sure I will find all the beauties you so charmingly describe.

Again our Day of Rest is here. This morning we did a little work putting in a few stakes in the East Portal of Tunnel No. 2. Having been lucky enough to have had a bath in "our swimming" hole yesterday, I washed clothes the remainder of the morning, and there is still more to be done, a few buttons to be sewed on, etc., but it is cloudy enough to keep the clothes from drying, and of course I would rather be writing to you. These are a few of the things most people do not realize engineers in the field have to do, but there is that activity out here that appeals to me, that I enjoy the life more every day. One must be active physically or mentally all the time. If you don't happen to be hiking over the hills, you must be thinking what you would say, but not saying what you think. Sabe?

Yesterday one of the contractors' camps moved from Garcia to a point about a mile down the river from here, so last night "we all" went down to see the boys. This camp has a 'phone. Is it necessary to tell you what a treat I think is in store for me, now that I may be able to have a little chat with you occasionally.

Next Sunday will be my turn to come in to town, and so I am afraid the coming week will be very long, as I will be counting the days. If I remember correctly, when in San Diego, I remarked that time passed rapidly, but the way these days "take the curves at full speed" is something fierce, and I am liable to be an old man 'most any day. However, I won't kick if they will continue to fly till next Sunday, when I hope to see you.

As ever,

DICK.

Matanuco Canyon, Feb. 28, 1910.

Dear Molly:

Since returning to camp, there has been sufficient work to make the last few days seem very short.

The letter you wrote me last week has not yet arrived, and likely has been sent to some of the other camps and lost, whereby I am very much the loser.

Just now it is impossible to say when the big blast (of which I was telling you Sunday), will take place. The coyote-holes are not near completion; neither is there any powder here, and it will take a few days to haul the necessary thirty-five tons. You know the kind of holes that coyotes dig in the hills? Because of the similarity, we call the little tunnels we put in the hills "coyote holes." They are three or four feet high and not as wide, and run straight into the hill toward the center line of the railroad. In the cut we were speaking about, there are three such coyote holes, thirty-six, fifty and fifty-five feet respectively, in length. At their ends, side-drifts are cut, forming a "T," the legs of the "T" being from twenty to thirty feet in length, which terminate in a "pocket." Here is placed the powder (though sometimes a "pocket" is made at the intersection of side-drifts with the main drift), to which electric wires from a battery (about the size of a transit box), are attached. After suffi-

cient warning is given, the battery man 'way back on the hill makes the circuit —and with a big grunt she "lifts." Believe me, thirty-five tons of black powder is liable to "lift" some. If you should happen not to see it—but I am not allowing myself to think of such a thing. Again I say we surely are going to have a railroad through here some day. Contractor's Camp No. 4 has moved up beyond the canyon, and are making the dirt fly, and work is progressing rapidly on the tunnels.

I guess this is about enough "shop talk." I do not want to be a bore, but the work surely is interesting to the man on the ground.

Already it is getting very warm here, and I am beginning to wish for the cool sea breeze that blows over San Diego.

I hear the dinner bell, which out here seldom needs to be rung a second time, so will say,

Adios,

DICK.

San Diego, March 4, 1910

Dear Friend Dick:

I am indeed sorry that you were disappointed in not receiving my last letter, but I suppose, considering the round-about way in which Mexican mail is carried, it is not to be wondered at that all letters do not reach their destination. However, I am sure that it was not a very great loss.

And so you are having uncomfortably warm weather already. That seems incredible for February. We certainly are lucky here, for it is simply delightful, and when I think of the bleak, dreary February and March weather of so many places, it really makes me more appreciative of the bright, sunshiny days for which San Diego is justly famous. Yesterday I enjoyed the hospitality of one of the boating crews. We rowed over to Coronado, and enjoyed a dip in the ocean. Honestly, I am afraid my friends up North would be inclined to doubt my word if I told them that I enjoyed bathing in the ocean in the month of March!

I can't tell you how interesting I found the description of the "big blast." I enjoyed it so much that I think I would like to be an engineer, too; that is, if I could overcome my fear of snakes, bugs and things like that. Then, too, since I have come down here, am beginning to love the great out-of-doors so much, and am beginning at last to realize that the life of an Indian has some charm, after all. Think of that! But everything is so wonderful here, the deep blue of this beautiful bay, which I have heard tourists say rivals that of the noted Mediterranean. Just think: all through this winter I have slept out on the upper porch, and sometimes at night the sky is so clear and the stars are so bright and I can see the little twinkling lights of the boats at anchor in the bay so plainly, that I fight off sleep just to enjoy the beauty of it all a little longer —and I fancy that the sky is a garden and that I will gather a bouquet of the stars that seem so near.

My mother's visit with me is about over, and she has been trying to persuade me to accompany her North, but the fascination of the "Sunny South" is too strong, and so I am going to stay here a few months longer.

Sincerely,

MOLLIE.

Matanuco Canyon, B. C. Mex., March 8, 1910, "Monday Morning."

Molly, dear:

This is my "Sunday letter," a day late, and this is the reason: Yesterday, Sunday, I took a long walk (wouldn't you think I get enough of that during the week? But when I want to think, I like "to commune with Nature.") So I started at 6:30 in the morning, and got as far as Table Mountain, which, on a clear day, you can see from San Diego. Sometimes I followed the roads, through little valleys, past peaceful, sleepy haciendas. Then cross-country over a ridge or two, getting some fine views. Got back to camp, and after eating an orange and an apple, and resting a little felt quite fit, but would not care to do it again

soon. Most of the boys had gone to town, so camp was deserted, and after attending to a few necessary duties, I found it was supper time, and that I had not written to you. After that meal I sat by the camp fire until bedtime. A pleasant fire on a damp, cloudy night is an incubator for many pleasant thoughts, which, needless to say, were of you, and they were so very pleasant that I could not make the effort to get up, light the lamp and write you my usual Sunday letter. Believe me, as soon as I can get the chance to see you, am hoping to tell you of some of the things I spent the evening thinking of. May I?

On account of it being the first of the month, we have been very busy working on our monthly estimates, reports, etc., and I assure you we have about all we can take care of checking those elusive cubic yards, and what do you think: was obliged to get up before five o'clock this morning on account of those "coyote holes," which were to be set off. We had to lower our tents and cover everything up.

Those 1,287 kegs of powder (a little over sixteen tons) certainly did the work. One of the boys of our party was with me, almost directly across the canyon, and it was a fine sight to see those great rocks rise in the air amid a cloud of dust. Several came our way, so we were glad to have a boulder to shield us, as we watched some good sized ones fly over our heads. We took some pictures, which I will send you, should they turn out all right.

The heat has been intense during the week: just to move around starts the perspiration. Must be catching the "Mexican Fever," as my clothes are unwashed and the mending not done. Am mighty glad there are enough things to go round, so as to be able to put off the weekly laundry stunt. But nothing is so bad that it might not be worse, is a slogan that I swear by, and thank goodness, March 12th is the day I come to town. May I spend that Sunday with you?

The messenger is waiting to take the mail on to the next camp, so I must close, and may mental telepathy make clear to you the thoughts and hopes I can't express.

Adios,

DICK.

The letters that crossed each other in the mail.—*"His."*

Matanuco Canyon, B. C. Mex., March 13, 1910.

My Molly-O:

I can hardly realize that I am back again in Mexico, that my eventful Sunday in town is over, that I am the luckiest and the happiest man in the world, and that all the wonderful things that have happened have really come to pass—I am afraid I will wake up and find I am dreaming again by the camp fire, so of course I need not tell you that I am watching for that everlastingly slow messenger to bring in your letter telling me that it is all really true.

You can bet I don't want our chief to take a notion to come out to inspect the work within the next few days: I want a chance to get down to earth again, so that I may be able to give him an intelligible answer, which I can't do now, for cubic yards, grading estimates, tunnel portals, piers and abutments, rip-rap and pin rock, are a hopeless jungle in my mind, and Somebody's sweet face is pictured on them all. My one thought is of the letter, for which I am waiting, and all else is utterly meaningless to me; so for goodness sake, mark it *"R. R. B-Rush,"* and let it come through quick or I will be stealing the work train and be engineer, fireman and conductor, all by myself, and run it into "Town" —or a ditch.

"Yours,"

DICK.

"Hers"—

San Diego, Cal., March 14, 1910.

Mr. Richard Garretson, Construction Engineer's Camp, No. 4, Tiajuana, B. C. Mexico.

Dear Sir:

As per your request of *recent* date (yesterday, I think), I am giving you

some data which I believe will prove interesting to you, regarding the "Heart Line," which you so successfully located when in town last Sunday.

Without doubt this is a "Located Line," as it is not a "preliminary," and has no "alternative," I have called it the "MM 1," but I understand you will prefer to make it the "MG" line, to which, of course, I have no objection.

The "Elevation" is great, tending skyward, as to the grade, its maximum is just " .02." There is very little curvature, as you endeavored to get a straight line (a method which I much admire.)

And now, as to Right-of-Way. Of course, you know this was taken by seizure, without due notice to the owner, which I understand is not the usual procedure; therefore, there may be some question; however, the writer is not familiar with questions of this kind, and so will leave the adjustment of this to your good judgment. Nevertheless, I know of no good reason why it would be difficult for you to secure a clear title in a very short time.

Hoping the above will give you the required information, I am,

Yours truly,

MARGARET MORRISON.

Dict: M|MM.

WINGS AND THE MAN

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Wings and the man I sing,
 And the cloud-seas rolling free,
With foam of pearl and silver fire
 Above the blown foam of the sea,
Above the long, white, winding sands,
Above the wide, dim-spreading lands
 And towers lifting dizzily.

Wings and the man I sing,
 And the heart that thrills to fly,
Toward palaces without a wall,
 And endless gardens of the sky,
Where bloom the roses of the dawn,
Where shades of amethyst are drawn
 When pansies of the sunset die.

Wings and the man I sing,
 And the steel and nerves of flight;
For hearts have tasted salt of tears
 And suffered in the brooding night;
And time it is to lift at last
To regions glorious and vast,
 To splendor and to living light.

BACKED BY McKEEN & CO.

BY AVERY ABBOTT

THEY WERE marked figures, even in the ebullient city, as they paced the station platform, waiting for the California Limited. Everybody in Alderton knew McKeen, the "Plowman," as he loved whimsically to call himself, in assumed indifference to the millions those same plowshares had sliced out for him. Also, everybody knew and liked McKeen's son, John. Liking the father was not so simple a matter; perhaps long association with steel had had its effect. Nevertheless, there were dintable spots in the manufacturer's hardness, which could never be said of the products of his factories. Upon one of these carefully concealed but ductile areas his son John had stumbled this same day to his no small astonishment. In fact, his surprise was so great that it embarrassed him painfully.

"You're mighty good to me, Dad," the young man was saying, as they measured steps upon the concrete. "I appreciate it awfully. I don't know how to say——"

"Then shut up," observed Alex McKeen, tenderly, as he gave his son a staggering whack on the shoulder. "All *I've* got to say is, you go get that girl. Go find her, and bring her back with you. The day you make her Mrs. John McKeen, her husband'll be worth fifty thousand dollars, and be junior partner of the McKeen Plow Company."

"Dad!! ejaculated the younger man, and it was amazing the quantity of emotion he managed to explode into that one syllable.

"Well," his father drawled, "don't see the use of getting so excited. Not very complimentary to me, either. Did you suppose I was going to keep my only chick and child in a clerkship all his days? Nice opinion you must have had of your father! You'll find you'll earn every cent of it."

"You won't frighten me with work. But I thought you'd be just as much opposed to my marrying Beatrice as her father is. In view of the fact that you and T. J. Henderson have been on opposite sides of all possible issues ever since I can remember, I naturally couldn't expect you to be delighted when I wanted to marry his daughter."

Alex McKeen gazed between waiting trains down the straight and shining lines of an empty track. "Just like that train to be late, to-day of all days," he grunted.

His son went on: "To tell the truth, Dad, if I hadn't reached the extreme limit of my wits and my cash, I'd never have come to you with my troubles. I couldn't find a trace of Beatrice. I was down and out, and then —well, I never yet saw an undertaking fail when Alex McKeen was backing it. I'm sure of her now, Dad, if she'll have me, and——"

The father stopped, abruptly, with his head lowered and dug his hands deeper into his pockets. "Did she never really promise?"

"She said she—loved me, and would wait for me," John assured him. "But we didn't quite see how we were going to manage it, and since her father has made such a row, I didn't know——"

The elder man put his arm through the other's. "It's got to go, my son," he said, with a queer sort of iron gentleness. Then, as the two took up their walk again, but more slowly, he began with a stop between the phrases: "I

know something about what those things mean to a man. Maybe you've wondered how this feeling between Tom Henderson and me got started in the first place. It was about a girl. The first sweetheart I ever had." As the speaker paused, John stole a sidewise glance, and the softened, almost shy, expression on his father's face brought to the son the swift, warm feel of comradeship he had never known. "I thought a good deal of that girl," resumed Alex McKeen. "She married Tom. I didn't blame her for it. She certainly had a right to. He was better looking and all that. But I don't see what he had to blame me for, either. Whether it was something I never knew about, or because I made more money than he did, or what! Anyhow, he has hated me from that day to this, just the same after Lois was dead as before, and I didn't have any very deep-seated reason for loving him."

The eyes of Alex McKeen, set in a cross-hatching of shrewd wrinkles, were looking at something a long way off, perhaps something as far as forty years away. "I thought a good deal of that girl," he mused once more. Then, in a decisive tone: "Understand, boy, I loved your mother. The greatest grief of my life was when I had to give her up and take you in exchange. I'd have traded you off any minute (red and squally little rascal that you were) if only I might have had her back, but now——" The father laid a hand on the son's shoulder. "Well, you've helped some; you have helped some!"

"There she comes," was John's irrelevant but not ungrateful answer as an angular, black bulk thrust itself forward into the arching field of yellow sunshine at the far end of the train sheds, and then moved, with subdued grindings, down its track toward them.

"So she does," his father echoed with satisfaction, and, when John gripped his hand and made ready to swing up into a Pullman, the elder man added, "Remember, you are to draw on me any time you need more. Kratz is the keenest plain clothes man I know; we shouldn't have an idea where to start for if it hadn't been for him. Once you are there, though, I'll back a lover against a detective any time when it comes to finding the lady. But mind you, now, you make good."

With one foot on the lower step and an impatient drummer bumping him in the back with a sample case, John turned to bestow a glowing and peculiarly invincible grin upon his father.

"Think I need urging, Dad?" he drawled.

His father quaked with silent laughter. "Guess you don't! Guess you don't!" he chuckled, and was still chuckling when the train pulled out.

John McKeen certainly needed no urging on this quest for his lost lady, but he would have given much for the solace of his father's company. Before the train was through the first low mountain ranges, he fairly ached with suppression of his crowding and seething thoughts. He smoked; he tried to read; he paced the aisles; he sat first on one side of the car, then on the other; but always the click, click of the wheels over the ties checked off the measure of that rather tempestuous melody to which his brief love story had been set. Not so brief, either. He could remember when Beatrice Henderson's soft bronze hair had been honey-colored and clipped in the Dutch fashion around her tender little neck. But he could not remember a time when he had not thought of her as "Bee," and of all the rest as "those girls."

It was only when he returned from college, however, that matters began to grow complicated. No sooner did the father of Beatrice realize that it was the son of Alex McKeen who was motoring and dancing and spending long evenings with his daughter than Beatrice disappeared. There were no final meetings between the lovers to say farewell; no father's threats and maiden's unavailing tears, at least so far as John knew, for he knew nothing at all except that he had been able to discover no trace of the girl what-

ever. It was only after he appealed to his father, who promptly set a detective at work, that he had the smallest clue.

It seemed that Henderson, *pere*, had melodramatic tendencies, or perhaps they were only autocratic. At any rate (according to the conclusions of Kratz, detective), he had promptly popped his daughter inside the impregnable doors of a convent. Whereupon she, being of his own blood and spirit, had promptly escaped from durance, and now not only Alex McKeen and his son, but Henderson as well, were most anxiously seeking the young woman.

It was really quite like a comic opera. The idea even suggested itself to the chafing young man, who paced the train until the conductor asked him, jocularly, if he meant to walk to California. But neither his own realization of the absurdly romantic side of the affair nor the official's scintillant witticism brought more than a wry and transient smile to the face of John McKeen. It was all very well for Kratz to be so sure he had traced the girl to California. But why, then, had the detective lost track of her so completely when she entered the State? And why, John asked himself, had Beatrice sent him no word to lessen the suspense she must know he would endure.

So he impotently fumed, while the train rocked to the rhythm of its speed until by and bye the apparent illimitable stretches of tan-colored desert were put behind, and they plunged into the awesome glories of the Rockies.

But by this time John had settled into a physical lethargy. He scarcely moved for hours, where he sat with his face turned to the window, gazing and gazing at the purple and orange and snow of the piling mountain ranges, and seeing only the dusky blue of his lady's eyes, the tawny lights of her hair, or the translucent whiteness of her neck, and all the while his mind was whirling like a mill-race.

Over and over he conned every incident and every word connected with Beatrice. Especially he pondered upon the little love story his father had related so haltingly yet with such deep feeling just before the train arrived. "Dear old Dad!" he muttered, and the thought of this newly revealed and unexpectedly tender side of his father's nature soothed the rawness of his anxiety, though not to the same degree that his father's support increased his confidence.

He had need of all the confidence he could muster when he finally reached Pasadena, and Kratz. That functionary was fruitful of theories, but discouragingly barren of facts. After wasting five precious days in running down two of Kratz's most promising clues, and finding nothing at the end, John left the detective to follow his own bent, and started out for himself.

Unlike Kratz, he had no theories either to hamper or to comfort him, and his course was somewhat aimless. Instead of looking for traces of Beatrice he looked for the girl herself. Among the passers-by in the streets, and the hurrying throngs at railway stations, even in the shops and the parks, everywhere that women might be found, he persisted in his search. He pursued each young and comely figure for a glimpse of the face, until at last the passing of every hansom and trolley car drove him to frenzy lest she be within and hurrying out of his reach.

Four days more were gone, and no word from Kratz. John was working slowly north, with the contents of his father's daily letters, both monetary and admonitory, to bolster his weakening hopes, and also the assurance that California was positively known to have been Beatrice's destination. In fact, Henderson, so the last letter stated, had found that out, and had left for the West. How much the father knew of his daughter's whereabouts could not be ascertained, but his impending proximity did not tend to increase John's optimism. However, he worked on doggedly, beneath the burden of a growing desperation, his mind dwelling constantly upon the

many dangerous possibilities which might surround Beatrice.

Perhaps at no time in his search had he felt more bitterly disheartened than one evening when he missed a train connection, and was forced to stay over-night at a small town, scarcely more than a village. He was up early, trying to walk off his impatience until train time, but the sunny beauty of the little valley between the mountains was quite lost upon him. He strode along the narrow, winding road entirely blind to the picturesqueness of the activity on either side, where the hop pickers were already at work. Some of them were singing; there was no little bickering, and others called gaily back and forth.

Suddenly John stopped short and looked at his watch, realizing that in his absorption he had lost track of the time; that if he made his train he must take the shortest cut to the station, and that he was by no means certain which was the most direct path. He leaped the fence and made his way toward the hop pickers. Nearest him a girl in a coarse gingham frock and a huge, slatted sunbonnet, worked busily.

"Can you tell me," he began.

She lifted her head and looked at him from the depths of the engulfing sunbonnet, and the vine she was stripping dropped from her fingers. But it was useless for her to cover her face with her hands and put down her head until the big sunbonnet hid even her chin, for the way in which she kept repeating his name would have told any man all he needed to know.

"But what are you doing here?" he demanded, when she had convinced him that a hop pole is not an adequate shield for an ardent wooing.

"Doing? Why, didn't you see me picking hops?"

"Yes, but these people?"

"Some of them are pretty rough, many are good: they have been very kind to me. Besides, it's no harder than golf, and which one of you would ever have dreamed of looking for me here? I think it was very clever of me."

"I think it was very, very rash of you."

"Now, if you're going to scold——"

"I'm not going to stop for that. I'm going to take you home and let my father do it for me."

"Oh, no, no!" She was genuinely distressed. "I am forgetting. That was the real reason I ran away. My father said yours would never see you again if you married me. I ran away from you."

"Well, you can't do it again. And as for father—you come home with me, and find out."

Doubtless Beatrice had further assurance of Alex McKeen's regard before she stepped from the train at Alderton, but she hardly knew the iron-grey man who put his arms around her and said, huskily:

"I'm glad, Lois; glad you've come."

She might have told him that he was using her mother's name, but before she could speak, he held her away and said, twinkling: "Your father is traveling in California." And then at her exclamation of distress, "Yes, I think he has worried a little, but so have the rest of us. I've wired him, and when he gets back," he put a hand under her arm and with the other arm through John's, he led them to his waiting motor car.

"Well, when he gets back, just you trust me to square it!"



A POSTPONED EXPLANATION

BY ELIZABETH VORE

NORTON STOOD at his desk looking over the morning mail. It was characteristic of the man that he did not sit down and read it at his leisure.

I have called him a man, incidentally; he was young, but that made no difference, he was of a type entirely disconnected from age, greater or less. He had been a man when he was a boy, and he would be a boy, still, when he was a man of advanced years.

Some people possess an elixir spiritually, intellectually and temperamentally, for which psychologists have as yet found no name, but which places them outside and above the mere trend of time, and this man possessed it in the largest degree.

He had thrown off his coat, and a lead pencil in his vest pocket was in a state of diminishment which bespoke constant use. The light gray of his business suit became him well. He was a dark-faced, well-made young man, and stood straight and alert—an alertness which characterized every line of his clean-cut face, and the flash of his direct, straight-forward eyes—but in spite of it all, the youth, the alertness, the concentrated energy—there was a stamp of pain, or perplexity, or a mingling of both, in his fine face—the look of a man under strong self-repression.

In this type of man it matters not whether he be young or old, dark or blonde—nor does the color of his garb, nor style of hat he wears, make the slightest difference—it is the *man* who counts—and he counts tremendously.

Ting-a-ling-ling!

It was the telephone bell. Norton laid down the letter he was reading, and took up the receiver.

"Hello! No!—*Yes?* *Great Scott!*" he gasped.

His face went white, then crimsoned to the roots of his close-clipped hair.

"Yes—sure thing—no mistake, Norton," came the distinct words of the voice in the receiver. "The L. N-NN. is ahead—away ahead! Why! It will be the making of our company—are you coming up?"

"Coming up! I *am* up!—Yes, I'll be there—on the way now," shouted Norton, joyously, dashing down the receiver and catching up his hat and coat as he ran. The door banged behind him just as a trim little figure in a decidedly jaunty street suit came out of the private office. The mail scattered over Norton's desk, half-unread, caught her eyes. A look of surprise made them even brighter than this young person's eyes were in the habit of being, which is saying a great deal for their present expression. A moment later the telephone receiver, hanging by the cord where Norton had recklessly flung it, caught her attention.

"Heavens! What a tremendous piece of carelessness—and from Norton, of all persons!" she thought, as she crossed over to the desk and replaced the receiver on the hook.

"Something must have happened," she said; "something unusual. I suppose I ought to open the rest of the mail." A faint, sarcastic smile tinged with sweet haughtiness brought a swift coldness to the pretty face, a face too pretty for any man's peace of mind if it were opposite him daily, with that sweet, haughty aloofness stamped upon it.

"I never have—since—that morning," she said. A faint tremor shook

the low, clear voice. Suddenly her lips quivered, and the proud grey eyes filled with tears. She impatiently snatched the handkerchief from her belt, and wiped the trickling tears from her eyes.

"Baby!" she cried in bitter self-contempt. "He shall never see me cry, he shall never see me shed a single tear, or know that I care." She turned abruptly, and went back into the private office. Drawing off her gloves, she laid them on the table, took off her hat, and laid it beside them.

"I will wait here until he comes back," she thought. "Something has happened; I am sure of that. I never before knew Norton to leave the telephone receiver down. He is the most methodical person in business, I know."

She bowed her head on her folded arms, and again the rebellious tears came.

Three miserable, wretched months since that morning which she would never forget. She had run in to see Norton in his office, as she did every day of his life.

"Will you open my letters, sweetheart? I am so confoundedly busy this morning," he had said, and then he had gone out for a moment. She had been so happy to be of any service to him. His every wish concerning her had been the law of her heart. And then she had found those brief words of the telegram which had transformed her whole life:

"Come at once—let nothing—no one, detain you—tell no one—one false move and we are ruined—no matter what the sacrifice, you must risk this for Anzetta."

She had simply handed it to him silently when he returned. She had not spoken while he read it, but her face had whitened, even the tremulous curves of her mouth were devoid of color.

"Well?" she had asked, unsteadily, when he had finished, "what have you to say? You—you can explain, of course, Norton—there is—there must be—some explanation—tell me all about it—and—I will try to believe you."

"Try to believe me!" cried Norton, aghast. His own face grew pale. "I—I——" For that one fatal moment of hesitancy, which was born out of his perplexity, he afterwards paid the penalty in full. "My dear girl," he said, earnestly, "I cannot tell you—I cannot explain."

"It is enough—you have said quite enough. I no longer wish for an explanation," she had said coldly. Out of her white face blazed two scornful eyes, black with the anger and sorrow of her heart.

"My darling—just a moment—just a word before I must go!" he had cried impulsively, but she had waved him imperatively aside, and had left the office before he could speak again. The memory of it all came back to her now with bitter force this morning.

She arose quietly, and stood with lifted head; every trace of tears had vanished, every hint of the childishness which was one of the baffling characteristics of her nature, given to swift transitions of feeling, had vanished. Her face was as cold and calm and dispassionate as if no emotion had ever stirred it.

"I have kept my vow," she murmured. "I have remained at the head of his house—a stranger in it, as far apart from him as if the ocean divided us. No wish connected with the comfort of his home has been neglected—but I—have held myself aloof, out of his reach, out of his heart"—her voice broke slightly—"as—I always shall be."

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" It was the telephone bell again.

She went to answer its summons.

"Hello, Norton?" asked the voice in the receiver. "No? Oh, Mrs. Norton—good morning; this is Lester. Hasn't Norton got there, eh? Well, he'll be there in a few minutes—left here ten minutes ago. He's not losing any time this morning, I can tell you. Congratulations, Mrs. Norton, it's O. K. for me; but you people are a long way ahead."

"Congratulations on what, please?"

she asked. Clear and distinct as her voice was, it trembled slightly.

"Eh? What!" cried the voice in the receiver, explosively. "You're not telling me you don't know, yet? Hasn't Norton told you?"

"He left suddenly while I was in the private office. I found the receiver down where he had dropped it when he left. I thought something had happened."

"Ha! ha! ha! no wonder! Then I am ahead of him! Good joke on Norton; he'll run every step of that eight blocks to tell the news. Why, Mrs. Norton, Anzetta."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Norton faintly. She suddenly fell to trembling, and the receiver shook in her hand.

"Great Caesar!" almost shouted the voice in the telephone, "what a beastly mess I'm making of this! I forgot! That is—er—why, Mrs. Norton, I'm in a dickens of a fix—if you will pardon the expression—I forgot it was a secret."

The telephone receiver dropped from Mrs. Norton's hand, and hung suspended by the cord for the second time that morning, while a pair of slender hands hid a white young face, a face that was destined to be whiter a moment later, when the door opened.

She looked up hastily. Several men stood on the threshold, and between them they bore a silent, motionless figure.

"Norton!" she cried in a frenzied voice.

"Don't be frightened, lady," said one of them. "I hope he ain't hurt much. He was runnin' up the street, an' got knocked over at the crossin'."

"Bring him into his private office, and lay him on the sofa," she said, unsteadily.

For the next three-quarters of an hour—she never knew how she lived—the agony of them would remain with her always. But like all things else they came to an end.

Norton opened his eyes at last. He looked at her, but did not speak, but his glance questioned.

"Norton!" she cried, brokenly, "speak to me! Only speak and tell me that you will live!" The doctor stepped outside and closed the door, softly.

"Nelse! Nelse! My wife!" he whispered, tenderly. "I—can tell—you—all—now, dear. I can explain—Anzetta is——"

"I don't care who she is!" cried Nelse, bursting into passionate weeping. "I don't care who she was, either! She—must—must have been a monster—to—to—come—between you and me! I—I—forgive you, Norton! Only live and give me my place in your heart again!"

"My God!" said Norton solemnly, taking her suddenly into his arms, "was there ever another woman like this?"

"Nelsie, my dear girl," he said, unsteadily, "you have always had your place in my heart, and fill it so completely that no other woman could ever have a place in it. The one secret I kept from you was a business secret, but it is the last one I shall ever keep from my wife. 'Anzetta' is the name of a mine, one of the richest gold mines in the county. It belongs to the L. N. N. N. Co. L stands for Lester, N for Norton—and Nelsie, my sweetheart, do you know what double N stands for? It stands for Nelse Norton, dear. I put your name in for a mascot! It's the Lester, Norton & Nelse Norton Co., and just after I bought the largest part of it from Lester, the stock suddenly went up, and it has made us very rich."

Nelse was sobbing passionately upon his breast, and in the remorse and joy and love of that moment, words were impossible to her. But Norton did not care for words; he only wanted his wife—and he held her once more against his heart.

THE CARUSO SITUATION AND OUR OPERA POLICY

BY ROBERT GRAU

IN PASSING by the Metropolitan Opera House recently, I was attracted by the seeming activity at the box-office, although the season's inaugural was still far off.

Entering the foyer, I heard the following conversation between the "knight of the box-office" and a prospective subscriber:

"Is Caruso going to sing throughout the coming season?"

"I hope so; we do not know for sure, but no guarantee can be given, nor can we state that money will be refunded."

"Well, don't you think now, that the subscribers have been 'hurt' as far as Caruso is concerned, for two successive seasons, the management ought to make some provision for the public's protection, at least for those who go only to hear Caruso?"

"No; we are not informed as to any policy of this kind!'

That was all I heard, but I noticed that two ladies, directly behind the one who had catechised the "knight of the box-office," left without negotiating for locations; and although we will hear as usual that the subscription is larger than ever, despite the increase in prices, there seems to be a general tendency to hesitate on the part of many old subscribers, though it is not to be doubted that the many "newly-rich," who come forth every year, will be glad to avail themselves of any vacancies in boxes or stalls.

Although the past season of grand opera ended without any evidence of discord in any quarter, the keen observer who has looked beyond to-morrow, has discovered cause for much anxiety, and he need not be regarded as a pessimist, in view of the facts.

In New York, the season of 1910-1911 was assured of financial success as a result of the very large *abono,* or subscription, the total of which amounted to nearly $600,000, or two-thirds of what is required to meet the expense of the season. Moreover, for the first time since the advent of Signor Enrico Caruso, it has been possible to fill the opera house to its capacity without the illustrious tenor in the cast. But this does not indicate that the public, having been forced to tolerate the absence of Caruso, will respond to the call for a renewal of their subscriptions, for this is the third successive year when the appearance of the great favorite has been in doubt.

Surely it is a weak situation when the illness of one artist for half a season forces an operatic regime to draw on its own vitality and with no effort apparent to make good the loss.

Are we retrogressing in operatic endeavor? If not, why should the repertoire of the first opera house in the world be completely upset by the illness of one of the singers, however important he may be? Why was not Anselmi secured to replace Caruso? Is it fair to the subscribers to lean on them, just because they are obliged to accept Caruso's illness as unavoidable? Would it not have shown a fine spirit, if an effort had been made to replace the vacancy? Allessandro Bonci has been available, and he would have been a great help.

It is surely an amazing spectacle, but nevertheless not an edifying one,

that the deficit of last year's opera was prevented from being colossal by the appearance in the last few weeks, when Caruso was incapacitated, of a pair of Russian dancers. Financially this was fine; but is this evidence of an era of artistic progress in grand opera?

It is recalled that the end of Jean de Reszke's public career came from just such a condition as that which Caruso is now coping with.

How much we have to blame the phonograph for Caruso's present trouble may never be known, but no voice can stand the strain it has been put to, not only from singing in opera four or five times a week, but also from undergoing the nerve-racking seances requisite for the proper preservation of his vocal records.

The question as to whether the great tenor's voice is permanently impaired is indeed a serious one, but that the first opera house in the world should be affected by even such a catastrophe is simply evidence that we are face to face with a problem, and that problem is: "Where are we to look for the great singers for the next generation?"

Do not forget that a little over a decade ago the roster of the Metropolitan Opera House included the following galaxy of stars: Melba, Calve, Eames, Nordica, Ternina, Gadski, Lehman, Schuman-Heink, Homer, Mantelli, the two de Reszkes, Plancon, Saleza, Maurel, Scotti, Van Rooy, La Salle, and many others quite as well known. Are we really progressing in this field of endeavor, when in the second decade of the twentieth century, with an *entente cordiale* existing between the directorate of the four opera houses, that the loss of one singer has cast a gloom over the field of operatic endeavor?

Was it wise to remove Oscar Hammerstein from the scene? He provided an incentive for the Metropolitan directors; that incentive, now lacking, has resulted in much indifference on the part of the public, while the last half of the season was wholly devoid of the brilliancy indicated by the achievement of the first half.

After all, are the problems of grand opera to be solved only through commercialized methods; if this be not true, will some one explain how the Metropolitan a decade ago, with all of those great singers to be paid big salaries, dividends of one hundred and fifty per cent were declared, and today a deficit is avoided or encountered, according to the vocal fitness of one great singer?

THE GOLDEN GATE

BY KENNETH GRAEME

I saw this eve above the Western strand,
A golden sunset cradled in a dream
Of trembling mist-built sky. Within its gleam
I saw the hills, that guarded either hand,
Purple and crimson—an enchanted land
Bathed in a gold that mocked the rainbow's beam.
Silken above them moved a slow cloud-stream,
And o'er the waters stretched a fluted band.

Then did I question as it sought the sun:
Oh, road that wanders, wanders while I wait,
And cannot feel that life has yet begun,
Dost thou, too, vanish? Is there high estate
To which thou leadest? Is there prize for one
Who has achieved—beyond thy Golden Gate?

PARADISE BETTER THAN HONOLULU

(A sermon delivered by Pastor Russell in Hawaii)

BY C. T. RUSSLEL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Who hath heard such a thing? Who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in a day? or shall a nation be born at once?"—Isaiah 66:8.

IN MY CHILDHOOD days every penny I could save was devoted to foreign Missions. The Hawaiian Islands and the Fiji Islands were prominent before the Christian world as missionary fields. I remember well that the establishment of a civilized government in these islands was hailed as the fulfillment of the text I have chosen—"a nation born in a day." The thought then was that thus speedily the world would be converted and the glorious promises of the Hebrew Prophets fulfilled. How earnestly we labored and prayed, "Thy Kingdom come," thinking all the while that we were bringing the Kingdom of God to earth and fulfilling the Lord's Prayer!

Alas! we are having a rude awakening from such dreams. We are finding that if the Kingdom of God must be established by human power it will never be established. We are finding that the world's population is doubling every century. If we double our missionary enterprises every century, we would only be keeping pace with the natural increase of the human family. Statistics show us that there are twelve hundred millions of heathens to-day, and that a century ago there were only half as many. Alas! those missionary hopes of ours have gone glimmering.

But the awakening has done us good; it has taught us to think a little. We are now sensibly inquiring: Suppose we should convert all the heathen and make the whole world a Christendom of the same sort that we have in Europe and America! What then? Would God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven—perfectly? Could we thus hope to bring in the glorious conditions prophesied, in which not only the knowledge of God would fill the whole earth, but additionally every knee should bow and every tongue confess in such a manner as to be to the glory of God? We see that such hopes would be worse than foolish; they would be ludicrous. Thus our awakening has done us good, and sent us again to God's Book to see wherein we erred in our expectations.

What Say the Scriptures?

The disillusion respecting great works of our own humbled us before God and made us realize our dependence upon Him for the fulfillment of the glorious prophecies. We have read our Bibles afresh. We have taken from our minds the spectacles of our forefathers with the color and gloss which they handed down to us. They are now reading God's Book in its own light, allowing God to be His own interpreter, and Himself to make it plain. And what do we find? Ah! wonder of wonders! We find the Divine Plan wider and deeper and higher than we had ever dreamed.

We find that the present Age, from Calvary and Pentecost to the second coming of Jesus, is not God's time for dealing with the world, opening their blind eyes unstopping their deaf ears, and making every knee to bow and every tongue to confess. It is merely His time for the gathering out from every nation, people, kindred and tongue a "little flock" of such as have the hearing ear and the appreciative heart, to become the Bride of Christ and His joint heirs in His glorious Kingdom, the establishment of which will mean the blessing of all the families of the earth, as was promised to Father Abraham.

Well may we reason that if our God waited for four thousand years before He sent His Son to redeem the world, and has since waited two thousand

more for the selecting of the Bride of Christ, He must intend that the great Kingdom of His Son, the Messianic reign of a thousand years, is to do a great work for mankind in general. Such broad foundations, such deep-laid plans and arrangements foretell a grand and glorious outcome. Evidently God's Word shall be fulfilled, which He spoke, saying, "My Word that goeth forth out of My mouth shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it."

And the Message Went Forth.

The message went forth in a primary sense in Eden, when God declared that eventually "the Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head"—should crush evil.

His Word went forth still more distinctly to Father Abraham, assuring him that he would have two seeds, two posterities, one "as the stars of heaven" and the other "as the sands of the seashore." The Church, with Christ her Head, constitutes this heavenly, starry Seed of Abraham, as saith the Apostle (Galatians 3:16, 29), and with the completion of the Church will come the secondary blessing—the development of the seed of Abraham, as the sand of the seashore for multitude, every knee bowing and every tongue confessing, to the glory of God.

But this secondary seed of Abraham, the earthly seed, is to receive its blessing from the Heavenly Seed, hence everything waits now until the Church shall have been completed—until the "very elect" shall have been gathered "from the four winds of heaven"—until all the followers of Jesus shall have been changed, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," as participants in the First Resurrection.

Then, oh, glorious Day! the Sun of Righteousness will shine forth—Christ and His faithful Bride—to chase away the darkness, ignorance and superstition from the world and to fully enlighten mankind of every nation, people, kindred and tongue. In that glorious work of enlightenment the natural seed of Abraham will have a blessed share, and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the Prophets shall be "Princes in all the earth." (Psalm 45:16), perfect men, representatives of the glorious Messiah and His Bride in the earth, administrators of the Law, which will go forth from the glorious Christ, invisible to men.

Ah! that will be Earth's Jubilee! As in olden time, in the Jubilee year the Israelites returned to their own possessions, to their own homesteads, so in the Antitype, only the latter will be still more grand: The human family will come back into possession of its own—that which was lost by sin and its penalty, that which was recovered by Jesus, that which will be restored by resurrection power during the Messianic reign.

The Nation Born in a Day.

But what about our text? Did we misinterpret the Divine statement when we applied it to the acceptance by a people of civilization? Ah! yes; we made a very foolish mistake; the wish was father to the thought. Our misconceptions blinded us to the proper interpretation of that Scripture. What then does it mean? How should our text be applied? Ah, Beloved, that Nation to be born in a day is the Church, the Holy Nation, of which St. Peter spoke: "We are a Royal Priesthood, a peculiar people, a Holy Nation." (I Peter 2:9.) The *begetting* of this Holy Nation began at Pentecost, and has continued down through the succeeding eighteen centuries and more. The *birth* will be the resurrection.

All who now receive the begetting of the Holy Spirit are reckoned members of this Holy Nation, but their membership in it is dependent upon their faithfulness; as we read, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My Throne." The present life is to every one of these royal priests, or

priestly kings, as we may choose to express it, a period of probation. Will we or will we not "make our calling and election sure?" Not at the beginning nor at the time of our consecration is the matter decided, but after we "have fought the good fight and finished the course" and won the crown, by obedience even unto death.

For nearly nineteen centuries these royal priests have been testifying for the Lord, each in his turn. For all the faithful there is a crown of righteousness laid up; as St. Paul said, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day"—early in that day of Messiah, in the resurrection morning. All these have a part in the First Resurrection and will be members of that Holy Nation, that royal priesthood, as we read, "Blessed and holy are all they that have part in the Chief Resurrection; on such the Second Death hath no power; but they shall be kings and priests unto God and unto Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years."

Thus will that Holy Nation which God has been gathering and electing during the nineteen centuries, out of all nations, peoples, kindreds and tongues, from Jews and Gentiles, bond and free, be born in a day—come forth perfect and complete, the Holy Nation of Divine promise which, as God's spiritual Empire, is to take over the control of the world for a thousand years and rule it in righteousness to free all from the power of Satan, sin and death, and to lift up again as many as are willing to the image and likeness of God, and to destroy all who love unrighteousness and work iniquity.

Paradise of the Pacific.

I can now well understand why your beautiful island has been described as the Paradise of the Pacific. I note your wonderful climate, and everything which co-operates with it to bring about this Paradise likeness. I say to myself, How gracious is our God! Not only has He provided a heavenly Paradise for the Church, that they should be sharers with their Lord on the spirit plane, partakers of the Divine nature, "far above angels, principalities and powers," but how gracious has God also been in His provision for the world at large—His promise of an earthly Paradise for such of humanity as, when brought to a knowledge of Himself and His requirements, shall gladly, heartily accept the same!

How wonderful is the Wisdom and Power of God by which He can make use of even the reign of sin and death to teach great lessons, both to angels and men respecting the exceeding sinfulness of sin! And how merciful and gracious is the arrangement He has made that when this reign of sin and death shall have accomplished His intended purposes, He will bring it to an end. Those twin monarchs which have ruled the world for six thousand years—Sin and Death shall be vanquished; and ultimately every member of Adam's race shall be delivered from their power. For the willing and obedient, the earthly Paradise, human perfection, the image of God in the flesh, is to be the reward—an earthly reward—and for the rebellious, the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption, no recovery, and in which, thank God! there will be no suffering, for they shall perish like the brute beasts, as St. Peter declares.—II Peter 2:12.

Restitution Will Bring Real Paradise.

Much as your Island may resemble the Garden of Eden, it is not Paradise, and cannot be Paradise so long as you have sin and sorrow, pain and death amongst you. One of the first objects that greeted my sight as I landed was your cemetery, and I said: "Oh, yes, death is here, and *everywhere*—God's curse, declaring that no imperfect being may live. Well, I thank God for that, too. Centuries of life with imperfection would doubtless be too

much for us to have. Far better is it as Divine Wisdom has arranged it—a birth, a struggle for existence, a battle with self and sin, the world, the flesh and the Devil, and then a falling asleep in death, until the morning of the resurrection. There will be no consciousness of even a moment's intervening until the glorious day shall have dawned, and the new order of things shall have been introduced and established; and then the sleepers will come forth to see a brighter side than any that they have previously experienced or ever heard of.

The Kingdom of God's dear Son and His elect Bride will be in power and nothing shall hurt or destroy in all his holy Kingdom. The blessing of the Lord shall be upon man, and his earthly dominion. Restitution influences will be at work for the bringing of everything to pertection—especially for the bringing of man up, up, up out of sin, weakness, degradation and death to the full glory of perfection of mind and body and vitality—the image and likeness of God, as at first, before sin entered.

Rich and Poor and Socialism.

You still have your rich and poor; there still is *caste* amongst the children of the one parentage; but when the uplifting influences of Messiah's reign shall have done their work, these things will all be in the past. "He that sitteth upon the Throne shall say, "Behold, I make all things new!" In that glorious time there will not be rich and poor, there will be socialism in the proper sense, as the Scriptures clearly point out; they say, "Every man shall sit under his own vine and under his own fig tree; and none shall make him afraid." And again: "They shall not build and another inhabit, they shall not plant and another eat the fruit thereof." There will be no tenantry, no landlordism then.

Do not understand me to be inciting dissatisfaction with the present conditions. In many respects what we have to-day is the very best possible thing under present conditions—man's fallen nature and selfish temperament taken into consideration. The counsel of God's Word is that all who trust in Him are to wait for Him to bring in the better conditions. Some very well intentioned people are making a sad mistake; just as the morning is about to dawn—about to bring in the great blessings of restitution, socialism, etc., they blindly look in another direction and declare that unless they bring socialism to pass it will never come. We grant, indeed, that it would be foolish to expect that the rich would bring about the wonderful changes which the Bible foretells—it would be contrary to human nature to so expect. But we do say that those who think to bring about socialism by human wisdom and human strength are deficient in wisdom. They do not see that what they propose is absolutely impossible—their eyes are holden.

The Bible alone shows us what will be the outcome of the present unrest and selfishness and dissatisfaction. The Bible tells that what will start as socialism will eventually develop into anarchy. The Bible shows that those who think they can bring in the Messianic blessings by carnal weapons are deluding themselves—they will, instead, bring upon themselves, as well as upon the rich, the great and awful trouble which the Scriptures foretell as being now imminent—"a time of trouble such as was not since there was a nation." (Daniel 12:1.) Our Lord Jesus quoted this passage and added to it the words, "No, nor ever shall be." (Matthew 24:21.) Thank God! that this one, great, awful conflict, in which every man's hand shall be against his neighbor and against his brother, will be the last. It will be so awful as to make the entire world sick of strife, of selfishness, of sin. Thus it will act as a great plowshare in the hearts of mankind in general, to break the hard-hearted and to turn all hearts in expectation to the Lord and His glorious Kingdom.



We are enabled, herewith, to present an article on the subject of the Panama-California Exposition to be held at San Diego in 1915, from the very able pen of Major John B. Jeffery.

Major Jeffery is peculiarly fitted to speak upon exposition matters, owing to that degree and quality of knowledge which he has acquired in a school of experience enjoyed by few living men.

He organized the Publicity Bureau of the great Chicago Exposition, with results so effective that he was in turn called upon to repeat the same in the interests of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and also at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

Major Jeffery has viewed the field at San Diego, and his careful summation of the well-developed work of the Panama-California Exposition, where he has outlined the work of publicity along the lines of well-proven experiences, will be read with the deepest interest by all who desire reliable information upon the subject now uppermost in the public mind.—EDITOR.

BY MAJOR JOHN B. JEFFERY

TRAVELING has become a luxury.

That it is more pleasurable to travel than to arrive has become axiomatic. If there be any exception found to this rule, then the exception has the very marked advantage of occupying the highest possible place of attraction.

One may account himself favored above other men who may truthfully say that he has proven both horns of the above proposition to be of equal length. Astonishing? Perhaps, but none the less it is true.

Should you wish to prove this statement, and I am sure that you will, just come with me, and we will board "The Angel," on the line of the Santa Fe, at San Francisco, at 4:00 p. m., and get off at 1:10 the next day at San Diego.

Expositions have ever held for me an attraction bordering upon fascination. Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Seattle, have each in turn given expositions commemorative of



D. C. Collier, President of the Panama-California Exposition to be held in San Diego, 1915.

world epochs. I had participated in and watched each of these great movements from inception to successful and well merited fruition. It was, therefore, with feelings of the greatest interest that I set out with my associate, Mr. C. E. Ferguson, who had recently returned from the Orient, on our journey to the city of San Diego, in order that I might ascertain for myself to what extent the experience of the past in handling enterprises of such vast magnitude, could be woven into the creations of the present.

On arrival we were welcomed by Colonel D. C. Collier, President and Director-General of the Panama-California Exposition; a man by nature and training most admirably fitted for the responsible position to which he had been unanimously chosen. I saw at a glance that he was of the timber from which leaders are chosen to direct important movements. Alert, persuasive, direct, resourceful, energetic and unswerving, and quite picturesque: all this and more did I read in the moment of greeting.

I was escorted to the U. S. Grant Hotel, a palatial building constructed upon lines of the most modern and approved hostelries and possessing the best improvements known to modern architecture and construction. This splendid building was erected at a cost of more than $2,000,000. I was assigned ample and luxurious quarters by the manager, Mr. James H. Holmes, who spared no pains to render my visit to the city one of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure.

Here I was delighted to meet my old friend, the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, formerly a member of President McKinley's Cabinet, being Secretary of the Treasury, who had come across from his home at Point Loma to greet me on my arrival. This was very appropriate to the work I had in mind, as he was the first President of the Chicago Exposition, also being my banker and financial adviser for more than thirty-five years in Chicago, where he and I had worked out much of the detail work of the great World's Fair Exposition together. Through his kindly offices, I was presented to the Hon. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., son of the eighteenth President of the United States, Chairman of the Board of Directors; Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., President of the American National Bank, and Vice-President of San Diego Savings Bank, and acting Director General; G. Davidson, Chairman Executive Committee and "Father of the Exposition," President of the Southern Trust and Savings Bank, and for many years auditor of the Santa Fe Railway; George Burnham, vice-president of the Exposition; Rufus Choate, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and numerous others of the Exposition and Chamber of Commerce directorate—sixteen of them are bankers, whose aggregate fortunes amount to over $60,000,000.

These men are backing President

Collier in everything he desires to do, and, as their representative, have Jos. W. Sefton, Jr., as Director-General, himself a trained banker and business man, who answers for the finances. The treasury contains $2,500,000 for building purposes. The directors will handle nearly $10,000,000 before the gates of the Exposition are thrown open.

I fancied that I should be entertained by glowing accounts—blueprint recitals of projected enterprises—the usual prelude to engaging upon undertakings which require the expenditure of millions upon millions of dollars. I had found this to be the condition of minds of individuals when about to engage in some momentous undertaking, and I had thought that when a great city, the combination of the minds of thousands of men, was to be brought to a point where they could act in harmony and that perfect accord which is the primal necessity for assured success, and more especially in matters of such magnitude as the present undertaking, that the period of adjustment for definite action could not, in the well-ordered succession of events, have been more than fairly entered upon, but I found, greatly to my astonishment, that I had been reckoning by a last year's calendar.

I had fallen into the period of concretion. There was not a spot of colorless abstraction to be met with anywhere. I had traveled hopefully and found, to my great surprise and pleasure, that it was better to arrive.

The aspect of the city, its streets, its plazas, its palatial hostelries, its artistic play houses, its ample and invitingly well distributed parks, its broad and smoothly conditioned driveways skirting the ocean, and the waters of its magnificent bay, which rivals the harbors of the world for natural capacity to accommodate with safety and convenience the shipping of the merchant marine of every country on the globe. Upon its waters lay at anchor, or moved with swan-like grace, shipping and pleasure craft of every description, while here and there were to be seen the low-lying greyhounds of the sea, with masked batteries which command, without speaking, the rule of peace over the trackless approaches to our shores, evidently, for the most part, "Birds of Passage," calling for rest and refreshments, and to view for themselves, as had I, the preparations which are being made for the celebration of the world's greatest achievement bearing the impress of the best brain and hand of man—the Panama Canal.

The conception of a city to be built for the appropriate celebration of the world's latest and greatest undertaking—the cutting of the wall of separation, and thus joining the waters of the two great oceans of the world—was a thing of the past. "The ideal is that which now is not, but which must eventually come to be."

I found that the "ideal" of San Diego's Exposition City was being spelled out and created by the saws and hammers of hundreds of workmen, to which was added the busy hum of machinery mixing the concrete for the walls of the Administration Building, which as a matter of fact is now nearing completion, as are also the Memorial Arch, which marks the entrance to the Exposition, and the California State Building; the Agricultural and Horticultural Buildings are under process of immediate construction.

The Exposition City, when completed, will be found to be essentially idealistic, and of a character reflected from and drawn faithfully to express the topography and spirit of the vast domain of which San Diego is the natural magnet; this has justly and most appropriately led to its having been called, in the truest sense of distinguishment—unique.

Southward and across an arm of the blue waters of the bay appears the world famed Hotel del Coronado, its great, rounded domes and pinnacled minarets arising from pleasure grounds threaded by sanded walks, which wind about amid such a wealth of tropical verdure and flower-

colored attractions as to cause the heart of the visitor to bound with the strength of the wine of life which is here pressed to the lips of all, from the chalice of condition—a draught brewed from air and wind and sun—Nature's response to man's universal craving for strength and the pleasures that satisfy. And yonder, Point Loma—splendid buildings, delightful grounds, and, above all, the unique and unequaled situation, adorning, as it does, an arm of the land stretching far into the waters—a most fitting insignia of Peace set at the jointure of the two great forces of the earth—a dream of the Orient in the lap of the Occident.

Glancing along the shore line to the south, and from the farthest point visible, let your eye travel along the natural bow-line of vision to the eastward, and then on until you have completed the half-circle to the north, where it again rests at the sea, and you will have bounded the nucleus of an empire from which flows, along natural lines, such energies of production and distribution as are to be equaled at no other point upon this continent, and this is true for the very obvious reason that Nature, in her formation of the land and the waters, has, once and for all, determined the point where great industrial centers may be established and developed, with the minimum effort on the part of man, to the point of meeting the normal demands of the markets of the world. Such is San Diego.

The City of San Diego is equipped with transportation facilities which lead with despatch to the most divergent points, constructed, equipped and conducted in a manner so courteous and complete as to anticipate even the unexpressed desires of the most fastidious traveler.

The plan for the Exposition, embracing about 400 acres, is approved as to general features by President Collier, with the understanding that minor changes shall be made to meet exigencies as they shall arise. This plan shows the main entrance to the Exposition grounds at Laurel and Park avenue on the west side of Cabrillo Canyon. A causeway and bridge lead to the east side of the canyon, where rise the main buildings of the Exposition, surrounding a central rectangular court. From the gate at Laurel street to the eastern end of the bridge are ornamental plazas and esplanades, all within the Exposition grounds. The entrance to the central court of honor is through this group of buildings.

Leading south from the court of honor is a street that debouches into a rectangular plaza, rounded on the ends, the Plaza de las Republicas America. At the south side of this plaza is the huge ethnological building, a structure that is being built in the old Spanish-American style, with a patio. To the west and down the mesa from this building are the State and foreign buildings.

The main buildings, being on the axis, or central, line of the bridge, are grouped around these formal courts, and include the California, Art, Agriculture, Horticulture, both Liberal Arts and Machinery, United States Government and Mining exhibit buildings.

North of this group are the huge botannical gardens with the finest and most extensive lath house ever built. This lath house contains a glass section in which are to be placed all the exotics and orchids possible to gather in the interim before the Exposition opens. The lath house will be something like 600 feet square and 100 feet high, with a central court for band concerts, fountains and other features. Surrounding it are the plantations of the different great seed houses of the world, which will be asked to propagate their finest flowers in tracts allotted to each competitor for the purpose. Here are also the outdoor exhibits, such as those from the reclamation, conservation and forest services of the government and the great Indian congress, with the villages and fields of the aborigines, cliff dwellings and pueblos.

Across Spanish Canyon is a dam impounding a lagoon used as an auxiliary water supply for the city fire department, a reservoir of 50,000,000 gallons capacity, with a head of 210 feet and a pressure at D street of something like 65 pounds to the square inch. Around this lagoon are grouped ornamental trees, vines and flowers, and all connected with the general park system as a permanent feature.

The bridge and causeway, which are a system of parked esplanade from Laurel street straight into the center of the park, are permanent, as is the lagoon on the east side of the mesa in Spanish Canyon. All the grading, street and road work are so arranged that when the buildings are removed there will be a system of roads and streets, with ornamental centers, lined and surrounded with groves of trees and flowering bushes, the erstwhile foundation spaces being sodded with bluegrass, irrigated from a 14-inch pipe line that enters the park on the north and leads to the south end of the park, where it connects with the city water mains. The sewer system is laid to connect up with the city system.

All grading and street work under this plan are a part of the permanent improvement of the park, and are put in with that idea in view, the construction of the Exposition itself at all times being a means of beautifying the park.

The buildings so far approved and under construction call for foundation space to the extent of about 145 acres. Added to this must be the space required for the formal gardens, outdoor exhibits, for streets and courts, the whole space requiring about 400 acres. Added to other advantages is that of building the Exposition on comparatively level, high ground. The section of concessions and privileges, "El Rodeo," is on level ground, where the necessary grading is little more than that required for an ordinary country road over comparatively level ground.

Architect Goodhue is in love with the new plans, and has begun with enthusiasm to perfect the ornamentation of his Spanish-American buildings, the director of works having outlined the needs as finally determined by the buildings and grounds committee.

The Exposition will open January 1, 1915, and will be kept open the entire year. The directors, however, have ordered that all buildings shall be finished by January 1, 1914, one year in advance, to give the landscape architects and gardeners a chance to grow the palms, ferns, vines and flowering plants over the buildings.

All architecture and all ensembles of architecture and landscape are in the beautiful Spanish Colonial, or "Mission" style. The exposition covers the Southwestern United States, Mexico, Central and South America, and it is in those countries that the Latin-American architecture grew to its greatest beauty. The Exposition is a Mission city in white, cement construction throughout, set in a California landscape, the most beautiful that can be devised.

Features of the Panama-California Exposition are a world congress of Indian tribes, gathered from the Straits of Magellan to the Yukon River; exhibits from the United States reclamation, forestration, conservation and immigration bureaus; archaeological material, the most complete ever gathered in America, covering the entire American continent; ethnology, embracing all the peoples that ever lived on the continent, the ancient ruins and relics, the beautiful and unique and striking things from all these countries, reciting the history of the aborigines of America back to the remotest known and legendary times, discovery and conquest of America, and last, but not least, opportunity, the opportunity that has come to the Pacific Coast of the Americas through the opening of the Panama Canal.

Nearly every Latin-American government has replied favorably to requests for participation, and are awaiting an official visit from the Exposition management to determine the character and scope of their participation. Now that the buildings are under way, these visits will be made at

once. In addition to these are the Southwestern States of the United States, to which Commissioner-at-Large John A. Fox is now making a careful tour arranging for their participation.

The only limitation placed on exhibits is that they shall be absolutely unique and different from anything that has ever been shown before. The Exposition is so attractive from its natural beauty of location, almost exactly similar to Naples Bay, from its architecture and from its decoration that nothing but the highest class of exhibits will be admitted. Everything must be process to show Opportunity. There is a model one-acre farm. There will be a Navajo squaw weaving a blanket, and an Oaxaca weaving a serape; a Maya making a Panama hat, and an Araucanian modeling pottery; but there will not be one single shelf full of canned or bottled goods on exhibition through the whole of the Panama-California Exposition. Sir Thomas Lipton will show a tea garden of Ceylon, with tea growing, pickers gathering the crop, working the tea and packing it, but Sir Thomas engages to remove every tin from the exhibit as fast as it is packed and sealed. While his workers are exciting wonder at the Exposition grounds, Sir Thomas will be piloting one of his famous Shamrocks in yacht races off the harbor.

The grand bodies of the Masonic Order are making ready to dedicate with pomp and ceremony the Memorial Arch in the month of April, 1912. Under the auspices of the Order of Panama, a great and beautiful pageant is being prepared, which will take place in the month of July, 1912, that is expected to excel the famous Mission pageant of 1911.

From the standpoint of the best judges of exposition work in the past, after having given full and careful attention and inspection to the general plans, and the projected work already in active process of completion, it is confidently predicted that the San Diego Panama-California Exposition will prove to be one of the most interesting and instructive expositions ever given to the world.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE."

BY LINDEN L. BOONE

WHEN one stands upon the heights of Point Loma and looks across the placid water of San Diego Bay, he has in view the snow-capped mountains in the distance, an amphitheatre rolling a hundred miles away, and sees before him a fleet of warships at anchor, merchant ships at the wharves in front of the city, a steamer passing the entrance at Ballast Point, he is wont to exclaim, "What grandeur, what magnificence, what a panorama!"

When he inhales the balmy ozone of the Pacific and realizes that the climate of the region where he stands is the most pleasant and equable of any place in the known world, he is wont to further exclaim, "What a dwelling place for man! Why does not all mankind come here to live?"

The answer to this question would be that there is not room enough for all, but the number who may and will come to reside in this favored region is limited only by its water supply.

The mountains back of San Diego rise to elevations varying from 3,500 to 6,500 feet. The slope to the ocean is very rapid, the crest of these mountains being only forty miles from the sea as the crow flies. During the rainy



The famous Sweetwater Dam, built of solid masonry 120 feet high.

season, which is about half the year, these streams are frequently torrents, but during the dry season they are mostly dried up before reaching the ocean.

San Diego's water supply must depend almost altogether upon the conservation of these waters. The means of conservation are reservoirs made by damming the streams. These reservoir sites are numerous and only from ten to forty miles from the city. In this respect the region around Los Angeles is not so fortunate, for after searching for years for reservoir sites, that city was finally compelled to go to Owen's River, 226 miles away, and across a range of mountains, to procure a water supply thought to be adequate to the growing needs of the city.

Commencing at the north boundary of San Diego County and going to the south boundary there are the following important streams: Temecula, San Luis Rey, Pamo and Santa Ysabel, San Diego, Sweetwater, Cottonwood and Otay. The statistics of the U. S. Geological Survey as to the run off or flow of water capable of being conserved have not been prepared as to all these, but the report for the year 1906 gives some of them as follows:

San Luis Rey	46,000,000 gallons
Santa Ysabel	20,000,000 gallons
San Diego	22,000,000 gallons
Sweetwater	6,000,000 gallons
Cottonwood	20,000,000 gallons

Temecula is not given, but is thought to be about the same as Santa Ysabel.

The statistics prepared by the government engineers may be taken as an average, but in some years the run-off is much greater. According to the records of the San Diego Flume Company, thirty-nine billion gallons of water passed over its solid masonry diverting dam and flowed through the city of San Diego into the sea during the rainy season of 1905.

The writer has seen a stream two feet deep flowing over the top of Sweetwater Dam for its full width of 369 feet.



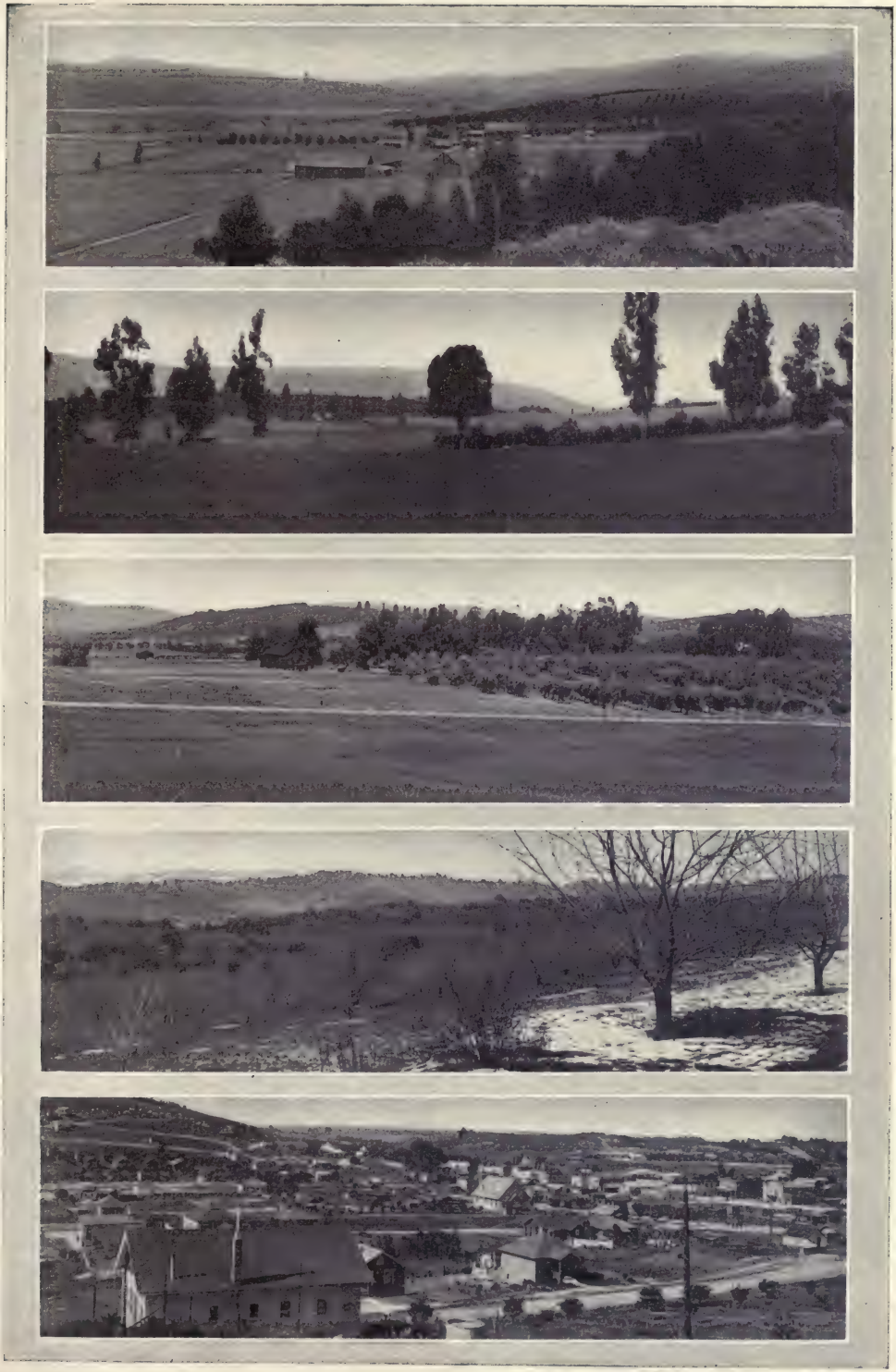
Lower Otay Lake, the present source of San Diego's water supply, capacity thirteen billion gallons.

The present actual development of water tributary to San Diego is chiefly confined to the four southerly streams. On the San Luis Rey there is a small development which supplies Escondido, having a storage reservoir in Bear Valley, present capacity 1,500,000,000 gallons, which may be increased to 5,000,000,000 gallons. The San Diego River watershed now has only two small reservoirs, one located at Cuyamaca, 4,600 feet above sea level, capacity 3,700,000,000 gallons, and the other at La Mesa, 450 feet above sea level, capacity 500,000,000 gallons. The Sweetwater system has a dam 115 feet high, making a lake capable of storing 11,600,000,000 gallons, 110 feet above sea level at the outlet. The greatest actual development has been upon the combined Cottonwood and Otay systems, made by John D. Spreckels and brother.

Value of Present Developments.

The value of these developments is placed at $5,000,000. It is from this system that the city obtains its present supply, which in purity is as good as the best in the world. No other city enjoys the use of filtered water for all purposes. This water has been pronounced by eminent chemists to be as pure as the best of any water supply for any considerable population. The system consists of three reservoirs already built, one building and another in the future when needed. The largest of these dams is Morena. It is at an elevation of 3,100 feet above sea level, 267 feet high from bottom of foundations, 300 feet thick at base, 16 feet thick at top, and 550 cubic feet along the crest, took five years to build, contains 306,000 cubic yards of masonry, and cost Mr. Spreckels $1,500,000. It backs the water for four miles through Morena Valley, forming a picturesque mountain lake capable of holding 15 million gallons of water. This dam has so recently been constructed as not yet to have made a winter's catchment.

It is the largest structure of this character in America, with the exception of the Roosevelt Dam above



Top to Bottom—Sweetwater Valley; between Escondido and Ramona; Spring Valley; Detrick's Pine Hill apple ranch, and La Mesa.

Phoenix, Arizona, which is 280 feet high, has 340,000 cubic yards of masonry, and cost the U. S. Government $3,468,000.

Lower down the Cottonwood stream is the Barrett Dam, 1,600 feet elevation, now in process of construction, but not built higher than necessary to be used as a diverting dam to take the water down over the divide 1,400 feet elevation, through Dulzura Pass, into the watershed of lower Otay. At the lower Otay is a dam 130 feet in height, outlet 400 feet elevation, with an impounding capacity of 13,000,000,000 gallons. At upper Otay, 550 feet elevation, there is a dam with a capacity of 1,000,000,000 gallons, capable of being increased to 5,000,000,000. In upper and lower Otay reservoirs there is now impounded at the close of the dry season of 1911 nine billions of gallons, or enough water on the basis of present consumption of 100 gallons per person, per day, to supply the present needs of San Diego for five years, even though not another drop of rain should fall during that period of time, except sufficient to offset evaporation. When you consider that the average rainfall at San Diego is ten inches on the coast compared with forty inches in the mountains, there is no present danger of failure of water supply, and no danger until its population is many times the present.

Prospective Development.

Several companies, realizing that the demand for water is rapidly increasing with the enormous growth of San Diego and the communities immediately tributary to it, have entered the field and are taking up the undeveloped possibilities. The owners of the partially developed San Diego River system are contemplating new dams. Others have plans for the storage of the winter's floods on other systems. Without going into detail, I will state the possibilities of storage on the streams not yet harnessed by dams.

Locat'n	Eleva'n Ft.	Ht. of Dam Ft.	C'p'c'y in Gallons
San Luis Rey	2613	100	63,000,000,000
Pamo	803	185	16,000,000,000
Santa Maria	1300	80	3,000,000,000
Pine Valley	3700	125	6,000,000,000
Barrett	1600	175	15,000,000,000
San Diego	700	165	20,000,000,000
Temecula	1100	150	10,000,000,000

These are not the limits of height. All these dams may be carried to such heights as to impound every gallon of water which may flow down the stream in years of greatest freshets. As an example of this development, take the Sweetwater Dam. At first it was 90 feet high, capacity 6,000,000,000 gallons. It was subsequently raised to 115 feet, and capacity increased to 11,600,000,000 gallons.

With these dams all raised to a sufficient height to take the full amount of the flow in flood years, it is safe to say that the average annual catchment would be equal to the government reports for 1906 as above given. By building the dams of such height as to save the greatest floods, a supply will be left over from such years to help out the dry years.

It will be seen from the above that the reservoirs already constructed have an impounding capacity of 45 billions of gallons, and those which may be developed, 133 billions of gallons.

The run-off of the streams of the Western slope of San Diego County, according to government reports and other sources of information, if all conserved, will take care of a city population of 4,000,000.

Allowing the suburban population sufficient for domestic supply and to irrigate 300,000 acres, which is probably the maximum capable of being irrigated, there would still be sufficient for an urban population of 2,000,000.

Of course this maximum of development will probably never be reached, but the figures are given merely to illustrate what may be done when the necessity arises.

This conservation should be made at least seven years in advance of actual needs, so as to afford a chance

for storage of the run-off of one or more extremely wet seasons, and all dams should be built sufficiently high to catch the maximum flow. With water, San Diego expects to make the ideal spot of the earth.

It is the perfection of climate, the Elysium that Homer dreamed of—that place on the west of the earth, near the ocean, a happy land where there is neither sleet nor cold, and always fanned by the delightful breezes of Zephyrus. Hither favored heroes like Menelaus pass without dying, and live happily under the rule of the just Rhadamanthus.

THE CLIMATE OF THE OPEN DOOR

BY FORD A. CARPENTER, U. S. Weather Bureau

ONCE in a while the winter tourist in Southern California visiting San Diego happens on this sign, hung conspicuously on shop doors:

OPEN.

I venture to say that unless some resident enlightens him, or he should perchance change his place of residence to San Diego, this little sign will puzzle him. "Why should such a sign be necessary? Aren't store and shop doors *always* supposed to be open during business hours?" In San Diego not only are the shop doors all ready to be opened, but, except for a few days in winter, both doors are usually swung wide open. This simple fact is a noteworthy feature of the climate, for not in many places will the cold or heat, the wind, dust, rain, sleet or snow, mosquitoes or flies, permit the wide-open door. It has remained for that veteran medical climatologist, Dr. Hare, in his Textbook of Practical Therapeutics, 12th edition, 1907, to epitomize the climate when he says: "San Diego—a place where there is virtually perpetual summer."

The chief cause of San Diego's salubrity of climate lies in its latitude. Other causes are: Its location to the leeward of the ocean; its distance from the eastward-moving storms of the northern coast; and the absence of mountains close to the sea. The latitude gives San Diego temperate climate; the proximity to the sea an equability of temperature; the distance from the storm tracks its freedom from high winds and rough weather; and the absence of mountains in the immediate neighborhood contributes to infrequent clouds, fog and rain.

The Velo Cloud.

The "*velo* cloud" was doubtless an old term, even before the glorious days of gold, that early Overland Monthly contributors loved to dwell upon. Bret Harte must have used it in his early writings for this magazine, when he was its editor, and the veteran poet of the Sierras, that grand old man of California, Joaquin Miller, doubtless incorporated this musical Spanish word in his earlier melodies. The *velo* cloud is the chief characteristic cloud



A waterfall, Morena Creek.

of the San Diego bay region. The full name for this very common cloud is "*el velo de la luz*," or "the veil that hides the light." And a summer cloud in San Diego is the common cloud of the year, for summer should be understood as covering all the year excepting November, December, January and February, and it would not take a very strong imagination to reckon these four months as spring-time. Now the screening of this region from the sun's rays is so thoroughly accomplished that during a normal day the sun breaks through the *velo* cloud about 10 o'clock, the sky clearing shortly afterwards and remaining free from clouds until about sunset. That the *velo* cloud is an effective sun shield is proven by the fact that the average July maximum temperature since weather observations began shows an average of 78 degrees.

One Hour Per Year Above Ninety Degrees.

Since the beginning of meteorological records, the temperature has averaged one hour per year above 90 degrees. Highest and lowest temperatures were 101 and 32 degrees.

San Diego has one of the longest meteorological records west of the Mississippi river. Observations were begun shortly after Fremont raised the Stars and Stripes at Old San Diego over sixty years ago, and ever since then, officials of the government have continued the meteorological work. An examination of this excellent record shows that during this period of more than half a century, the temperature averaged 61.4 degrees. The warmest year, 1887, averaged 63.8; the coldest year, that of 1880, averaged 58.5.

Yearly temperatures are misleading, as it requires only a warm summer and a cold winter to give as favorable a record as that of San Diego with a warm winter and a cool summer. For example, the annual temperature of a city in the Mississippi Valley is only 5 degrees lower than San Diego, but it reports 63 days of temperature above 90 degrees, and 96 days below 32 degrees, while during the same year San Diego had but one day when the temperature reached 90 degrees, and on no day did it reach 32 degrees. The temperature has exceeded 90 degrees twenty-five times in 40 years, and has never gone below 32 degrees. Owing to the nearness to the ocean, the variation in temperature is slight, averaging about 11 degrees from the highest during the day to the lowest at night. The change in average temperature from day to day is less than two degrees.

Cause of Warm Winters and Cool Summers.

The northern storms seldom take a course far enough south to influence the weather conditions of San Diego for the reason that the "high" areas, or the regions of high barometer, prevent their doing so. The average path of the high areas (the great fair weather eddies of the atmosphere) is along the southwest coast of California, entering about the latitude of Point Conception. These high areas usually tend to deflect the storms east-

ward, but whenever a storm has sufficient energy to affect the weather in San Diego, the incoming high area prevents its long duration. This explains why the average duration of rainy weather is less than one day, and that winds exceeding 25 miles per hour last but a total of a few hours each year.

The seabreeze keeps San Diego cool in summer and warm in winter. The wind averages five miles per hour throughout the year. The highest velocity ever known was 40 miles per hour.

Rainfall Light on Coast, Heavy in the Mountains.

The rainfall is light in San Diego, approaching desert amounts, but increasing at a regular ratio, according to elevation, reaching the maximum amount twenty-five miles from the coast. The total number of days in the year with one-hundredth of an inch averages 38; with one hour or more of dense fog, 15. For a *marine climate*, San Diego has relatively dry air, averaging 72 per cent, and comparing favorably with interior cities. The humidity is constant during usual temperatures, but whenever the temperature is above 70 degrees in summer or below 50 degrees in winter, the relative humidity is lowered proportionately. For example, the rather unusual temperature of 90 degrees is always accompanied by a relative humidity of from 20 to 10 per cent.

The average annual rainfall is ten inches; back from the coast the rainfall increases to over 40 inches. It is in this well-watered region that the magnificent water supply of San Diego is located.

The two cardinal features of San Diego climate which leave a lasting impression on both residents and visitors alike are the regularity of the winds and the constancy of the sunshine. The land-and-sea breeze finds its best illustration here. The brisk daylight winds are from the sea, and blow from the south, southwest, west and northwest, while the light night winds are from the land, and blow from the north, northeast, east and southeast. Thus in every normal day we have winds from every point of the compass.

San Diego has 356 Days of Sunshine in a Year.

The period of greatest sunshine is from the middle of October to the middle of March, and the months of least sunshine are May, June and July.

The sun shines on an average of 356 days a year. The automatic sunshine recorder shows that for 22 years there has been an average of nine days a year without one hour or more of sunshine.

Although the writer has been intimately associated with the weather for the past sixteen years in San Diego, having been in charge of the United States Weather Bureau office during that period, he feels that no word of his could carry the weight of conviction as would the calm, dispassionate opinion of his former Chief, General A. W. Greely, who, when Chief Signal Officer, and head of the United States Weather Service, said: "The American public is familiar on all sides with elaborate and detailed statements of the weather at a thousand and one resorts. If we may believe all we read in such reports, the temperature never reaches the eighties, the sky is flecked with just enough cloud to perfect the landscape, the breezes are always balmy, and the nights ever cool. There is possibly one place in the United States where such conditions obtain—a bit of country about forty miles square at the extreme southwestern part of the United States, in which San Diego, California, is located."

THE HARBOR OF SAN DIEGO

BY EDWIN M. CAPPS, Supervising Engineer

WHEN IT IS realized that there are in United States territory on the Pacific Coast but four, or possibly five harbors, for a distance of twelve hundred miles, and it is further realized that the bay of San Diego is the first and last port of call in the United States for ships arriving from and departing for the Panama Canal, one can scarcely overestimate the tremendous importance and possibilities of this port, both for commercial as well as for naval purposes.

This bay is capable of being developed into a magnificent commercial entrepot of the greatest importance. Located as it is in a zone of perpetual summer, free from violent storms, it may be entered with perfect safety, both by day or night, and at all times of the year, by the largest vessels plying the sea.

The city of San Diego realized that with the completion of the Panama Canal the flood gates of commerce would be opened to the Pacific Coast and the Orient, and that San Diego, to grasp a large portion of this traffic, must be in a position to offer to the importer, manufacturer and commission merchant the most seductive inducements to locate upon this bay.

San Diego must be in a position to offer a better proposition to these merchants of commerce than can be had elsewhere. She realized that a great distributing center for this southwestern section will be created the moment the canal is completed, and when once established it would be permanent. She therefore must not lose this opportunity. The key to the situation, she realized, was the municipal ownership of her waterfront. This much-desired wish was accorded her by a recent act of the legislature.

In compliance with her agreement with the State, an election was held and $1,000,000 voted for the first unit of improvement of her harbor, along the most modern and approved designs known to maritime cities.

When this initial improvement is completed, there will have been reclaimed sixty acres of tide land; there will have been constructed twenty-six hundred linear feet of reinforced con-



A small catch of fish.

crete seawall, and a reinforced concrete pier one hundred and thirty feet in width, and eight hundred feet in length.

Upon this pier will be erected a steel warehouse eighty feet in width and seven hundred and seventy-five feet in length. Four railway tracks, two on each side of the pier, will be provided for facilitating the trans-shipment of through freight.

This pier will provide sixteen hundred feet of dockage, with a depth of water at low tide of thirty-five feet, sufficient for the berthing of the largest deep sea vessels. The sea wall will furnish about twenty-six hundred linear feet of berth room for local coast craft.

The magnitude of the possibilities of this bay may be had when it is estimated that, with the expenditure of $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 from six hundred to seven hundred acres of tide lands will be reclaimed, fourteen hundred acres of anchorage ground will be excavated to an average depth of twenty-five feet at low tide, and provision made for six miles of berth room for vessels of all draft.

From an economic point of view, for construction work of sea walls and piers this bay is ideal, owing to the exceedingly favorable conditions of the bottom of the bay for the work proposed.

A singular condition that does not perhaps exist elsewhere in harbors is the fact that no streams empty into this bay; consequently there are no depositions of sand and silt, and when dredging is once completed, further expense in this regard ceases. As is well known, the continual dredging of these depositions of sand and silt is the chief source of expense in harbor up-keep.

It is doubtless unnecessary to add that San Diego, with its indestructible sea wall and piers, and the economic conditions existent in its harbor, together with its fortunate geographical position, will prove a formidable competitor for the commercial supremacy of the Pacific Coast.

The strategical position of this bay, together with its exceedingly favorable topographical surroundings, is attracting the attention of the Federal government for its use as a naval base. Unquestionably it will ultimately become the naval stronghold of the Pacific.

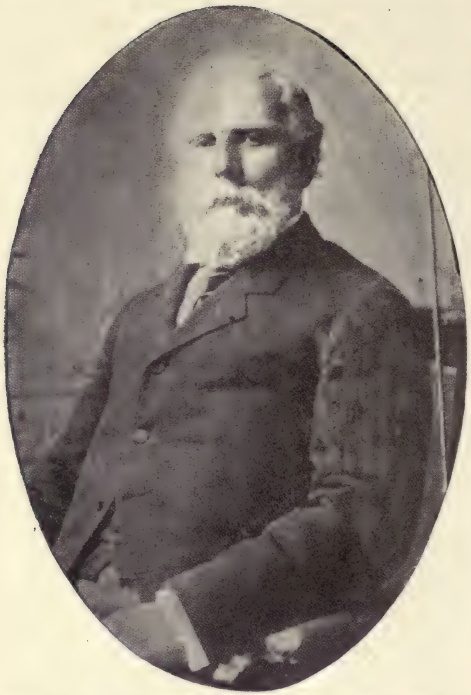
SAN DIEGO AND ITS SUBURBS

BY HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury

IN THE United States, more notably perhaps than any other country, there has developed a very large number of families who, having attained a fair degree of financial independence, now seek to establish permanent homes where the conditions of living are of the safest and most agreeable kind.

To this class or group must be added another. It is composed of salaried or wage earning people who find in a slowly advancing scale, with a rapid rise in the cost of living, that the conditions of life grow more distressing and the future more discouraging.

Of the anxieties and contentions of intense business life they have become wearied. If dwellers in the larger cities, they have become oppressed by the congestion of population and the consequent painful disparities between the material conditions of the very rich and the very poor. Always vaguely troubled, too, if quite unconsciously, by that indwelling instinct which has driven the European races ever westward, their thoughts turn toward our



Hon. Lyman J. Gage, a director of the Panama-California Exposition.

Pacific Coast as the "Land of their desire."

Only in this way can we account for that tide of tourists flowing hitherward with an ever-increasing volume.

Wherein lies the attractive power which brings this moving throng again and again to visit our shores? What is here found to hold so many that will not return as tourists, but will remain as inhabitants?

Much has been written concerning this; many eloquent words spoken. The pen of the romancer and the poet have been engaged with it.

It is not my purpose to increase the literature of it, but I am wondering if a few plain words, from a plain man, will make an understanding of it easier. I am asked to try this. If I do, it must be as a partial exhibit of one section only; for I am without experience except as to this extreme southwest corner of our great State, which is outlined on the maps and designated San Diego.

The city of San Diego occupies a unique position. Built upon the rising shores of a noble bay, semi-circular in form, the country behind the city becomes elevated into charming foothills which, with distance gained, assume the role of mountains. The crests of some of which rise to the height of 6,000 feet above the sea.

From the city itself to the high mountain tops is not more than 50 or 60 miles, with excellent roads for commercial traffic or pleasure trips. In an excursion from the city to the mountains, one passes through fertile valleys, adorned with live oak trees and giant sycamores. As the elevation increases, the climate changes, so that one finds evidences of disparity in climatic conditions between the city by the sea and the mountain plateaus 50 miles away, as great as exist between, say, the interior of Illinois or Indiana and the regions near Savannah, Georgia.

Along the coast snow never falls, and frost is very rare; while in the higher country snow falls, and the mercury in winter often marks as low as ten above zero in the thermometer. In the mountains an annual rainfall of 30 to 36 inches is the rule, while on the coast no more than 10 to 12 inches are expected.

A writer of eminence in a brief description of Greece uses words which, with little or no change, apply well to San Diego County. He says: "It (Greece) is insignificant on the map, its area being two-thirds of that of Maine, but never was a country better situated to develop a new civilization. A temperate climate where the vine, olive and fig, ripened with wheat, barley and flax; a rich soil contained in a series of valleys, each surrounded by mountains; a position equally remote from excessive heat and cold, dryness and humidity, and finally the ever-present neighborhood of the sea—constitutes a home well fitted for the physical culture of a perfect race of men."

Add to this, as he truthfully may, for San Diego, an abundant supply of the purest of water, and add to this list

of products of the soil the orange, the lemon, the apple, in short all the fruits of the temperate zone, and we have a fair mental picture of this region as to its actualities and possibilities.

This picture, so suggestive of comfort and material prosperity, deserves to be supplemented by some allusion to its picturesque beauty. The higher nature of man finds satisfaction in the manifold beauties of Nature, as does his physical appetites find satisfaction in material food and drink. For this esthetic side this region offers superior attractions.

Everywhere views unfold to the eye which are full of enchantment. Charles Dudley Warner has been often quoted as saying: "San Diego is one of the three beauty spots of the world."

A recent visitor, standing on the porch of a friend's house on Point Loma, after looking over the noble bay, the outstretched city on the other side, and the serrated mountains which lie beyond in a vast semi-circle, over which the vision may extend for a hundred and fifty miles, exclaimed in rapturous tone to his host: "Why, my God! This is the opera box of the world."

The city of San Diego is a clean, well-kept and healthful place for a home. Its churches are numerous, and its schools up to the highest standards.

American city life, however, has much in common everywhere. It is in the near-by situations—in the suburban location, that the superiority over other sections may be discovered.

In these enclosed valleys above spoken of, there is great variety of charm. Everywhere, of course, the incomparable climate is enjoyed, but the man who loves Nature more than he does the words of man, who desires to bring from a willing soil the wherewith to minister to his "struggle of life." the suburban regions round about hold out a generous invitation. With water for irrigation, a necessary condition, everything may be made to grow in abundance nearly every season of the year.

On the day of this writing, January 10th, the writer enjoyed for his dinner the most delicious green corn, just gathered from his small garden. Reports of blizzards in the East made it taste especially good. Indeed, so generous and fruitful is the soil that there are sober-minded, truthful men who have tested the question by experience, who assert that one acre intelligently worked may be made to produce a good support for an entire family, with a margin for deposits in bank at the year's end.

This favored region was discovered, and settlements in it were made, by the Spaniards eighty years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Nevertheless, it has, until recent years, remained comparatively neglected by the American pioneer.

The time has come, however, when it can no longer remain hidden. Within five years the population of San Diego has doubled. The suburban villages or miniature cities which surround it are sharers in this extraordinary growth. Within a distance of 10 or 15 miles, and closely connected by steam or electric lines, the newcomer will find each possessing its peculiarly attractive character: La Jolla, Point Loma, Ocean Beach, Pacific Beach, La Mesa, El Cajon, National City and others of lesser note, are all developing a civil and social life nowhere surpassed in quality. The fertile lands surrounding these, or lying between them, are also in a rapid course of settlement through the upbuilding of new homes by those who are trying to demonstrate the truth that one possessed of an acre, with its owner both capitalist and worker in one, is a better, freer and happier man than even the well paid wage worker of the city can ever hope to be.

To observe this development in the future will be an interesting, and, I think, an inspiring study.

It now promises much for the welfare of those who may be happy enough to actively engage in advancing that development, and so participate in the rewards.

THE HORTICULTURAL FUTURE OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY

BY W. E. ALEXANDER

SOUTHERN California may be viewed as the coming "playground of the world"—a phrase that is not without its interest and truth—but a more important aspect of the future of Southern California is its destined development as the "small farm" region of the United States. And whatever may be predicted of Southern California in this regard is peculiarly and typically true of San Diego County.

The process by which the original Spanish grants of thousands of acres have disintegrated step by step to the little farm or orchard of a few acres—a typical instance of which is found in the Escondido Valley—has fortunately been paralleled in time with a movement in the theory and practice of agriculture, which is of the utmost importance to the individual farmer and to the country at large. As the little farm was being cut out of the big ranch, the knowledge of how to run it to the greatest profit has been rapidly accumulating—thanks, very largely, to the systematic efforts and missionary work of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. When one considers to what extent the natural advantages of San Diego can be augmented by the aid of scientific agricultural methods, it is difficult to curb one's imagination so as to make any forecast of the future *credible*—especially to dwellers in the East.

San Diego County has an area of 4,209 square miles, or 2,693,760 acres. The population is 61,000—about fifteen inhabitants to the square mile. Italy, with an area of less than 100,000 square miles (excluding the larger islands) supports—not too luxuriously it must be admitted—a population of about twenty million souls, which is 200 to the square mile. Rhode Island, of somewhat smaller area than San Diego County, maintains a population of over half a million. Rhode Island has hard winters and uncertain summers. San Diego may be said to have perpetual summer and a growing season from January to December. San Diego will never have the checkerboard appearance of agricultural Italy; it is unlikely that farming here will ever become quite as "intensive" as to drive the farmer to wrest a living from Nature in her barren mountain fastness; but it is not hazardous to predict that some day San Diego County will support in comfort a population twice as great as that of Rhode Island.

The philanthropist, the political idealist, the socialist (if he be of the "sane and safe" variety) can all regard approvingly the kind of community that is being developed in San Diego County. Its salient features are easy to foresee. It will be a community, first of all, of *free* citizens—industrially as well as politically free—with an independence and freedom from cares about "cost of living" that can never be realized by the occupants of the great bee-hives of commerce and manufacture. Five acres have proved sufficient to support a family in comfort in this marvelously favored land. Nay, there are cases on record where the necessities of life are provided by an acre of land carefully tilled. San Diego will have a community not only free in the full sense of the word, but prosperous, with an average of wealth for which there is no parallel on earth at present, unless it be in France, which, by reason of its peasant ownership of land, is financially the solidest country in the world. No more pleasing picture of the future can be imagined than that

which will be presented by San Diego County with its thousands of happy homes, nestling amid fertile orchards, surrounded by all the conveniences of modern civilization, enjoying a social life that comprises the best that the big city can offer, unalloyed by its disadvantages.

The back-East citizen who knows nothing but the often dreary aspect of the suburban fruit or vegetable garden can have but a very inadequate notion of this picture of beauty, peace and prosperity in horticultural San Diego County, with its perennial verdure, brilliant sunshine and poignant contrast between fertile valley and rugged mountain peak.

As to the products that will be most in evidence in the fully developed San Diego County, much might be said. The outside world thinks of this country mainly as the happy region where citrus fruits grow in profusion and perfection. The personal opinion of the writer is that more and more attention will be given to deciduous fruits, poultry raising, and dairying. The financial prosperity of the citrus-fruit grower has rather obscured the fact that much of the soil of this county is splendidly adapted to the growth of apples, peaches, pears and other deciduous fruits, which, if cultivated with the care generally bestowed on lemons and oranges, would rival, if not surpass them, in profitableness. The vegetable garden, too, awaits a development which will not be delayed when it is fully perceived what the market demands are going to be in this section of the Pacific Coast, what with the steadily increasing volume of tourists from the East and the commercial stimulus which will be given by a short waterway to the Atlantic.

The horticultural future of San Diego County, it is safe to say, will offer a degree of prosperity which the economist now finds wholly unapproached in any other rural community in the United States. One arrives easily at this conclusion from a consideration of the following facts: First, at the present hour, horticultural San Diego County is more prosperous than any other rural community in the country. The productive wealth of this county in 1910 from agricultural pursuits alone totaled $7,566,251. This is an average of $350 per capita rural population, or about $1,750 for the average family. Just remember in connection with this, that the average family in most other parts of Uncle Sam's dominions has to hump along on an income of less than $500.

But the present is the day of beginnings only. When one reflects on the inevitable commercial development on the Pacific Coast, on the phenomenal growth and unquestioned brilliant future of San Diego City, on the constant improvement in horticultural methods, on the increasing knowledge among horticulturists of how best to supply the demands and meet the varying movements of the markets, on the vast saving which the pre-cooled method of shipping fruits will effect, the most unimaginative man may take on himself the role of seer and prophet, so far as to predict that the very brightest and most pleasing picture which the first half of this century will unfold is that of San Diego County, crowned with the richest blessings that indulgent Nature and scientific horticulture can supply.



On the strand of Pacific Beach, skirting the ocean.

REASONS WHY THE TARIFF SHOULD NOT BE REMOVED ON LEMONS

THE CITRUS fruit industry in California represents an investment of $175,000,000. It supports 150,000 people directly or indirectly, and employs 25,000 people in the groves and packing houses. The citrus fruit crop brings to the State about $33,000,000, exclusive of the transportation charges. The California lemon supplies a little over one-half of the total consumption of lemons in the United States. There are 25,000 acres planted to lemons, and about 90,000 acres in the citrus belt that are adapted to lemons, but which are still unplanted. The cost of producing lemons in California is more than twice the cost in Italy. Labor in California varies from $1.25 to $3 a day, and in Italy from 20 to 60 cents per day. The transportation cost from California to the East is about three times the cost of the water transportation from Italy.

The tariff acts as a balance wheel in keeping the Italian lemons from coming into this country in enormous quantities when the prices are high, and from sudden reductions in the imports when the prices are low. The foreign business is handled entirely on a speculative basis. Under these conditions there is no uniformity in supply and demand, as every perishable product handled on a speculative basis fluctuates violently in price. The California industry, on the other hand, is handled by co-operative associations of growers, who distribute the crop uniformly throughout the year and throughout the country, and who compete among themselves. Uniform lemon prices can only be had in this country through the development of the California industry. Domestic competition has always kept the price at a comparatively low figure.

From the revenue standpoint, the



Picking lemons, Chula Vista.

tariff should not be reduced because the duty of 1½ cents per pound has brought more revenue to the government than under the old duty. The average annual revenue collected on lemons during the Dingley Act from 1898 to 1909 inclusive was $1,562,-327.49. The duty collected in 1910, during the first year of the Payne-Aldrich Act, was $2,233,527.87, or 43 per cent above the annual average under the Dingley Act. The duty collected in 1911 was $2,024,533.86. The average annual revenue collected in the first two years of the Payne-Aldrich Act is 36.3 per cent greater than the average annual revenue collected under the Dingley Act.

Under the stimulus given to the California lemon industry by the passage of the Payne-Aldrich act, several thousand acres have been planted. The groves planted six to ten years ago are coming rapidly into bearing, and the price of lemons has been lower during the past summer than at any time for many years. For instance, in July, 1910, the average wholesale price of all foreign lemons sold at auction in New York was $4.22 per box; 1911, $3.55; in August, 1910, $3.67; in 1911, $2.60; in September, 1910, $4.30; in 1911, $3.26; in October, 1910, $4.78; in 1911, $3.68; in November, 1910, $3.13; in 1911, $2.52.

From the standpoint of the consumer the removal of the duty would not affect the price. In Eastern Canada, where all lemons used are imported duty free from Italy, the price which the consumer pays is identical with the price which he pays in the Eastern United States for lemons entering under a duty of 1½ cents per pound, or for California lemons shipped under a freight rate three times as high as the rate from Italy to Canada. This fact is an illuminating sidelight.

In his recent visit to California, President William H. Taft's attention was called to the status of the citrus fruit industry of this State, and in one of his public addresses he said: "Should any bill be presented to me in which the tariff on the lemons of California is reduced, it will receive my veto."

Together with my associate, Mr. C. E. Ferguson, special representative of the Overland Monthly, I visited every section of the citrus fruit belt in San Diego County, and I state without exaggeration that the assurance given by the President, as above, has given such a stimulus to the lemon industry as to cause Eastern capital to seek investments in the back country around Escondido, Ocean Side, Fallbrook, National City, Chula Vista, Otay, Lemon Grove, La Mesa, El Cajon, Lakeside and the citrus belt generally, and it will not be long before 50,000 acres or more will be planted in lemons.

SAN DIEGO—THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

BY ALFRED D. ROBINSON

IN THE scheme of creation, certain locations seem to have been designed from the beginning as special beauty spots, and of these San Diego is indisputably one. Lights of varying intensity in the literary world have coined names and phrases presumably to concentrate into one mouthful, so to speak, her infinite charm; but to those who know her, the sound of the name San Diego is sufficient to conjure up a series of pictures of mountain, sea and sky, in colored variety that beggars description, and to those who don't, no tongue or pen can convey a tithe of her beauty.

To get a proper perspective in a sensing of the charm of San Diego, one should go to the end of Point Loma, and do it often enough and stay long enough to let the whole wonderful picture speak. A comprehension of beauty is not to be had by disarticulation. To stand on Point Loma and pick out this or that in the scene

and label it "fine," is to make sure that the charm of the thing is to be missed. It must be approached in a spirit of reverence and humility almost, as the artist at soul takes his first look at a masterpiece on canvas, for this is a masterpiece straight from the hand of God, moulded in real earth stuff, painted in living colors.

Once and again the setting sun shows up the divine palette and the blaze of color makes afraid, and then it is so very soft and pink, as if the baby of the world were just born, and spreading out his little palms to bid every one sleep in peace.

What shall be said of the city itself, the one built with hands? It is no worse than many another; perhaps a little better than some, but its builders have not camped long enough with the eye that sees on Point Loma. Its streets, running straight up from the bay, look like scars. The obsession of straight streets running criss-cross has left its mad mark, and noble hills have been leveled and beautiful canyons filled up. Its architecture, like nearly all American cities, is a collection of sample styles, illustrating individual tastes, with one blessed exception where a millionaire has exercised beneficent sway and is building uniformly. But let San Diego give thanks. She is still young and comparatively small, and her offenses against her Divine Creator and herself are in proportion. She is to grow in an age that is daily realizing more and more the commercial worth of true beauty. Real beauty is always economical, for it is obtained only by making a creation most fitly serve the purpose for which it is created. Before San Diego spreads over her hundred hills she will have seen the economic beauty of contour roads, and a limited municipal control of private building along lines of beauty. She will treat the plan of the part owner in a block, which fails to harmonize with the neighboring buildings, like a bottle of virulent disease germs—that is, put it in the fire and give him a better one. She will work for the good of all, and put up a sign, "Individuals must take care of their own toes." But first, she must and will take for her motto and emphatically believe in what it implies, "I am the City Beautiful."

Then shall come a Civic Center on some eminence, made up of buildings so beautiful that the beholder shall be too lost in admiration to say, "That reminds me of ancient Greece," and to this Center shall converge many broad palmed avenues, one from a glorified water front. In the mud flats of the northern bay shall be island gardens and playgrounds, built by dredging and with the city's waste material, as Chicago is building acres every year.

Balboa Park will be a park indeed, and the center of a system of parks connected by fine boulevards. In these parks will be growing the largest and most varied collection of trees, shrubs and flowers to be found out of doors in any city in the world.

Main arteries of traffic will be wider, and little-used side streets narrower than at present; in fact, many of these latter will become parked walks, in which the neighborhood children will play, free from the peril of the speeding automobile. It is doubtful if the automobile will speed. People in San Diego will walk so as to enjoy the city and get an appetite for meals. They won't be in such a hurry to hide inside some office or store when out of doors is so splendid, and they have become convinced that the orderly sequence of day and night will continue even if they do stop to take a breath once in a while.

"As a man thinks, so is he." A city is but a large individual, and as it thinks, so shall it be. Let no man be deceived. Because San Diego has a touch of the factory smoke and dinner pail fever, and sees the ships coming through the Panama Canal with multiplying spectacles, she is not really blind to her ultimate wonderful destiny. The writing is not on the wall alone: it is in the blue of the sky and the bay, the height of the mountain and the deep of the valley. The City Beautiful, San Diego!

SAN DIEGO'S PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT

BY C. E. FERGUSON

SAN DIEGO, for its population, is one of the biggest and most promising places I ever saw in my life. The keynote of the city is the harmony of spirit, the unity of purpose which prevails in the business community. This unique condition deeply impressed me, for during the past eight years I have ranged widely over this country and the Orient. During the past six years I have been making a special study of the cities of the Orient and of the spirit of their population with a view to learning their possibilities as markets for American exports. In the same period I have crossed the American continent some fifteen times, and have visited all the important cities and studied the strong points of their commercial activities as well as the abilities, ambitions and commercial spirit of their municipal organizations, and I have concluded that the harmony, unity and aim of San Diego rank with the most progressive of them. Even Chicago cannot eclipse it in this respect.

I have talked with more than five hundred men in San Diego City, and in the back country, and from what I have seen and learned of the community, there is nothing under the sun that can keep San Diego from going ahead by leaps and bounds.

John D. Spreckels, one of the foremost citizens of the city, deserves all the credit that can possibly be given him for the farsightedness, resourcefulness and business courage he displayed in casting his fortunes with the locality at a time when the future of the city was not only problematical, but dubiously so.

One of San Diego's greatest assets is the U. S. Grant Hotel, under the management of Mr. James H. Holmes, who is so well and favorably known all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast.

With the opening of the exposition, great throngs of Eastern people will



U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego.

visit the place, and when they discover what a remarkably even climate it possesses, and what golden opportunities it offers, large numbers of them will remain to make San Diego their home.

The impression of a great many people in the East is that San Diego, being south of Los Angeles, must be warmer in summer. Those of us who have been in both places, summer and winter, know that the climate is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than any other place on the continent. When visitors have learned these facts by actual experience, San Diego will be immensely benefited.

One Sunday afternoon I was invited to join a party to take a trip to Point Loma. Dr. Pillsbury, the manager of the Balloon Trips, extended Major John B. Jeffery, the well-known publisher, and the father of publicity and promotion bureaus, the courtesy of inviting some of the distinguished Eastern guests who were stopping at the U. S. Grant Hotel. In the equable, pure air of San Diego, the trip proved to be an event in sky sailing for me. So interesting was our guide in his description that the Major took notes of his remarks, and here they are:

Synopsis of Balloon Route Trip to Point Loma.

Left office at Fifth and D streets in a big auto at 2 p. m, and passed in rapid succession the U. S. Grant Hotel, the Union Building, Spreckels' $700,000 theatre and office building, the Court House, jail, and where ground is being broken for Spreckels' new $200,000 hotel

Then we passed along the bay front, where a seawall is to be erected and a park laid out at the foot of D street. Nine hundred acres of tide water land is being reclaimed for docking facilities to make ready for the rush of steamship traffic when the Panama Canal is opened.

Then we rode by Cobble Stone House and the house where Father Horton lived. He died there two years ago at the age of 96. He was called Father Horton, as he was the "Father" of San Diego. He came to "Old Town" at the age of thirty, and bought all the land where the city of San Diego is now located for twenty-six cents per acre. That was only forty-four years ago. He constructed the Horton House, for over forty years where the U. S. Grant Hotel now stands.

Leaving India street, we turned into the Point Loma Boulevard, sometimes called the Spalding Drive, as Mr. A. G. Spalding, the sporting goods man, lives on Point Loma. He was one of the road commissioners. San Diego was fortunate in having such millionaires on her road commissions as Mr. Scripps, A. G. Spalding and J. D. Spreckels. This boulevard is considered the finest example of automobile road building in the United States. The city water is piped the entire length of the roadway out to the Light House. It is constructed of decomposed granite; no oil is used, but it is sprinkled with salt water, and the road is almost as hard as adamant.

This road is the Mecca of all tourists, as it leads to the Light House on the extreme end of Point Loma, called the view point of the world. Many men of note have visited this Point, and they all agree that no better road and no better view can be found anywhere on earth. Charles Dudley Warner said he had traveled all over the world, and has found only three great view Points, and Point Loma was one of the three.

Turning to climb the hill, a view of Hon. Lyman J. Gage's home on the Point is had. Mr. Gage states that he has two and a half acres of land around his house, and several hundred thousand acres of view in front of his home. Reaching the top of the hill, a magnificent view is presented of the Theosophical Institute and grounds, the home of Katharine Tingley, and also the home of A. G. Spalding, located in the grounds of the Theosophical Society. This property runs for four miles along the ocean front. The Balloon Route auto passes through the

entire length of it, where the government's property and road begins, running out to the Point, passing the wireless station. The government is spending $200,000 or more to make this the most powerful station in the navy service. One just like it is to be erected at Key West on the Atlantic side.

On the way to the light house a twenty minute stop is made at the Bennington monument erected by the Navy in the Military Cemetery, while the guide conducts the sightseers to a point looking down on the guns of Fort Rosecrans. Table Mountain, eighty miles away in Mexico, is pointed out; also the direction of Tia Juana, in Mexico, Coronado, the Coronado Hotel, Tent City, where, in the summer, four thousand tents are occupied mostly by people from the hot desert countries of the interior States. Running out from Tent City is that wonderful strip of beach between the ocean and the bay. This beach is eight miles long, and in places only three hundred feet wide, yet the ocean never breaks over it into the bay. This strip of beach is called the Silver Strand, and is rightly named. A road runs along this strand, leading into Tia Juana, Mexico, making a magnificent drive.

The guide, in turn, pointed out the light house at the fort, guarding the only entrance to San Diego's twenty-two square miles of bay; the disappearing guns, the quarantine station, the little fishing village of La Plaza, a place made famous by Dana in his book, "Two Years Before the Mast."

The mountains back of San Diego, especially San Miguel and the Cuyamaca Peak, 6,000 ft. elevation, where the Cuyamaca lakes are located, which help to supply San Diego with an abundance of clear mountain water; Grossmont, at the head of El Cajon Valley; and North Island, lately purchased by Mr. J. D. Spreckels at a cost of a million dollars. This island has been leased by Mr. Curtiss for two years for aviation purposes.



Lobby of U. S. Grant Hotel.

Then the guide indicated the location of the torpedo and submarine station, and explained why the harbor of San Diego is one of the few land-locked harbors of the world—locked in by Point Loma. The attention of the travelers was called to Fable Bay, now Mission Bay, located at the foot of Mission Valley. Up this valley a few miles is located the first mission in California, called the San Diego Mission.

From this vantage point one sees also Balboa Park, with its fourteen hundred acres, where the Exposition is to be held in 1915.

And now, passing out the extreme point of land, the View Point of the World is reached. The only view ever compared with this is the Bay of Naples. The coloring of the water, the mountains back of San Diego, the mountain islands rearing their heads eighteen miles out in the ocean in Mexican waters, called the Coronado Islands, the city built on slopes, reaching an elevation of three hundred feet, affording a panoramic view that, once seen, never can be forgotten. Half an hour is spent here viewing the old light house built in 1854, but abandoned about twenty years ago. Then a walk is taken to the extreme southwest portion of the United States, at the very end of Point Loma.

On the return trip the auto passes near "Old Town," the original San Diego, the first and oldest town in California. The guide pointed out

where the first flag was raised in California in 1846. Ramona's marriage place; the first brick house built in the West; the first cemetery; the first church; the first jail; the first palm tree planted in California; the old stage station, where Kit Carson often stopped; the headquarters of Lieutenant Fremont, Phil. Kearny and Commodore Stockton. He showed us also the home of the oldest Indian woman, 122 years of age, and the spot where the cross was first raised; the old, abandoned Catholic Church; the old convent; the San Diego River, across which was constructed the first irrigation dam in the United States, and countless other interesting sights.

Leaving "Old Town," the auto passed through a portion of the residential district, and afforded a view of Balboa Park, the new Masonic Temple, U. S. Grant, Jr.'s, home, son of the famous General, and one-time President of the United States. Here the auto runs along Fifth street, giving the passengers a fine view of the business section of the city. We arrived at the Balloon Route office, Fifth and D streets, at 5 p. m.

The trip was made in the finest sight seeing car on the Pacific Coast: three hours of continual interest, and not a dull moment on the entire route.

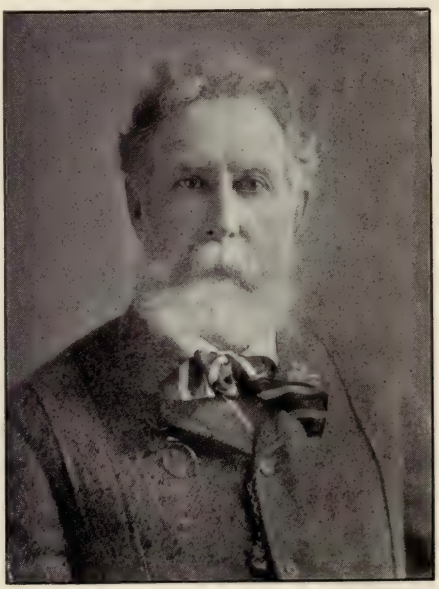
DEL MAR

BY J. B. J.—"THE MAJOR"

IT WAS Christmas at Del Mar. Del Mar, in Southern California, by the sea, where the waters laugh and ripple in the golden sunlight; where the seasons are all summers and the winds are breaths of June.

Del Mar, where the spirits of hill and valley, desert and plain, meet to rejoice and mingle their voices with the song of the ocean's tides, swelling the grand festal chorus of human happiness, loved by every human tongue: "On earth peace, good will to men."

Christmas? Yet, behold! the lawns are spread with the carpeting of verdure! The flowers, in full bloom, are pouring from their flagons rich cargoes of perfume for every breeze, filling the air with sweetness! It comes pouring in at my open window. It is Nature's blessing for the Christmas morn. It cheers; it soothes; it is most refreshing.



Major J. B. Jeffery.

From Stratford Inn, set upon an eminence commanding a view for miles around, of ocean, hills and valleys, mesas, in terraced fashionings, and on to the lofty peaks of the distant mountains, snow-capped and cloud-mantled, waving love tokens to the blue sky by day and the glorious stars by night.

What an inspiring scene! The ocean's mighty vastness, rippling away in silver flashings, and flowing into the



Scenes at Del Mar—1. The beach, bath house and power plant. 2. Residence of C. A. Canfield. 3. Stratford Inn. 4. The tennis court. Photos by Stineman.

Great Unseen behind the fallen curtain of the sky. The hills of distant blue, footsteps forming a grand stairway to the mountains beyond, with intervening valleys from which debouch innumerable arroyos and canyons, which serpentine the tablelands and mesas, presenting surprisingly beautiful products of Nature's surveyings for innumerable charming driveways leading in all directions up from the sea.

Christmas and a summer's holiday conjoined! The spirit of youth and summer. Bathing in the ocean, with peals of laughter and shouts of joy, followed with long, delightful walks along the cleanly sanded beach, which stretches for miles on either hand. Memory holds for all some scenes, situations and incidents which have the quality which draws with the force of dominating power. They remain with us—they glow with life—they warm and cheer, while the sense of peace which their contemplation ever brings drives out unrest—such I find to be the result of my visit to that haven by the sea—Del Mar.

The main slope of the townsite is covered with a deep, rich, sandy loam that will produce flowers, fruits and vegetables equal to those of other favored spots in California.

As I walked about the broad piazzas of the home-like structure of "The Stratford," an inn built to project the beautiful architecture of the Elizabethan period, and circling the view presented from the Del Mar hill, a wooded eminence on which stands the inn, I was struck with the thought of the rich inheritance which Nature had made, and the added wealth which the past had left to the present to enjoy. Held within the range of my vision lay a country, an empire, a kingdom, call it what you will, about which lingers interests and suggestions all its own.

From this spot, the echoing footsteps of a departing race may still be heard amid the hills, and their chief characteristics seen in the tile-roofed temples which sentinel the scene, as if guarding the bequeathments of the yester-years.

On this Christmas morning it seemed to me that the whole scene was a temple, and that the names given to mountain, stream, valley, lake, house of worship and place of abode, formed the chimes which rang with the sweetness of a tongue set to perfect harmony in the scale of sound, ranging from the notes of deepest resonance to that of the most subtle nuance of meaning, expressed only in tones which lie beyond the province of speech.

To set them ringing, you have but to repeat the names, the sounds of which weave a spell, the charm of which is not to be equaled in the scale of words. Listen! It is the magic music of the chimes set in the heart of this—God's first temple—a fitting prelude to the contemplation of the nature lover's apocalypse, the brightest page of which is here complete:

The Chimes.

San Dieguito, Escondido,
Mount Paloma, San Luis Rey;
San Diego de Alcala,
San Antonio y Pala,
Cuyamacas, Monterey.

San Bernardino, San Jacinto,
Encinatas, Ingomar;
Coronado, Capistrano,
Etiwanda, El Verano,
Christmas greetings to Del Mar.

Del Mar lies twenty-three miles north of San Diego, and is situated ideally and uniquely. Between the Sorrento lagoon on the south and the San Dieguito on the north, there runs a mesa a couple of miles long, which gently slopes from the ocean cliff to a ridge some three-quarters of a mile eastward, the land rising from eighty feet to three hundred feet on the crest of the ridge. Thus every point in the town enjoys an unobstructed view of the Pacific Ocean.

The genial and courteous manager of the "Stratford Inn," Mr. Frank M. Cummings, formerly of the Hoffman House, N. Y., the Palace Hotel of San

Francisco, and the Sea Beach Hotel, at Santa Cruz, is ably assisted by his very capable and pleasing wife in rendering those thoughtful attentions which delight the traveler seeking rest and comfort.

Good water and timber are essentials to the enjoyment of home life. Here they are each assured in abundance.

Del Mar will be a town of beautiful homes, a boon to the tired city worker or the restless pleasure-seeker, a spot where one may live a quiet, restful life for a month, a year or a lifetime. An automobile road from Los Angeles to San Diego passes through the town. Along the ridge above Del Mar a fine driveway will afford the most splendid panorama of the ocean and mountain scenery that mortal can wish.

GROSSMONT

GROSSMONT, forty minutes by rail, and less time by auto, from San Diego, is one of the most interesting points of the city's back country. It is the chosen spot of many of the gifted in art, literature and science as a place where they may establish a quiet home, with delightful climate, beauty of surroundings and the peace that comes from dwelling in high places.

The mountain, a rugged, rock-bound, noble prominence, stands sentinel at the pass leading into El Cajon Valley. Its discovery as a remarkable viewpoint, and a site for country homes, was made by William B. Gross, theatrical manager and litterateur, and with others he acquired possession of the mountain which now bears his name.

A quaint little station covered with Dorothy Perkins roses, stands at the foot of the mountain, where conveyance awaits train passengers, or one may come by auto over the La Mesa Boulevard to the Grossmont private boulevard which leads to the top of the mountain. There are ascending and descending routes to and from the summit, making the trip free from all possible danger, and affording a continuously new view all the way.

On the ascending grade one passes the citrus orchard that Owen Wister,



View looking east from Grossmont, El Cajon Valley. Cuyamaca Mountains in the distance. *Photo by Stineman.*



Grossmont Inn and cottages.

the author, has set out on his new ranch possessions, and the beautiful home site he has chosen on a rocky promontory overlooking the ranch.

Mr. Gross' bungalow, with wide veranda and long pergolas comes next. Here he spends quiet week-ends, working in his garden, irrigating his trees, and when invited guests are there, serving bachelor dinners that have become famous among those fortunate enough to be invited guests.

Grossmont Inn is an inviting tavern where one finds warm welcome. There are broad verandas, a great, wide living room with a fireplace, sunny dining room, and a cuisine unsurpassed even in this county, so rich in things pleasing to the palate.

Mr. Hubbard, for years musical editor of the Chicago Tribune, has a cottage built upon a rock high above the boulevard. Stone steps cut in the rock lead up to his door.

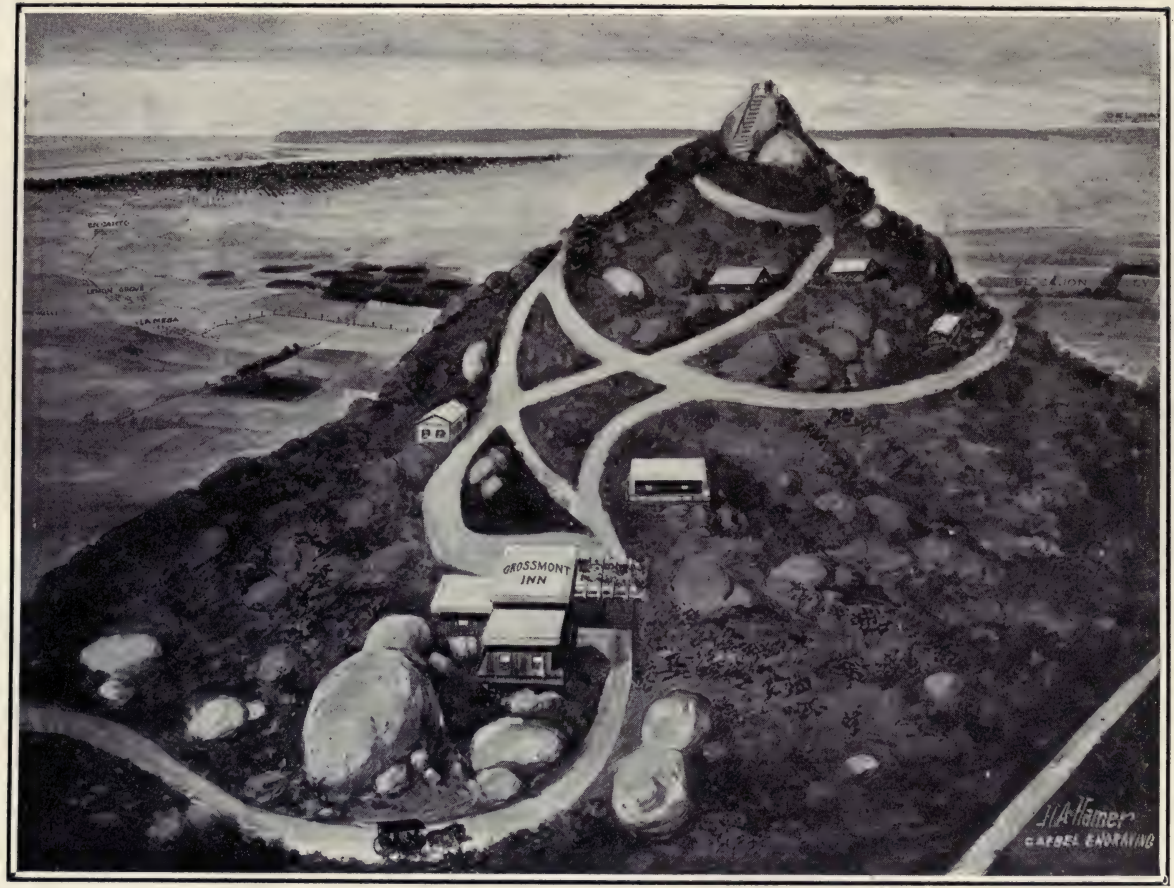
Mme. Schumann-Heink has a citrus orchard at the foot of Grossmont, and says she hopes some day to make this her permanent winter home. Mme. Teresa Carreno has also a home site here.

Upon reaching the summit of the mountain, one climbs a staircase to the top of a giant boulder, the plateau upon the top being encircled with an iron railing, and here, unrolled like a picture, is the real Southern California in all her beauty of mountain and mesa, valley and sea. The eye sweeps over a vista that reaches from the Mexican frontier and the far away islands of Coronado on the south to the mighty range of San Bernardino on the north. Away to the East, like an embroidered hem on the horizon, lies the Laguna range. To the south, the Mexican tablelands and the Pacific Ocean; to the west the city of San Diego, with its great natural harbor, and beyond, Point Loma and the ocean.

The late Admiral Evans, who visited Grossmont with Mr. Gross, pronounced the view the most wonderful he had ever seen. In all his journeyings around the world, he declared, he had not found its equal.



El Cajon Valley.



Bird's-eye view of the motor roadway leading to Grossmont, and the wonderful panoramic sweep the situation commands.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY BACK COUNTRY

The matters herein written were gathered by J. B. Jeffery and C. E. Ferguson, representative of the Overland Monthly, in a specially conducted investigation of every portion of San Diego County; therefore these statements are entitled to that degree of credence which should be given to direct personal knowledge.—EDITOR.



The substantial support of San Diego County, as that of every community, comes from the cultivation of the soil.

The fact that San Diego has one of the finest harbors to be met with in the world, located as it is to command the commerce of the ocean, supplying a vast section of the country unchallenged by any other possible line of distribution, has, heretofore, overshadowed the fact that the county is incomparably rich in the nature and character of its soil.

No county in the State, or elsewhere, can rival the "Back-country" districts of San Diego County for the bounteous returns which the soil here yields to the agriculturist, the vineyardist, the fruit raiser and the cultivator of the nut crop of the country, which here finds the conditions as to climate and soil equal to the best to be met with anywhere in the land.

So marked has been the production of the "Back-country" districts in recent years that the transportation problem has become one of the first importance to the future development of this district. Thousands of homes are being made throughout this region, and the demand for choice lands is on the increase to such an extent that it is safe to say that no section of the State has and is receiving the attention of the home-seeker equal to the demands now being made upon this region.

The Santa Fe Railroad has now under consideration the reconstruction of its line of road from San Bernardino to Fallbrook, the attention of the directorate of this line having been recently called to the productive activity of the region of country which this section of road would supply with the much-needed transportation facilities.

The writer has faith that before long the Santa Fe will see the way clear to restore this service, continuing this line from Fallbrook direct to San Diego, thus furnishing the best and most productive regions of the county with direct communication with tidewater and main line connections.

The fact that this line of road would furnish the towns and cities of Highlands, Redlands, San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Hemet, Peris, Elsinore, San Jacinto, Murietto, Temecula and adjacent country, which embraces the most productive of the whole of Southern California, with direct communication with the port and bay of San Diego, and the city of Los Angeles, and the main lines of traffic will compel the reconstruction of this line of road.

So active has been the development of the interior of the county that there is now under way of development the rights of way for the most part being secured, for the construction of the Pacific Electric Railway from Escondido to San Diego by way of Oceanside.

LAKESIDE.



That milk fed chicken.

Lakeside, one of the most famous tourist' resorts of Southern California, is located in the celebrated El Cajon Valley, where sports of every nature dear to the lover of field sports with dog and gun, or with rod and creel, may be found, in season, as are to be met with at no other point in the Southwest. The automobile roads are of the finest, the run from Los Angeles to Lakeside may be made in six to eight hours. The resort is open for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and there is not a day in the whole year that does not here present some favorite attraction. Eight trains daily arrive from San Diego. Here the traveler becomes the guest of the Lakeside Inn, kept by as genial an entertainer as ever gladdened the heart of the way-worn or strengthened the faint. The "Inn" is thoroughly modern, fully equipped with every convenience for comfort. It is surrounded by ample pleasure grounds, golf links and tennis courts, with the best of facilities for boating. Mr. Walter Hempel, proprietor of this "Inn," and resort, is the right man in the right place, being fully equal to the incessant demands made upon him. Look him up and ask for "That milk fed chicken."



The upper photographs show the pergola and residence of John H. Klein overlooking Lakeside. The lower photograph shows the residence of Colonel Randlett, La Mesa.

OCEANSIDE.

Oceanside is situated on the Pacific Ocean, almost at the southwestern extremity of the United States, on the main line of the Santa Fe Railway, at the junction of the Escondido and Fallbrook branches. It is sheltered from the desert on the east by the snow-capped peak of San Jacinto mountain and the Palomar range, and protected from the storms at sea by the Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands, sixty miles to the westward. More than a century ago it was selected by the Franciscan Fathers as the site for a mission, which later became the richest in the State. Through the picturesque country where the Spanish padres traveled on foot there are now three trains daily in either direction, with Pullman and observation car comforts and a welcome at the best hotels.

Oceanside is located on one of the most magnificent stretches of ocean beach to be found on the entire coast. This natural road is wide enough for several autos to run abreast for miles. No more pleasant drive, affording as it does an unequaled view of the ocean, is to be found on the Pacific Coast. The surf is not heavy, and there is an absence of undertow, making bathing a safe and delightful pleasure and recreation.

Here is a splendid steel wharf 1200 feet in length, from which surf-fishing is found to be a most entertaining diversion: bass, barracuda and the famous yellowtail being taken in abundance. Within a short drive from town the haunts of the deer are found, while duck, quail and other game birds are abundant in season.

Oceanside is the gateway to the railroad and to the coast of one of the most fertile valleys of the State, the valley of the San Luis Rey river, ninety miles from Los Angeles and forty miles from San Diego.

The San Luis Rey valley from Oceanside opens into the interior. This is one of the most fertile valleys to be met with in the State, being devoted to dairying and stock-raising. A modern creamery affords a market for the pasture products. It distributes about $50,000 annually among the farmers of this valley.

Oceanside is situated on excellent automobile roads, and as an attraction to the tourist, is a center from which may be reached a number of points worthy of a visit. First among these is the San Luis Rey Mission, four miles east over an excellent road. This is, with one exception, the largest and best preserved of the ancient missions so attractive to the traveler, and was built in 1789. It is now being restored along the original lines, and is occupied as a school by the Order of Franciscans. Among places to be seen are the Gaujome ranch, a typical Spanish ranch house, and the scene of the events depicted in Helen Hunt Jackson's novel, "Ramona;" Pamoosa Canyon, De Luz warm springs, the Pala gem mines, and others, all within driving distance of Oceanside.

By the completion during the year of the Coast section of the county highway system, and a portion of the inland section of the system, Oceanside gets the benefit of about 45 miles of the Coast and about nine miles of the inland.

The coast section extends from the city limits of San Diego on the south, at a point near Del Mar, to the Orange County line on the north. North of Oceanside the highway extends through the big Santa Margarita ranch, 24 miles, crossing six bridges en route, the list including the $23,000 reinforced concrete structure over the San Luis Rey river, and skirts the coast, passing through an interesting country to Del Mar, about 20 miles.

On the north the highway connects with the direct road to Los Angeles, at the Orange County line, while on the south it connects up at Del Mar with the city boulevards leading to San Diego, La Jolla, and points inland. The six bridges north of Oceanside cost the county about $60,000.

At South Oceanside a highway, constructed by the highway commission,



Views Taken at Lakeside.—1. The hotel in the heart of the beautiful valley. 2. One wing of the dining room. 3. The boat house on the lake.

connects at Vista with the inland road which traverses the country by the way of Fallbrook, Bonsall and Escondido.

Oceanside also has a good road leading through the San Luis Rey valley, connecting with the county highway system at Bonsall.

Inasmuch as a large percentage of the through travel by automobile makes the trip between Los Angeles and San Diego by the coast road, it will be seen that Oceanside is sure to derive a good share of the benefits.

Among the able and energetic men who are doing much to develop the resources and to call attention to the advantages of Oceanside and vicinity as a place of interest, and to its natural advantages for business as well as pleasure, we find to commend Mr. F. L. Martin, Mr. George Coleman and Mr. T. M. Lawrence doing business under the firm name of F. Martin & Co., real estate dealers; and Mr. George A. Lane, President of the Oceanside Bank. Especial mention is deservedly made of Mr. John Johnson, Esq., formerly a well known attorney of Chicago, whose palatial home is one of the landmarks of Oceanside. Through the efforts of these gentlemen a new Chamber of Commerce was organized during the past few months, with the idea of bringing to the notice of the country at large the attractions which Oceanside has to offer the public. We owe to the gentlemen above mentioned and to Mr. G. F. Westfall of Fallbrook, deserved thanks for their untiring efforts to supply us with all needed information regarding the advantages and resources of the country. Mr. George E. Morris, President of the Board of City Trustees, and of the new Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. James T. Morrison, Secretary, are also active and efficient in their efforts to secure the building of an impounding reservoir at the head of the San Luis Rey river which will mean the distribution of water between that point and Oceanside.

Mr. George A. Lane assured the writer that the volume of business for 1911 was far in excess of former years; better schools and a marked increase in the number of pupils; a new high school building; no saloons and a general increase in substantial improvements.

The traveling public is most comfortably entertained and abundantly cared for at the Hotel El San Luis Rey, which is admirably situated on a high bluff overlooking the ocean.

To the home seeker or the transient visitor there can be no more interesting or more important matter connected with any community than that of its schools. I have been in a position to observe the growth of school work for years, having visited most of the States of the Union, and I unhesitatingly declare that after more than casual notice that the public schools of San Diego County stand second to none in the land. In buildings, equipment and conduct, order and learning, they stand second to none.

The climate of Southern California has long been justly famous. Neither the Italian Riviera, nor the most favored spots of the Mediterranean coast enjoy such equability of temperature the year around: no summer day is too warm for comfort, and no winter night too cold for blooming flowers. In the matter of health and comfort, probably no place in the world is favored in an equal measure with San Diego County. So well have these facts become known that exploitation of the climate is unnecessary.

JULIAN.

Julian is located north and east of San Diego, distant about fifty miles, at an elevation of four thousand two hundred and seventy-four feet.

Here in winter you can enjoy all the delights of winter sports while gazing upon ripening oranges, flowers and all the alluring tropical beauty of the valleys below, reached in a few hours' drive.

The district, with a population of 600, has the mildest temperate climate known. The temperature seldom goes below freezing in winter and never



Medals won by W. C. Detrick, of Julian, in world's competition for best apples.

above eighty-five degrees in summer. The annual precipitation averages about twenty-eight inches, with just enough snow to add variety. This region has become famous as a mountain summer resort.

The principal industries are apple-raising, stock-raising, mining and lumbering. With the coming of railway transportation, here will be planted some of the largest and most productive commercial apple orchards in the world. W. C. Detrick, one of the pioneer growers of apples, has won first prize gold medals for apples exhibited at the Jamestown International Exposition, the St. Louis World's Fair and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in competition with the best product of Oregon, Washington, Colorado and the Eastern States. Soil and climate conditions are very similar to apple regions of Oregon.

The splendid county roads now under construction between Foster and Julian, to be completed in 1912, will reduce the grades fifty per cent or more, so that the apple crop may be hauled to market by auto truck, thus greatly reducing the cost and preserving the fruit from bruising. Surveys have been made for the extension of the railway from Foster to Santa Ysabel, which would bring the terminus of the railroad within seven miles of the town of Julian and tap some of the best land of the district.

Peaches, plums, pears, vegetables, small fruit and all kinds of agricultural products grow to perfection. Barley, oats and wheat yield enormous crops; hay one to two tons per acre, and corn in the lower elevations equal to Missouri or Kansas. Stock raising is, therefore, one of the most profitable industries, and the settler or newcomer desiring to engage in growing apples can make a good living raising beef-cattle while his trees are coming into bearing.

The district is well provided with schools, grammar and high school, graduates from the latter being admitted to the California State University and Stanford; a church, but no saloons.

This region is the best watered in streams and numerous waterfalls are not only picturesque, but have great potential wealth because of the immense water power which can be developed.

CHULA VISTA.

After leaving San Diego and passing through National City on the San Diego Southern Railway, you come to Chula Vista, eight miles from San Diego, which is properly named, meaning "Beautiful View."

The most important industry is the raising and shipping of lemons. 955 cars of lemons were shipped from there last year.

Two packing houses owned by the San Diego Fruit Company cover an area of 73,290 feet, besides three others of large area owned by other companies.

Chula Vista orchards are said to be very prolific, and are credited with



San Diego and Arizona Railway.

raising as fine a quality of lemons as are grown in California.

The growth of Chula Vista the past year has been phenomenal, many buildings having been erected both for homes and business purposes. Special advantages are held out to such as are seeking suburban homes, where a high standard of moral and social life is maintained. Water is plentiful, being supplied by the Sweetwater Water Company at a very low rate from their Sweetwater Reservoir, which now has a capacity of about twelve billion gallons.

Chula Vista has an excellent school, churches, bank, etc. Also has a fine yacht club, with splendid yachting facilities on San Diego Bay. Every tourist visiting San Diego should take in this delightful ride on the San Diego Southern Railway Company's electric cars through Chula Vista.

RAMONA.

A community of 800 people, located 37 miles northeast of San Diego, near the center of a fertile valley with an area of approximately 20,000 acres, at an elevation of 1400 feet above sea level, which gives the valley an ideal climate.

With a fertile soil and an annual rainfall of 17 inches, the farms of the valley produce deciduous fruits, hay, grain and vegetables without irrigation.

Ramona has a splendid system of schools—high school with one teacher, grammar school with three teachers, and three district schools.

A new $15,000 high school building is soon to be erected. The attendance at these schools has more than doubled in the past five years.

In a business way, Ramona has three general and two hardware stores and one drug store, bakery, two plumbers, two blacksmiths, one newspaper, one lumber yard, one ice-cream and confectionery, one concrete block and cement tile work, two laundries, two real estate offices, one dairy and one creamery within the town, one bank, one pool hall, one harness shop, and last, but not least, one hotel, which has a reputation for the excellence of the meals served. This reputation is as wide as San Diego County, and is added to by every transient who enjoys a stay at "The New Ramona Hotel."

Auto freight and passenger trucks running out from San Diego have solved the problem of cheap and rapid transportation for this valley.

To the east of Ramona lies Ballena Valley, elevation 2,400 feet above the sea level, rich in agricultural crops, beef cattle, fruits and honey. Ballena

is famous for the excellent quality of her table grapes grown there.

Adjoining Ballena we find the picturesque Witch Creek country and the celebrated Witch Creek hotel and resort.

Beyond Witch Creek the splendid Santa Ysabel ranch covers fertile valleys and beautiful oak crowned hills that overlook Santa Ysabel hotel, store and postoffice.

From Santa Ysabel a splendid road leads to Wynola and Julian apple orchards, where the apples grow so nearly perfect as to bring gold medals from world's fairs.

LA MESA SPRINGS.

La Mesa Springs is San Diego's most interesting suburb and one of the most charming suburban towns in Southern California. Its present population (fall, 1911), is nearly 1,000, and growing steadily. It is located on the San Diego and Cuyamaca Railway, about 11 miles from the business center of the city.

Nestling among the foothills, La Mesa possesses an ideal climate. Its residents escape the fogs and harsh winds, while enjoying blue skies, bright sunshine and fresh breezes almost every day.

The naturally beautiful and picturesque features of the location have been enhanced by developments of the most up-to-date and harmonious character. The bordering hillsides have been laid out with contour streets, many of which are already lined with handsome residences. The business section is in the center of the valley, with stores and shops in all of the principal trades.

La Mesa is connected with the city by a fine boulevard, and is so located that all electric lines to the back country from San Diego must pass through this suburb. The proposed San Diego and Escondido Electric Railway, which has already been graded for most of the distance between San Diego and La Mesa, will bring the latter into very close touch with the city and undoubtedly will result in a vast increase in the population of this charming suburb. At present there is good service by the Cuyamaca Railway, with several trains each way daily and 11 cents commutation fare.

LEMON GROVE.

Lemon Grove has been called the "Pasadena of San Diego County." It is situated on the San Diego, Cuyamaca and Eastern Railroad, nine miles east of San Diego, at an elevation of 440 feet, commanding a delightful view of mountain, bay and sea. Climate, location and scenic beauty combine in attracting home seekers. Nestling among the foothills of San Miguel, protected from frost, wind and heavy fog, and with uniform temperature throughout the year, it is an ideal spot for a home.

It consists of about six hundred acres of lemon and orange trees, divided into tracts of two and a half to ten acres each. The lemon predominates, as climate and soil are especially adapted to that fruit, the lemon requiring a finer and more equable climate than the orange. The relative profits of each are governed largely by market conditions, though the lemon tree is usually considered more profitable than the orange, on account of its perpetual supply, which yields a monthly harvest of lemons.

Grape fruit, olives and various small fruits are raised in abundance. Lemon Grove's seedless grape fruit and Valencia oranges were among the medal winners at the St. Louis Exposition. While the business of this place is principally the raising of citrus fruits, yet this appeals only to persons who are able to make an original investment of considerable value. To the man of small means there is an opening in the line of berry raising, gardening and chicken raising. There is also need for a hotel, boarding house and laundry.

Lemon Grove enjoys the advantages of both city and country, being separated from the city of San Diego only

by a twenty-three minute run by steam or gasoline motor car. The car schedule is conveniently arranged for business men, students and shoppers, as well as those on pleasure intent. Transportation facilities have been greatly improved by the recent purchase and placing in operation of a steel gasoline motor car of the newest and most improved design, which, together with the old train schedule, affords an hourly service between Lemon Grove and the city, and, in addition, a theatre car three evenings each week. It also enjoys the advantages of a park, traveling library, telephone, telegraph and express facilities.

The railroad station, three packing houses, general merchandise store, postoffice, church, schoolhouse and clubhouse are all centrally located. Arrangements are under way for the building of a new and larger schoolhouse.

The private enterprise of Lemon Grove is evidenced by the beauty of its homes and orchards, and its public spirit is manifested in a large and enthusiastic Country Club, devoted to public improvements.

Favorable location, abundant water supply, sunshine and good soil, combined with the progressive spirit of Lemon Grove citizens, are rocks forming a solid foundation for permanent growth.

FALLBROOK.

The terminus of the twenty-mile Fallbrook branch which leaves the main line of the Santa Fe Railway at Oceanside, is almost directly north of the city of San Diego, a distance of sixty miles. The town is near the northern boundary of the county.

The population of the district is about 1,000, and that of the town 400. Its schools are of the best. The high school is credited with turning out more university students than any other town of its size in the State.

The elevation is 700 feet. The surrounding country is a rolling mesa. The soil is decomposed granite—the finest in the world for fruit and agricultural products. The district is practically undeveloped and offers splendid opportunities for the settler. The principal products are grain, hay and olives, but the natural conditions are such that the country is destined to become a great fruit producing section. Peaches, pears, plums, olives and some kinds of apples can be raised here successfully without irrigation.

The Fallbrook section is as near frostless as any part of the entire State —thus making it a fine place for the raising of citrus fruits, especially lemons. An inexhaustible supply of water for irrigation purposes can be obtained here from wells varying from twenty-eight to eighty feet in depth. Fine soft water can be secured almost anywhere in this section for domestic purposes in wells from sixteen to fifty feet. It is an ideal place for poultry raising. Average rainfall for the season is nineteen inches, and the temperature ranges from thirty degrees, the lowest ever known in the winter, to ninety degrees, the maximum, in summer. Snow has fallen but twice in thirty years.

ESCONDIDO.

Is a city of the sixth class; assessed valuation, $861,500; elevation, 700 feet; and is the terminus of a branch of the Santa Fe Railway connecting with the main line at Oceanside, twenty-two miles westerly. The town will also be the terminus of an electric railroad from the county seat at San Diego, thirty-five miles southerly, whose completion to Escondido, via El Cajon, is assured within two years and which will eventually be extended to Los Angeles, 100 miles to the north.

The Escondido Valley is the largest in the county, having an area covering approximately 15,000 acres. It is one of the most beautiful of the Southland and has a population of 5,000, of which 2,000 is credited to the city. At its present rate of growth the population will double in the next five years. It



Typical plant life in the Fallbrook section, a locality as near frostless as any part of the State, an ideal place for raising citrus fruits.

is a hub from which radiate four trunk roads of the new 450-mile county highway system. It is the trading and shipping center of a tributary country within a radius of from twenty to thirty miles.

Escondido grant, which includes the principal part of the valley, consists of 13,000 acres, and is reinforced by valleys in the tributary country aggregating at least 100,000 acres, and containing a population of 5,000. Much of this area is in the frostless belt, is susceptible to water development, and with soil adapted to citrus fruit growing and alfalfa. The pomelo or grapefruit grows to perfection here, the equal of any other district of Southern California. Plans are on foot for the conservation and distribution of water over half a dozen or more of the grant's property within the bounds of the Escondido country. These enterprises will add materially to the agricultural and horticultural resources of the region.

The average yearly rainfall in Escondido for thirty-five years has been 15.45 inches, while the yearly average for ten years, ending with 1910, was nearly seventeen inches. The average maximum temperature for 1910 was seventy-six; average minimum forty-nine; mean of maximum and minimum, sixty-one degrees. The water system, which supplies water for domestic use and fire purposes in the town and for the irrigation of about 1,000 acres of fine fruit land, is susceptible of extensive improvements, the preliminary steps for which are now under consideration. The water, which is of excellent quality, is brought from the watersheds of the Palomar Mountain section, twenty-five miles east of the city, and is stored in a reservoir seven miles distant, from whence it is drawn as needed by the people of the valley. The supply of water is sufficient to irrigate every acre of arable land when properly conserved. The soil of the Escondido Valley is adapted to nearly all agricultural and horticultural products, although hay and grain, citrus fruit, wine and table grapes are more prominent. The product of the muscatel vines is the finest in quality grown in the world, having thirty-two per cent of sugar content, and is grown without irrigation. Land is to be obtained at prices ranging from $75 to $125 per acre without water, and $150 up under irrigation near the city, and $20 to $60 per acre for outside lands.

Within the past year the First National has increased its capital stock to $50,000, which is the same as that of the Escondido National. The two buildings occupied by the four banks are owned by the national banks, that of the First National being on the southeast corner of Lime street and Grand avenue, and that of the Escondido National on the northwest corner of the same thoroughfare. W. H. Baldridge is president of the First National, and of the Home Savings Bank, while A. W. Wohlford is president of the Escondido National and the Escondido Savings Bank. L. A. Stevenson is cashier of the Escondido National and Fred D. Hall of the First National. Mr. Baldridge and Mr. Wohlford are presidents of the two savings banks, with E. E. Turrentine cashier of the Escondido bank, and Harry J. Hall of the Home institution.

The Hotel Escondido, conducted by Mrs. D. F. Henderson, is a credit to the town, and assures comfort to all its guests.

Between 600 and 700 acres of muscatel grapes were set out in Escondido during 1911 by the Escondido Valley Land and Planting Company, of which company W. E. Alexander is the president.

The planting was done on the Homeland Acres, and with the acreage planted in 1910 makes a total of between 1,000 and 1,100 acres. Between 300 and 400 acres will be planted the present year. The company plants and cares for the vineyards for three years and then turns them over to the owners, so that it is expected that the owners of the first year's planting will be coming to Escondido during this year to take possession of

the property, erect homes and make their plans for residing here.

Although the grapes have been planted on rolling ground no irrigation has been used, nor has any been needed, the only aid to nature being the Campbell system of dry farming, of which Mr. Alexander is an ardent advocate.

During the season of 1911 the experiment of shipping the white muscatel table grapes to the Eastern market, some of them going as far east as New York in refrigerator cars, iced before starting and at different points en route, was tried, and with fair success.

The shipment of green grapes by freight was 43 carloads, while it is estimated that as many more were shipped out by express and automobile trucks.

The raisin shipments are estimated at about 200 tons.

That they are certain the future has much in store for Escondido, which means a greatly increased population before the holding of the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego, in 1915, and that they have optimistic and practical ideas of what should be done for the further development of the country, is seen by the following responses as told to the writer:

W. H. Baldridge, president of the board of city trustees, and president of the First National Bank, as well as the Home Savings Bank, says: "I think there is no interior city in Southern California which has a brighter future than Escondido, with its incomparable climate, romantic hills and fertile valleys. It only needs the united efforts of its citizens to obtain a sufficient water supply to bring under cultivation thousands of acres of as fine orange and lemon land as there is in the State, in addition to the comparatively small acreage we already have in citrus fruit.

"And with an electric railway to San Diego we will have a ready market for all we can produce from the soil to supply the ships that come loaded with commerce into the finest harbor on the Pacific."

Destiny of Escondido.

Dr. J. V. Larzalere, president of the Chamber of Commerce, says: "My idea is that Escondido is destined to be a progressive, wideawake interior city—a suburban city of homes, clean and up-to-date, a city that good people will be attracted to as a place to live, where they can have the comforts and conveniences of life at a reasonable price. I do not look for Escondido to do much in the manufacturing line, although of course there will be some of this as it develops. I look for the subdivision of some of the larger ranches, which will increase our population of the surrounding country while we are advancing in the city."

Predicts Big Increase.

W. L. Ramey, president of the Escondido Lumber, Hay and Grain Company, and vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, says: "Escondido is certainly going to go ahead. Many good things are headed our way, and we must continue to prosper. The Panama Canal and the Exposition at San Diego are sure to prove a boon to the whole county, and Escondido will get its share.

"It would not surprise me if Escondido has a population of 5,000 by the time the Fair is held.

"Escondido is doing the right thing in the beautifying of its streets and putting them in shape to attract newcomers. The paving of a mile of Grand avenue is an excellent beginning. The work will hit me for about $1,300 or $1,400, besides my interests in the lumber company, but I am more than willing to stand for it in the interests of city development. This should be followed with the grading of numerous streets, and the sidewalking. No opportunity should be lost for development of the city along practical lines. Escondido has a whole lot of resources—more than many people know about. As for water, twice as

much as we use goes to waste every year; all it needs is to be impounded. Then, too, it is possible for people to develop water on their own land. Our building record is the largest for 1911 in the history of the valley, and we are progressing along all lines."

Will Grow with San Diego.

Dr. E. B. Buell, president of the Escondido Development Company, says: "Escondido occupies a strategic position in its location in San Diego county. It is conceded by practically all who have given the matter intelligent consideration and thought that San Diego city is destined to become a large city in the next few years.

"If that be admitted, then one must also concede that Escondido will derive great benefits from its nearness to a large city, where there will be a ready market for all its products."

EL CAJON.

El Cajon (the chest) Valley is the second in area in the county, with approximately 12,500 acres. It is reached by fine boulevards, and the San Diego Cuyamaca & Eastern Railway, which enters the valley at Grossmont, passes through its center from south to north and on to Foster, the present terminus of the road.

As one enters the valley through Eucalyptus Pass, the eye is pleased with the green sweep of the foothill citrus orchards and in the valley basin the solid green of the raisin fields.

El Cajon raisins are famed the world over for richness, sweetness and flavor. They have taken first prize at the World's Fair, Chicago; also in the Lewis & Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon. William Stell, Postmaster, El Cajon, and his brother, Henry, on Rural Route No. 1, being prize winners. Their grapes go out into the retail market all over the world. The Fresno grape comes into the market in August, while the El Cajon grape is picked in September, and is shipped to Los Angeles, which supplies the home market. The raisins, however, are shipped to the Eastern States.

The output of citrus fruit is next in importance. The foothill ranches yield record crops of handsome fruit. Last year an orchard of four hundred orange trees owned by Eychaner & Meyer yielded over four thousand boxes, and on account of the excellence of the fruit, brought the highest market price. These young men were novices in the matter of citrus fruit-growing, having come here from a Montana stock ranch, but they have made old-time growers take notice.

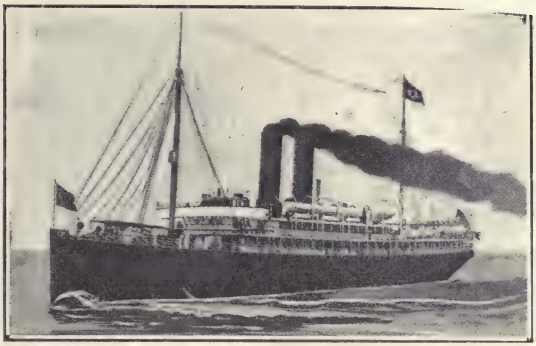
Strawberry culture has also reached an important place in the valley. Along Pepper Drive at the north end of the valley a half dozen small ranches are devoted almost entirely to strawberry culture. From twenty to thirty crates of strawberries go out from each of these ranches every morning during the season, and these supply only a fraction of the San Diego demand for that particular fruit. The growers received seven cents a box for this fruit all through the early summer this year.

Apricots, peaches, pears, plums, loganberries, blackberries and strawberry guavas are raised in abundance in the valley, and always bring good prices.

For years there has been a scarcity of chickens and eggs for the city market, and a good many of the newcomers are engaging in the business of raising chickens. Mr. Spainhauer, of Bostonia, has nine hundred white leghorns, marketing the eggs in San Diego. Mr. Greenwood has 2,000 fowls, and has but just begun work here.

An old gentleman at the west end of the valley, who is no longer equal to strenuous ranch life, has a flock of upwards of a thousand turkeys. With the aid of a shepherd dog he allows them to run the range in the day time, and at night rounds them up in their corral. Along about Thanksgiving time he will have a neat bank roll to his credit. Turkeys sold at

thirty-five cents a pound here last Thanksgiving time. Take, say, 800 turkeys at 15 pounds each at thirty-five cents per pound, and you have some money, and a summer spent under the pepper trees reading while Kaiser guarded the flock. Who would not go back to the soil, to say nothing of a "bit of the white meat!"



The steamer Governor.

Many of the ranchers of El Cajon have given attention to the planting of eucalyptus for the past few years. About fifteen years ago, Mr. J. H. Dodson began experimenting with eucalyptus, and other forest trees, as adapted to the soil and climate of El Cajon and vicinity, and as a result, a number of handsome groves of these valuable trees are in fine growth all about the country. At Mr. Dodson's Kalamity ranch there are some noble specimens of eucalyptus, and Kalamity has been for years a Mecca for all California visitors interested in the forestry service. G. H. Wells of El Cajon has a handsome young grove near the center of the valley and another on the hillside, and has just finished planting fifty thousand trees on his Juanita ranch. The Forest Nursery Company of El Cajon, of which Mr. Dodson is manager, supplies all these forest trees. Nearly every land-owner in the valley has enough eucalyptus growing to furnish his own wood, and many have extensive groves.

For many years it was impossible for those desiring to ranch on a small scale to find locations in the valley. The Boston ranch owned by a Boston syndicate, and Chase ranch, owned by Major Chase of San Diego, covering several miles in extent, were not for sale, but last year the latter ranch, to the extent of 1400 acres, was put on the market, and small ranches of five and ten acres are being developed from what was formerly a broad expanse of grainfield. Many new homes are being established and diversified and intensive farming is becoming a feature of the valley. Small fruits market gardens and raising of poultry are the most promising industries.

Water can be obtained all over this tract at from twenty to thirty feet from the surface, and market gardens can be maintained all through the year.

EL GRANDE MINERAL SPRINGS.

A medicinal water prepared by Nature, a product from the picturesque valley of El Cajon, one mile due south of the town, and fifteen miles from the city of San Diego, situated 500 feet above sea level, has a continuous flow of over 3,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Water from this famous spring is considered the finest for table use and drinking at all times. Its laxative qualities, pleasant taste and absolute purity class it among the finest waters in the world. It will purify the blood, acts like a miracle in building up a disordered system. It has positively cured cases of kidney or stomach troubles, rheumatism, liver, gall stone, bladder. Its curative properties are something wonderful. The water from these springs has been analyzed from time to time by Professor Joseph Luce, who has a national reputation, and is also an authority for France and Germany. This water is highly recommended by the foremost physicians of California.

ANALYSIS

Of this famous water made by Prof. Joseph Luce, E. M., Salt Lake City, a chemist of national reputation and an authority in France and Germany.

U. S. Gallon of 231 cubic in. contains:

	Grains
Sodium Chloride	2.448
Potassium Carbonate	6.810
Sodium Bicarbonate	14.164
Sodium Carbonate	7.390
Potassium Sulphate	16.168
Magnesium Sulphate	16.873
Aluminum Oxide	.540
Calcium Oxide	.392
Iron Oxide	trace
Silicum Oxide	.927
Carbonic Acid (free)	2.216
Organic Matter	trace
Total Grains	51,928

The school facilities in and all about the valley are unsurpassed. There are grammar schools everywhere within easy distance of all ranches, and a fine high school, costing upward of $15,000 stands in the center of nine school districts comprising El Cajon, Hillsdale, Jamacha, Dehesa, Meridian, Santee, Lakeside, Lakeview and El Capitan. It is an accredited high school, and there are four teachers.

There is a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic church at El Cajon; an Episcopal church at Bostonia; a new Methodist church at Santee; a Presbyterian church at Lakeside; and services of various denominations are held in different school houses about the country.

To those who desire the comforts of good climate, out door life, independent work, good schools and good churches, healthful location, freedom from malaria, and almost everything incident to right living, may find in this beautiful valley everything to fill the requirements. Aside from its practical features there is a charm that inspires the artist to noble work, the writer to his best effort. There is a refreshment in the very atmosphere that sends the strong man out to his day's labor on the ranch or the busy office of the city with renewed energy and strength of purpose. This feeling has been voiced to some extent in a bit of verse by Katharine Hartman, who is now a resident of the valley:

Call of the Trail.

The full moon of June rises over Juanita,
San Miguel and Mt. Helix are crowned with her light;
Mt. Cajon that but now wore the rose-tint of sunset
Is wrapped in the shadows of velvet-robed night.
The white road lies straight from Cajon to the eastward,
Where the mighty hills lie as though clothed in a veil,
And out from the beauty and silence of Nature
Comes the wild, wireless call of the trail.

From the heat of the day and the dust of the trade wind,
From the duties of life and the errors of mind,
From the joys that grow fulsome and cares that encompass—
When even good friends may forget to be kind;
The heart and the mind turn for wholesome refreshment,
We long for a time to be free from the thrall,
Kind Nature holds out her wide arms in a welcome
And spirit and body respond to the call.

LA JOLLA.

La Jolla is one of the most delightful seaside resorts to be found along the coast of Southern California. It has in times past been the chosen place for rest and inspiration by many of the most noted of the literary visitors to the West, who seek, in change of conditions and climate those scenes and environs which are most calculated to aid them in the work of giving to the world something better than that obtained elsewhere.

It was at La Jolla that Beatrice Harraden found the inspiration which gave to us that beautiful and enchanting story, "Ships That Pass in the Night." Here, looking out upon the sea, one is not slow to catch many of

the charming descriptions which she has so vividly set forth in that story, which has received and merited the praise of book lovers the world over. Madame Modjeska found here her chosen place of rest and recreation. Ellen Terry was wont, in former years, to spend much of her leisure time at La Jolla. Could the charm of the situation receive higher commendation than that given by these three celebrities? They had traveled the world over, and from choice rested here!

La Jolla is justly proud of its Bishop's School upon the Scripps Foundation. It is a model school of its class, where young ladies may be fitted for college. It has two branches —one at San Diego and the main school at La Jolla. The location is an ideal one for a school of this nature, and it is already being patronized as its location and well equipped arrangements deserve. The faculties of these schools are a guarantee of the first order to all parents who wish to arrange safe and profitable culture for their daughters.

Our stay of several days at La Jolla was made most pleasant by the very courteous attention given us by Mr. James A. Wilson, proprietor of the Hotel Cabrillo, where every comfort is to be found by the traveler. Mr. Bert Walker, the genial manager of the La Jolla Cafe, opposite the Hotel Cabrillo, is one of the men whom it is a delight to meet, while Mrs. A. P. Mills, who is known by every one of La Jolla's one thousand inhabitants, takes a special pride in the growth and development of this, her chosen home, as only a cultured and energetic native of the State of Maine could be expected to do. In her very active work, Mrs. Mills is ably assisted by her very charming daughter. Mr. P. W. Kingdon and Mr. F. R. Kingdon are among La Jolla's reliable and courteous business men.

PACIFIC BEACH.

Among the many delightful places to be met with in San Diego County, one of the first to claim our attention was Pacific Beach, lying just northward from San Diego. Here many of the first citizens of San Diego County have their homes. The town proper is located back against the foothills just far enough from the water to render the view and the drives which lead up from the beach most pleasurable. Here the culture of the flowers that have made California famous the world over reach their highest development. Mr. Cash, whose name has become known to all lovers of flowers, has here developed some of the richest products known to the land of flowers. Cash's Nursery has done much to bring the attention of all lovers of these "smiles of God" in touch with San Diego County. Here we met Captain Thomas A. Davis, superintendent of the San Diego Army and Navy Academy. This academy is one of the features of San Diego County. The people of Pacific Beach are justly proud of this academy, and many of the young men of this section of the State are here being fitted for college, for West Point or Annapolis.

NATIONAL CITY.

National City is to all appearances a part of San Diego, for only an invisible line separates the two, but it is an independent municipality. Its thirty-five miles of tree-lined streets give National City a charm which most towns in this section do not have. Its chief boast at present is that it is the most desirable locality in California for homes.

The attractiveness of the place has drawn a very desirable class of people, and this in itself is worth considering by those who are contemplating a change of locality.

Those who do not find zero weather to their liking should try a winter where only once or twice in half a century has the mercury been as low as thirty, and where, therefore, flowers bloom the year round. Those who are tired of sleet and snow and ice should go to National City, where sleet

is unknown, where snow can be seen only on the distant mountain tops, and where ice is seen only once, perhaps, in a decade—except when the iceman brings it to the door.

Crops Produced.

Much land is irrigated by water from adjacent reservoirs and by water pumped from a depth of ten or fifteen feet. The crops are abundant. Eight crops of alfalfa in one year would probably astonish farmers in other sections, but nothing less is expected. Excellent fruit of nearly all kinds is grown there, but National City is more noted for lemons than for anything else, and no other part of California equals it in this respect. About one thousand carloads of fruit—a considerable per cent oranges, but most of it lemons—were shipped from National City last year. The deciduous fruits and berries are marketed mainly in San Diego, as are melons and vegetables grown by market gardeners.

Railroad Facilities.

National City has two transcontinental railways, the Santa Fe and the San Diego and Arizona. It also has an interurban, the San Diego Southern, which maintains an electric and a steam division. This gives excellent transportation facilities, but the deep sea harbor will probably be utilized to a greater extent, which will greatly increase the shipping facilities. The Santa Fe has decided to put in docks and ship all ties for its lines to National City, and make this a distributing point. This will mean the employment of several hundred men. The work is already under way. This is but the beginning of the development of the water frontage of two and one-half miles, no inconsiderable amount for a city of 2,500 inhabitants.

Excellent School System.

As those who contemplate making their home in a community are usually more anxious to know about the schools than any other one thing, it may be well to lay special emphasis on National City's educational facilities. The superintendent is Dr. B. S. Gowen, a graduate of Yale and of Clark University, two of the greatest educational institutions of this country. He was for several years connected with the faculty of Yale, and was intrusted with the responsible duty of nominating candidates for positions in colleges, universities and business institutions that sent to Yale for men. He came West for health reasons, and is now serving National City in the capacity of superintendent of schools. In this capacity he is doing a fine work. He has vitalized the system, and placed it in the front rank of California schools. He has surrounded himself by strong teachers, and has introduced many new ideas. During his first year in National City the high school building has been more than doubled in size, a manual training building has been erected, and a block of land has been purchased for playground purposes. But Dr. Gowen has not confined his activities wholly to the school room. As stated before, he is vice-president of the Board of Trade. He is chairman of the Civic League, and organizer and manager of the lyceum course, which is bringing to National City such men as Senator Gore, Dr. Winship and Opie Read.

Public Library.

Through the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, National City has an attractive library building. The shelves are well filled with good books and a competent librarian is in charge.

Churches.

Since there are seven different church organizations in National City, one is likely to find here the church of his choice. Should he fail, San Diego has a still greater variety, and it is only twenty minutes by street car from National City to the center of San Diego's church district.



THE HOTEL WESTMINSTER, LOS ANGELES

A man is known by the friends he keeps, and a hotel is best known by the guests it keeps.

The name of the Hotel Westminster is inseparably associated with the names of Los Angeles' best people; for years it has been the rendezvous of the most substantial among the permanent residents of Los Angeles and of the solid, well-to-do tourists.

The Hotel Westminster is one of the most centrally located in the city, situated as it is at the corner of Main and Fourth streets, and on the section of the latter known as the "Wall Street" of Los Angeles.

From immediately in front of the door, electric cars leave for any point in the city, for the mountains or for the beaches. The larger theatres of the city are within a stone's throw, while the shopping district is in the immediate vicinity.

With a spacious lobby which has won a place in the hearts of thousands of travelers and tourists, and a cuisine which is highly spoken of by connoisseurs, the Westminster is pre-eminently the ideal hostelry for the stranger within the gates of Los Angeles.

The service maintained is all that can be desired; there is an excellent cafe and dining room; there are ladies' and gentlemen's writing rooms; large, airy, private suites, and, in fact, every comfort the traveler and tourist expect in these days of great hostelries.

The Westminster is operated on the European plan.

The dining room is cool in summer and comfortable in winter, and the service and cuisine are unsurpassed.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

The Story of America Sketched in Sonnets, by Henry Frank; published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston; $1.35 net.

The author has ventured on the very bold attempt to grasp the nation's history in a series of picturesque events, and express them in sonnet form, his idea being that the poetic setting may prove more attractive than prose narrative, a conception that proclaims the aspiring boldness of the poetic temperament. The idea might meet the approval of those mentally restricted to a straight poetic diet, but robust readers given the whole range of literature on which to gourmandize will lustily rebel. Only the patriots in this class will likely treat the idea considerately. Shakespeare at his best in the rhapsodies of sonnet songs would have shrunk from a like feat, even with England beckoning him while riding in the forefront of the world's conquerors. The following sonnet on George Washington will give a fair idea of the gait and lofty flight of the Pegasus bestrode by this aspiring author:

"Hail, Champion of Justice, paragon
Of noblest virtues and of patriot's pride,
Whose stalwart scorn of British rule defied
The power its puissant arms had won,
And reared, blood-built, beneath this Western sun
(The sacred gift of those who bravely died),
A citadel whose firm base rests upon
Foundations that eternally abide.

"Blessed is a land o'ertopped with character,
Supreme in goodness and in wisdom's strength,
Whose splendid spreads athwart horizons far
And o'er the tides (that urge through breadth and length
Of surging seas which bank against the world),
Reveals the banner Freedom hath unfurled."

Copious notes are appended for the benefit of such readers as may miss any historical values embedded in the verse.

Onawago, or The Betrayer of Pontiac, by Will C. Ludlow. Press of the Antiquarian Publishing Company, Benton Harbor, Mich. Bound in cloth and gilt, $1.25 postpaid.

The author was a deep student of the character and ways of the American Indian, and an ardent champion in advocating his rights and betterment as a ward of the nation. He died four years ago, two weeks after the present novel was completed. Pontiac is easily the greatest and the most interesting figure of his race in the history of this country, and the author has gone deep into Indian lore, and the tomes of many libraries in quest of information that will throw a clear and truthful light on his character and the stirring Colonial events which surrounded his fall and death. The story is in fiction form, and those who like Indian tales of that character will find it interesting in a historical way. The illustrations are by Irene Mull-Marquardt.

Nostrums and Quackery; published by the American Medical Association, Chicago.

Among the many contests for reform under way in this country is a vital one now being conducted by the American Medical Association against quackery and the nostrum patent medicine evil now running rampant under loose laws. The Postoffice Department at Washington has inaugurated a vigorous campaign against these resourceful and pitiless frauds through the agency of the fraud order, and aid has also been rendered by the Federal and State officials in enforcing national and State pure food laws. For purposes of classification the book has been divided into three general departments. The first deals with quackery, the second with nostrums, while the third contains miscellaneous mat-

ter that does not seem to belong to either of the other two divisions. Many of the articles under these classifications have been published in The Journal of the American Medical Association, while others found their first expression in such militant organs as Collier's, enlisted in the same noble cause. Every page throws the limelight on the spurious methods of "advertising specialists," cancer cures, consumption cures, drug cures, female "weakness" cures, medical institutes, cough medicines, food tonics, hair dyes and kindred fakes and nostrums whose alleged remedial virtues now disgrace the pages of most of the daily papers, whose proprietors indirectly help these ruthless harpies to prey upon their ignorant victims.

Across the Latitudes, by John Fleming Wilson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers. $1.25 net.

John Fleming Wilson is a name to conjure with on the Western coast. First, because he is an Oregonian born and bred—except for his course at Princeton—and as a newspaper writer and magazine editor is known from Portland to San Diego. Secondly, because he has sailed from almost every port in Oregon and California, and in almost every craft from an Oriental liner to a Columbia River fishing boat, and his stories of some of these voyages have appeared in all the high grade weekly and monthly magazines in the United States. "Across the Latitudes" contains the best of these stories. For vividness of color and truthfulness of detail they have already won the highest praise, and their "human interest" is the result of that sense of dramatic values which gave their author the reputation of being the most caustic—and also just—dramatic critic of the Pacific Northwest.

Mr. Wilson is also the author of "The Land Claimers" (12mo., illustrated, $1.50), a stirring account of Oregon frontier life at a time when the lumber barons were staking their claims in the Siletz River Valley. Claim-staking and homesteading are matters of local history, but they hold thrilling interest just the same in their possibilities for strenuous life, dramatic action and wholesome sentiment, all of which possibilities Mr. Wilson has seized and skillfully developed.

For the past two years "Jack" Wilson, as he is generally known, has abandoned newspaper work, and devoted himself exclusively to fiction, writing in his bungalow near Monterey.

Advertisers' Directory of Leading Publications for 1911-12; published by Charles H. Fuller, Chicago. $5.

This book is the last word in its line for those dealing in publicity. It is a small, compact, handy volume, bound in flexible Morocco, gilt, and is filled with well digested facts regarding every paper of any standing published in this country. The many cities are arranged in alphabetical order under the names of their States; following each one are the names of the papers printed there, whether morning, evening and Sunday, together with their circulation and a detailed analysis, their advertising rates, with explanatory keys; special information in pithy form is carefully and conscientiously noted—all necessarily valuable to the inquiring publicity man in quest of points that count in his business. Accurate maps of each State in the Union are interspersed and arranged with number and figure guides, so that the hurried reader may readily and quickly locate any city or town. In the back of the book the agricultural, foreign language, religious, class and trade papers are alphabetically arranged under their several headings.

Joaquin Miller in Pre-Raphaeldom.

Joaquin Miller appears in the group of celebrities—Pre-Raphaelites and others—which Ford Madox Hueffer vividly portrays in his "Memories and

Impressions"—a book of recollections concerning artistic and literary London a generation ago. Apparently Miller made a striking contrast with the gloom of Bloomsbury, then favored by the English poets on account of its respectability and cheapness. "Mr. Joaquin Miller," writes Mr. Hueffer, "coming from Nicaragua and Arizona to stay for a time in Gower street—surely the longest, the grayest and the most cruel of London streets—was greeted rapturously by the Pre-Raphaelite poets, and wrote of life in London as a rush, a whirl, a glow—all the motion of the world. In the mornings he rode in the Row among the 'swells' wearing a red shirt, cowboy boots, and a sombrero; in the evening he attended in the same costume at the dinners of the great intellectuals, where brilliantly he was a feature. I can dimly remember the face of Mark Twain—or was it Bret Harte?—standing between open folding doors at a party gazing in an odd, puzzled way at this brilliant phenomenon. I fancy that the great writer was none too well pleased that this original should represent the manners and customs of the United States in the eyes of the poets."

The Yosemite. By John Muir, Lit. D., author of "The Mountains of California," "Our National Parks," etc. Published by the Century Co., Union Square, New York. Gilt top, 8vo, $2 net, postage extra.

The book of books of this great Western wonderland—comprehensive, inspiring, delightful, by "the most magnificent enthusiast about nature in the United States, the most rapt of all the prophets of our out-of-door gospel."

This is no dry collection of facts—though facts are here—it is an open door, equally for the traveler and the stay-at-home, to an intelligent appreciation of the Yosemite's phenomenal scenery, its wonders and its beauty. Dr. Muir, for half a century a devoted student and explorer of the region, shows the reader what to look for and opens up on each page some new vista of enjoyment. He describes: The Approach to the Valley—Winter Storms and Spring Floods—Snow-storms—Snow Banners—Earthquake Storms—The Trees of the Valley—The Forest Trees in General—The Big Trees—The Flowers—The Birds—The South Dome—The Ancient Yosemite Glaciers—How to Spend Your Yosemite Time—Lamoni—Galen Clark—Hetch-Hetchy Valley.

The volume is a rare combination of the practical helpfulness of a guide-book and the delightful style of a poetic lover of nature who knows how to interpret what he sees.

The Russian Student and Despotism.

Joseph Conrad, in his latest novel, "Under Western Eyes," shows how warily the Russian university student is forced to walk, and now the cables tell us of Morosoff, the Russian scientist, whose activities began during his student days and who has just again been sentenced to imprisonment after an interval of freedom. But Razumov, the hero of "Under Western Eyes," unlike Morosoff, whose patriotism was stronger than his ambition, decided to work with instead of against despotism. In his book of reminiscences, "A Personal Record," just published, Mr. Conrad tells of his own experiences with the Russian police when he shared as a boy the exile of his Polish father.

Miss Sedgwick's New Novel.

The Century Co. set January 20th as the date of issue of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's new novel, "Tante." "Tante" has already been issued in England, where it is being enthusiastically praised. It is the story of a woman, of extraordinary beauty and fascination, the greatest pianist of the day, and of the part she plays in the lives of the men and women of her cosmopolitan world.

SANCTUARY

A place of pillared silence, dim
And cool—of holy solitude—
Far off it is, and deep within
The tranquil wood.

Worn, dust-choked in the blinding noon,
I flee from noisy care a space,
And find here in the firs' grey gloom
A resting place.

Secure at last from clamoring strife,
Amid the wind-chants' soothing roll,
The columned firs breathe fragrant life
To prostrate soul.

At length serene and trustingly
I go, from fear all disenthralled—
Content to meet my destiny
And unappalled.

ADA M. HEDGES.



The mail dog team in chorus. Winter traveling in Alaska.

APR 8

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LIX San Francisco, April 1912 No. 4

ALASKA'S MAIL SERVICE

Steamboat Routes Cover More Mileage and Cost More Money Than in Any Other Part of the United States Domain

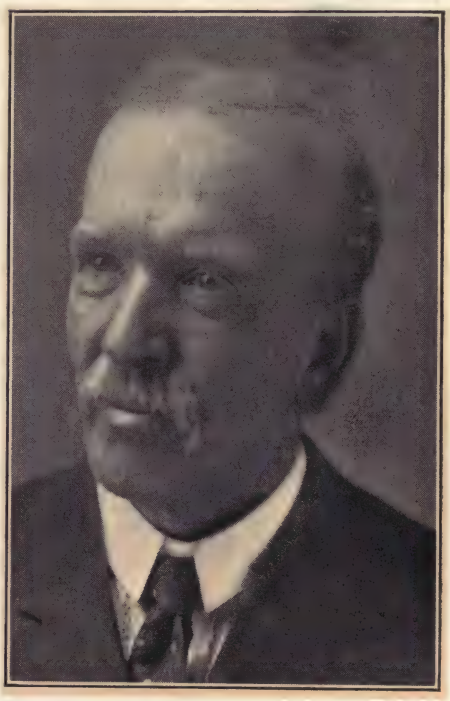
BY FRANK WILLARD KIMBALL

IN 1900 two small mail pouches, in a very good state of preservation, were found a considerable distance from the banks of the Hotalinqua in Canada, where they had been deposited by ice and water among the timber two years previous. The pouches were destined for the outside, and contained mail from Dawson and Alaskan points, and had been lost through the ice while crossing the Hotalinqua by the carriers, two Northwestern Mounted Police, one of whom lost his life at the same time. In this mail there was considerable valuable matter; but probably the most valuable of all was a draft for $100,000, which after this long delay was duly honored and cashed.

Frank J. Kolash, Nome's Postmaster, discovered the pouches while 'mushing' into Nome in 1900, and took them to Dawson, where their contents were assorted and the letters sent on to their intended destination.

All-American Route Established.

This is but one example of the pioneer history of Alaska's mail service as recited to the writer by William McManus, United States Postal Inspector, whose headquarters are at Nome. Although the mail service in the far-off territory has been rather uncertain and somewhat unsatisfactory in the past, it probably could not be improved under the circumstances prevailing, and the fact should not be lost sight of that it had been conducted at a large annual loss to the government.



Wm. McManus, U. S. Postal Inspector of Alaska.

It was first the steamboat and the trail; then the wagon road, and now its journey covers the routes of steamboats, trails, wagon roads and railroads, according to Mr. McManus. The steamboat service of the territory



An Esquimo belle watching the passing Alaska mail.

covers more mileage and costs more money than in any other part of Uncle Sam's domain, and of the $501,000 expended in 1908, nearly $185,000 were paid to steamboats for mail transportation.

The first mails carried on the backs of men and by dog teams through the interior were too slow reaching points of destination to suit hustling Uncle Sam, so in 1889 the plan was conceived to establish a mail route from the Pacific Coast to Eagle, Alaska. Skagway being the nearest point to the interior via Dawson, was made the first distributing point, but in 1903 the distributing point was changed to Valdez, from which place during the winter months the greater part of Alaska's mail is now despatched. In 1903 was also established the first all-American route from Fairbanks to Tanana, thence down the Yukon to Vnalakleet, close connection is made at the latter office with all mails arriving or departing to the outside.

The total number of mail routes in Alaska at present are about seventy. This is a small number compared with our other territorial possessions, but the total length of these deliveries covers a distance approximating 30,000 miles, and necessitating trail traveling during the year more than 1,000,000 miles by the mail-carriers.

Carriers on Regular Time.

"The carriers get in on time with a regularity equal to the Railway Mail Service in the 'States,'" is Mr. McManus' testimony, "and during the winter of 1909-10 on not a single trip was the mail from Valdez late in arriving in Nome, or vice versa."

It costs the government $500,000 annually to transport the Alaskan mails, besides a large sum to maintain the Postoffices, which are not self-supporting. There are at the present time 144 Postoffices in the territory, of which ten are Presidential or salaried offices, but Mr. McManus takes the view that the term "Railway Mail Service," as applied to Alaska, was a misnomer from the first, and "up to the present point of our transportation of mail, its claim to Railway Mail is not yet established," he declares. But the future development of the territory depends so largely upon the building of railroads that there is no doubt that the title will be perfected in the years to come.

Keenly Awaited Events.

Mr. McManus says that following the eight months of winter, no event is so much looked forward to and appreciated as the arrival of the first vessel from the outside, and that for seven years the steamship "Corwin" has gladdened the hearts of Nome citizens



Reindeer teams have been supplemented by dog teams in carrying the mails.



Landing mail at Nome from S. S. Corwin, on the ice four miles from shore, June 3, 1910.

by reaching that city with vegetables, edibles and newspapers from the "States" weeks before the arrival of the first of the regular fleet of vessels which ply the Northwestern coast. The craft is shown in one of the accompanying pictures anchored in an ice pack four miles from the Nome docks, and 18 tons of mail are being hauled ashore over the ice by means of dog sleds. The harbor is frozen over to a depth of several feet, and the feat of Captain West, the master of the vessel in making a "landing" before the coastline can be approached, has made him one of the most popular skippers of the Northwest coast.

The "Corwin" has probably had a more varied and interesting career than any other vessel which plies the Alaskan waters. She was built at Albina on the Columbia River as a revenue cutter for the Government at a cost of $90,000. Before being completed, the contractors became financially involved, and numerous labor liens were filed by the mechanics engaged in the construction of the vessel, with the result that it was subsequently seized by the sheriff under a writ of attachment. However, through the advice of the United States Attorney-General, the revenue cutter Rush later took the ship into custody, but not without pronounced opposition from the creditors of the shipbuilding concern.

Survives Perilous Trips.

The "Corwin" was especially constructed for service at the mouth of the Columbia River, which involves crossing a treacherous bar, and the vessel has navigated this piece of waterway under imperative orders from Washington when the sea was so rough that the venture was thought well nigh impossible of accomplishment. It was, moreover, almost incredible of belief that any ship could survive such perilous trips, but the "Corwin" proved her wonderful seaworthiness, although while in the service of the government she was reported lost on five different occasions. She was purchased from the government in 1894 by her present owners, who rebuilt her at a cost of $40,000, and during ten years has plowed the Pacific for a distance of 170,000 miles. At the time of her construction compound engines had not proved their effectiveness, and in consequence the vessel was equipped with an engine of the single-cylinder type, but in spite of this fact burns only seven and one-half tons of coal per day under ordinary conditions. Owing to the unusual strength of her construction, the freight capacity of the "Corwin" is limited to 230 tons, although she is of 435 tons burden. She is sheathed with ironwood, and is strengthened forward to enable her to "buck" ice without danger of mishap.

Alaska Developing Rapidly.

Alaska is developing rapidly, according to the opinion expressed by Mr. McManus and several of the operators who went to Nome in the earlier days, realizing the importance of an adequate water supply, secured water rights which have enabled them

to take care of their own properties as well as to realize handsome profits from the sale of water to others, and hydraulic mining has been carried on in Northwest Alaska to a considerable extent. There is the conviction, however, among the mining men of the territory that the beginning of the end is in sight as far as hydraulic mining is concerned in the Seward Peninsula. But this is not meant that the Peninsula will fail to produce its millions in placer gold for several years to come; yet the decline is on, and it is regarded as only a question of time when less interest will be manifested in placer diggings and the development of the quartz possibilities will begin. True, there are, according to the United States Geological Survey report, many thousands of acres of placer ground on the Seward Peninsula unworked, but the development will be compelled to await the introduction of newer, cheaper and more improved methods of mining. This will include the dredging of vast areas of placer ground lying between the foothills and the sea, the principal portion of which is back of Nome, between Cape Nome and Cape Rodney. It was here that the first mining of importance was begun by the miners who came from Golovin Bay, and the world knows the history of the discoveries made on Anvil Creek. Twenty-five of thirty large capacity dredges are already at work, and while in the vicinity of Nome, the output of the precious metal has reached $7,000,000 annually, it is expected the dredges will increase the amount to the extent of $3,000,000, although it is thought that the future lies in the development of the mineralized rock which gives evidence of abounding in all sections of the country.

1200 Miles Over Deep Snow.

Mr. McManus' recent visit in the "States" was the first during the seven years he has been in the government service in the northern territory, and while he is strongly wedded in his loyalty to the interests of the Northland, and sees a great future awaiting the business activities of Alaska, he was nevertheless loth to leave California with its almost perpetual sunshine, its wealth of sweet-scented flowers, and its vast extent of attractive orchards which betook his eye while tarrying in the Santa Clara Valley.

Accompanied by his estimable wife, he took passage from Nome during the month of October of last year on the steamship "Senator," and arrived in Seattle on November 6th. The vessel was the next to the last making the trip southward during the present winter, and his return journey was begun last month. The sea voyage terminated at Cordova in Southeastern Alaska, from which point he will make 400 miles of the inland trip by means of horse stage, and 800 miles on dog sleds. Cordova is on the North Pacific just at the entrance to Bering Sea, and is at the head of navigation in winter.

Beset With Many Hardships.

The entire trip from California to Nome will consume forty days, and although the route is necessarily beset with many hardships and privations, little note is made of discomforts by experienced Alaskan travelers.

Mr. McManus states that while the population of Nome last summer exceeded 5,000 people, the number usually diminishes one-half during the winter months, and that last winter the inhabitants numbered exactly 2602, according to a census taken under authority of the Postoffice Department. The district over which his authority holds sway is larger than the entire State of California, and extends from Nome to Fort Gibbon—1,000 miles up the Yukon River.

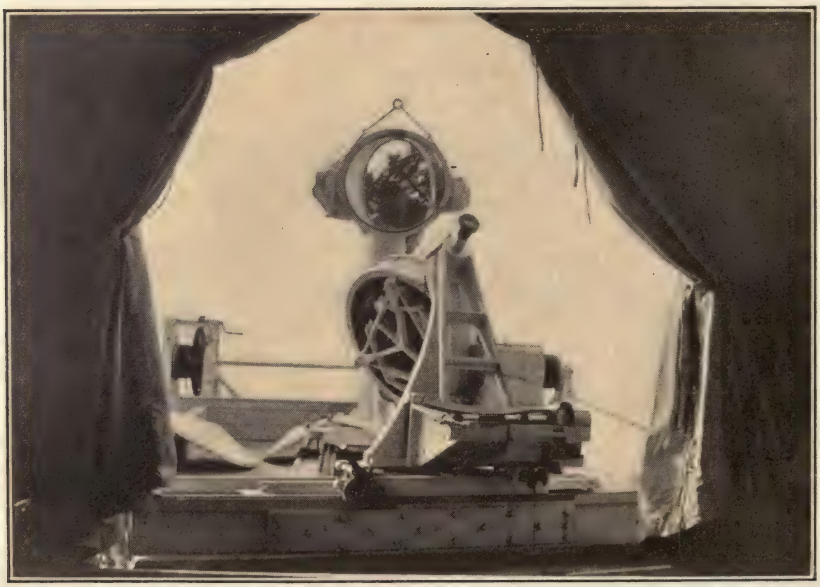
PREPARING FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST TELESCOPE

BY FELIX J. KOCH

WHEN Andrew Carnegie made his gift of a million dollars, to be expended under the direction of Professor Hale, of Mt. Wilson, for the far-famed Carnegie Observatory on that California mountain, interest of the world began to center anew on this place, unique among observatories. To reach Mt. Wilson from the end of the nearest car-line means a long burro ride through the mountains. There the one peak of the twins forming the summit is given over to a rustic hotel, and surrounding this, for individual guest rooms, there are a series of *chalets*, each a full-fledged house, to be occupied by guests.

Passing these, one proceeds through the forest, down the gulch, and on to the opposite mountain, where the great observatory connected with the Carnegie Institute is established. The building appears like some huge ark. It is of white canvas, folded out in shape like a barn. It stands on the very tip of a mountain, surrounded on all sides by an open valley. Lower, one sees forested peaks rising out of this valley and the flat plain leading off into distance. The scene is sufficiently magnificent to repay the journey.

Turning around, one beholds, bask-

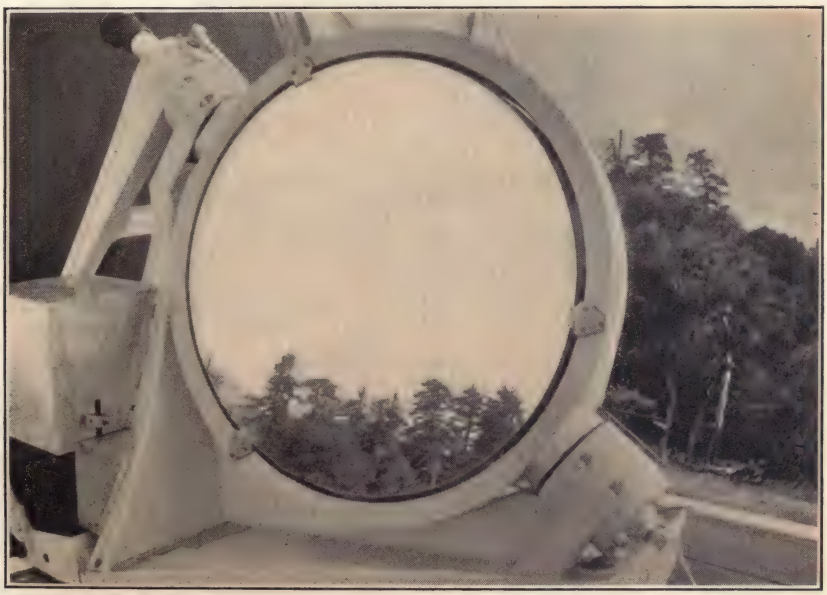


The giant telescope in miniature.

ing in the sun, a large white series of buildings, set in perfect line on this peak.

If the visitor is properly introduced, a professor is at hand to guide him, and he is led into the main building. This is built of canvas, set in cave form, so as to admit plenty of air from the sides. Outside the canvas eaves there runs another wall of canvas, arranged so that it can be raised or lowered, and thus insure the same temperature inside the building as prevails without.

Nor is this all: the tent in which this third mirror stands is built upon a track, so that it may slide nearer to or farther from the next building in which there are two other mirrors, while beyond is a little shed in the canvas building for star work and for the spectrum instruments. The telescope, the guide narrates, is a twenty-four inch one, made by their own people, and brought out here from the Yerkes Observatory. On the end of the building there is a pier of stone perhaps three feet wide by twenty



One of the mirrors.

One looks at once for telescopes, but in vain. A series of mirrors appears instead, and it is the third of these, you learn, which does the magnifying, instead of the usual tube telescope. You look into this mirror and see, enlarged, the image of the star or moon. In order to get this plainer still, a pocket magnifying glass is brought into play. The arrangement is a unique one for an observatory.

long, which contains a concave mirror of twenty-four inch aperture by sixty foot focus. This was made at the Yerkes Observatory. Any good optician, however, could make one of these fine circular mirrors. The concavity is very great.

The mirror, as a matter of fact, is four inches thick, and silvered on the front surface. It takes about two months for two men to make such a mirror. This is polished by jewelers'

rouge, on pads of chamois-skin. The mirror is burnished every week or ten days, to remove the dust. It is then kept covered over with a galvanized cover.

A second mirror is supported by a number of circular metal (iron) caps. It rests on twelve of them, each, in consequence, taking one twelfth of the weight of the mirror, no matter what position it may be in. When the mirror is set directly on edge, a band about the outside holds it in place. It must be exactly weighted, on account of the flextures in the glass, which would spoil the definition.

The light strikes the first mirror primarily, and from it is sent to the second—a flat, circular mirror, which is of twenty-four inch diameter, and stands on a massive iron column. This second mirror is upright, but is racked back, so that it can set the reflection in any direction. Thence the rays are sent from it to the third mirror; i. e., the conical one, which does the enlarging, acting substantially as does the lense in an ordinary tubular telescope.

It is impossible to reflect from the first mirror direct to the third, as the light cannot be caught so well, and the station would have to be changed constantly. This changing is now done by the second mirror.

Five-thirty p. m is supper time with the astronomers here, and one leaves them to return to the mountain hotel and his *chalet.* In the evening, two Yankees, also visiting the observatory, find that the room-mate of one of their sons, up at Dartmouth, is now an observer here, and so he shows them—and you, as their guests—the observatory in the night time.



The observatory on Mount Wilson.

The moon, seen through the great mirrors, is a sight long to be remembered. The light of the orb falls full through the two mirrors, onto the third, which it fills with its image. The visitors stand round this third mirror, and then look at it through a little black

hand magnifying glass. The craters, hills, and the like, take on new interest and beauty.

Again, one marvels at the site. Here, on the long tented platform, which stands built out into the canyon, with the magnificent forested valleys in the moonlight, black in the shadows, but stretching on to the far lights of Pasadena and Los Angeles. At another distant place, a huge forest fire breaks the blackness of the night. Over all, a magnificent, clear, starry sky, with the rising moon, surrounds this white tented building. There is something uniquely inspiring in this little mountain camp, apparently so near the starry dome.



A guest house perched on the mountain side.

Next morning, Professor Ellerton, second in charge here, tells some interesting facts about the place. Harvard, he states, had an observatory here, nineteen or twenty years ago. When the Carnegie Institute was about to open an observatory, the directors tested several places hereabouts, trying Mt. Lowe, and others, but finding that the place where the least quivering, due to bad definition, i. e., steadiness of the image, occurred, was at Mount Wilson. They saw that the amount of dust was reduced to a minimum: occasionally it occurs here, as the result of some sand storm. Fogs, also, appear occasionally. The site was selected nine years ago, and the instruments shipped here.

Since April, 1904, observations have been carried on, more or less continuously. Professor George E. Hale is director. He came from the Yerkes Observatory, where his chief work was solar physics. He is a man about forty-one years old, a graduate of Boston Institute of Technology. Professor Ferdinand Ellerman, next in charge, has had private tuition, and has been at the work about eighteen or nineteen years. His specialty is solar work. Others of note are Drs. Adams, Backus and the physicist, Dr. Gale. They have their own camp and offices,

even generate their own electricity by gasoline engine, and pump up their own water.

The best time for observations is considered to be half an hour after sunrise, and for perhaps two hours later—i. e., as long as the definition holds good. This may run through the whole day. The *programme* is to to make photographs of the sun with the spectro-heliograph. This is done by forming the image of the sun on a spectroscope, which is so adapted as to enable one to photograph an image of the sun in monochromatic rays of any desired wave length. The light passes through a slit, then through an objective which renders the rays parallel, then falls on a mirror, and thence is sent through two great prisms, which form a spectrum. Thence it goes via an objective and through a second slit which permits one to select any particular line in the spectrum, and by this means photographs can be taken which will show the vapors over the sun's surface, corresponding to calcium, hydrogen, iron, magnesium and the like. The photographs are the size of the image—i. e., six and a half inches. The negatives are then developed.

We were shown some of these glasses. At the center is the round image like a great fog spot, with a rather crusty, skin-like effect, due to clouds passing over the surface. Such is a direct photograph made by a very fast shutter. It shows the sun as one would see it in a telescope. The spots with the dark nucleus and the granulation in the surface are all there. The photographs are almost instantaneous—being made by a high-grade shutter passing before the plate in the one one-thousandth of a second. One picture shows the calcium lines. This is accomplished by letting only those lines through the slit.



Visitors on muleback climbing the trails of Mount Wilson to see the wonders of the great telescope.

The more pronounced waviness in

parts is likewise noted. Again one sees that the line which admits the light of the sun for a given chemical travels across the plate in such wise as to get in the whole surface of the sun. The observatory now possesses a record of over one hundred and fifty plates with this new instrument.

We pass next into the new laboratory; this is of the solid concrete work with instruments on all sides. Here they can take a photograph twice a day, different each time and never twice the same, the sun changing so constantly. Daily, a photo-heliograph is taken, two or three calcium plates and one hydrogen plate. This is the regular *programme*.

If the definition is good, so that they can compare to advantage, they photograph through iron and other lines, and there are special sittings. The difference between the calcium and hydrogen is made apparent. The results are then reduced and published in scientific publications or monographs.

One has a peep into the professor's home, a series of little offices and bedrooms off from one hall, all built in the Mission style. Windows look out over the tree tops, as at Rila Monastery, in Bulgaria, and the aisle then terminates in a library, finished in dark, heavy woods, with a huge stone chimney at one side. Round the wall range the open shelves of books, with other heavy, splendid furnishings, and heavy desks on which to write.

One looks right off from the bluff into the great valley, twenty-six acres below, to the institution. As yet they are not troubled with visitors, though they fear they will some day have to enfence.

The buildings are permanent, and others are awaiting construction to house the great five-inch reflecting telescope. Some of the stellar photographs shown here, they remark, took four nights to expose.

The observatory is connected with the Carnegie Institute, and so there is no fixed sum allotted to it. One year they received $150,000 for maintenance.

MIRACLES

BY GEORGE B. STAFF

A sunbeam from a rifted cloud
 Gleamed through the falling raindrops clear,
And, arched across the storm-rack's shroud,
 A message came to cheer.

A kind word in a bitter strife
 Pierced sullen Anger's armor dark,
Dispelled harsh feelings that were rife
 And kindled friendship's spark.

A good deed to a man in sin
 Sped swiftly to an undreamed goal,
It stirred the light divine within,
 And raised a fallen soul!

CALIFORNIA'S PIONEER HOME-SEEKERS

BY CARDINAL GOODWIN



ALL summer and during the early Autumn of eighteen hundred and forty, the little town of Weston in the county of Platte, Missouri, was excited to fever heat by the account of Robidoux, a French trapper, who came from California. The hard times experienced during the years eighteen thirty-nine and forty had already produced a restlessness along the frontier region west of the Mississippi, and this feeling was still further increased by letters to numerous friends in Missouri from John Marsh, a graduate of Harvard College and a former resident of Missouri, who came to California in eighteen thirty-six. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising, therefore, that matters should reach a climax upon the appearance of a man who had actually been to California, and whose account of that region was even more flattering than former ones had been. "He said it was a perfect paradise, a perpetual spring," and the chronicler continues: "He was a calm, considerate man, and his stories had all the appearance of truth."

A meeting of the people of the town was called, and Robidoux consented to attend and to answer questions regarding the new country. One question, writes an eye witness, that a Missourian always asked about a new country was whether or not its citizens were subject to ague.

"There never was but one man in California who had the ague," replied Robidoux. "He was from Missouri and carried the disease in his system. It was such a curiosity to see a man shake with the chills that the people of Monterey went eighteen miles into the country to watch him."

It is needless to say that the meeting resulted in still further increasing the desire to go to California. An organization was formed, committees were appointed and a pledge drawn up binding the signers to dispose of their property and purchase suitable outfits for a trip across the plains. About five hundred signed during the winter. For a while it looked as if the whole population of Weston and the surrounding country would move to California. The business men became alarmed and began work to defeat the movement. They ridiculed the whole scheme as being a wild chimera. They argued against it and exaggerated the real dangers of such a trip. They denounced the instigators as fakers and accused them of willfully spreading falsehoods regarding the climate and resources of California. It happened that some letters were being published at this time in New York papers which represented California in a less favorable light, and at the suggestion of the Weston merchants these were reprinted in local papers and scattered throughout the community. The excitement began to cool. Another public meeting was called and another committee appointed to correspond with people in California, with those who had gone there, and with still others who might desire to go. The whole object of the second meeting seems to have been to counteract the effect of the work of the merchants, and to keep up the spirits of those who had signed to emigrate.

It proved in vain, however. The zeal of the people seems to have waned as quickly as it had risen.

An Organization Perfected.

While affairs were going thus at Weston, the desire to emigrate was taking a slower but firmer hold on the people along the frontier toward the

south. Small companies were forming in Missouri and Arkansas under the direction of bold leaders. Just how many of these there were it is difficult to say. One was organized at St. Louis by Josiah Belden, and another at Independence, probably by William Baldridge, a millwright. He was detained at the last minute, however, by a large contract for building mills, so John Bartleson became the leader. Another division was headed by Robert Rickman, and still another probably by Joseph M. Chiles. These all came together at Independence, Missouri, and went from there to what was called the Kansas River Camp near Sapling Grove, Kansas, and about nine miles west of the Missouri line. Here they were joined by several others, among whom were John Bidwell and three followers from Weston (none of whom except Bidwell had signed the pledge to emigrate during the preceding winter), and a band of Catholic missionaries on their way to the Flathead Indians in Oregon.

On May 18, 1841, after a party, consisting of eleven missionaries, forty-seven emigrants, three trappers, two men on a pleasure trip and a Methodist minister, had assembled, an organization of a main company was formed. Paul Geddes, alias T. J. Green, was elected president, John Bidwell secretary, and Bartleson captain. They still needed a guide. It was found upon inquiry that the company contained only one man who was familiar with the country through which they were to pass. This was Captain Fitzpatrick, who had been employed by the Catholic missionaries to guide them to the head waters of the Columbia. As about half of the company was destined to go to Oregon, they would have the benefit of his experience to the end of their journey.

Along the Oregon Trail.

On Wednesday, the 19th of May, the company broke camp and started off in single file. The missionaries, with four carts and one wagon, took the lead, and were followed by eight wagons drawn by horses and mules, the rear being brought up by five wagons drawn by seventeen yoke of oxen. They followed the right bank of the Kansas River through rolling prairies interspersed with black walnut, elm and hickory, traveling about



Shooting prairie dogs, one of the sports of the early pioneers.
(From an old print.)

fifteen miles a day. On the twenty-third they were detained a short time in order to recover some oxen that had strayed from camp, and again on the twenty-sixth to repair two broken wagons. Without further misfortune they crossed the Kansas River, probably in the neighborhood of the present site of Wamego, and continued westward to the Big Blue. Crossing this stream, they turned northward toward the Platte River, covering this part of the journey at the rate of about twenty miles a day. On the thirty-first they met six wagons loaded with furs and robes, going from Fort Laramie to St. Louis. During the morning of the first of June they received their first scare from the Indians. The band proved to be friendly, however, and even returned a gun and a horse stolen from a member of the company the day before. As a further token of friendship, the Indians seem to have accompanied them to the Platte. They reached the latter place about noon of the same day, and "enjoyed a heavy shower in the afternoon, and in the evening a wedding."

Here the company turned westward, following the south bank of the Platte. On the fifth of June they passed a number of boats belonging to the American Fur Trading Company which were loaded with furs for the Eastern market. E. Stone, a member of the company, joined the fur traders and returned to the States. On the eighth of June the expedition camped at the junction of the North and South Forks of the Platte River. Hundreds of buffaloes were seen on the plains, and bones of dead animals covered the valley in which they camped. They forded the South Fork about fifty miles west of the junction, and crossed over to the North Fork and ascended the north bank of that stream to Fort Laramie, at which place they arrived on the twenty-second of June. They stayed at this fort of the American Fur Trading Company for two days before continuing the journey, and two of the party, Simpson and Mast, remained there.

Recrossing the North Platte, probably at Fort Laramie, they ascended the river for more than a hundred miles, and again crossed it to the Sweetwater. While following up the latter stream, they put in a supply of buffalo meat to last them over the mountains. They met Frapp and a party of trappers from Fort Laramie, who were hunting and trading with the Indians in this region, and spent three days trafficking with them. Prices were exorbitant—powder one dollar per pint, lead a dollar and a half per pound, blankets eight to fifteen dollars, sugar one dollar per cupful, tobacco two dollars and a half per pound, and other things accordingly.

The expedition crossed the divide through South Pass, struck the head waters of Big Sandy Creek, descended that stream to Green River, and continued down the latter to Black Fork, where they camped on the night of July thirty-first. Guards were posted to keep the Blackfeet Indians from stealing their horses, and the next day they followed the Black Fork of the Green River to its source, and crossed to Bear River, continuing along the latter stream to Soda Springs.

Probably no part of the journey was more thoroughly enjoyed by the majority of the company than the few days preceding their arrival at Soda Springs. It was in the early part of August, and the sky was clear and the weather perfect. Rugged summits of almost every shape extended their rock-ribbed forms into the western sky, receiving the first rays of the sun in the early morning, probably while the emigrants ate their breakfasts of cold buffalo meat, bread and coffee, and standing cold and still against the horizon long after the evening glow had disappeared and the travelers had gone to sleep.

The Company Divides.

At Soda Springs the company divided, Fitzpatrick, with the Oregon party, continued northward to Fort Hall, after having tried in vain to persuade the remainder of the company to



The last day with the abandoned wagons. (From an old print.)

abandon their trip to California. The California division waited at Soda Springs for the return of four of their number who went to Fort Hall with Fitzpatrick, for the purpose of procuring provisions and a guide. The men returned without having obtained either. They did, however, get some vague directions and some general advice with some uncanny "if's" attached to the observation of it. They were told of a desert to the south in which they might become involved if they went too far in that direction; of a maze of canyons, streams and cliffs toward the north, and of a certain stream known as "Mary's" or "Ogden" (Humboldt) River which had been visited by Hudson Bay Company trappers, and which they were advised to find and follow. To wander too far south meant death from thirst in the desert; to stray too far north meant a similar fate from starvation among the cliffs and canyons; to stir between these two alternatives, if they found a stream in that section, meant the possibility of prolonging their journey into the region of uncertainties!

Such were the conditions under which these thirty-two men, accompanied by a woman and a child, left Soda Springs, without a guide, in order to make settlements in California.

Over the Desert.

Breaking camp after the return of their men from Fort Hall, the expedition made its way down Bear River until the water in that stream became too salty for use. The country, too, was obscured by smoke. The route from here to the Humboldt is difficult to determine. They probably followed the northern shore to Salt Lake, using such water as they could find in pools by making it into strong coffee, pushing their way along the northern and western borders of the Great Salt Lake Desert, traveling in a general southwestern direction, "hunting their way among rocks and gullies and through

sage brush," both men and animals half famished from thirst, until the twenty-sixth of August. On that day they discovered an Indian trail leading off to the mountains toward the north. Following this, they soon found a supply of water and grass. On the twenty-ninth, Captain Bartleson and Colonel Hopper went ahead to explore the country, the company in the meantime moving just fast enough to keep the animals in grass. On September ninth the explorers returned and reported that "St. Mary's" River was about five days' journey toward the west. Again resuming the journey, the emigrants traveled westward. They soon found the country too rough for wagons, so these were abandoned, together with such other things as could not be carried on the backs of animals. None of the company, however, had had experience in loading pack animals, and the mules and oxen were just as inexperienced in carrying loads. Packs would turn into the dirt, and old mules that appeared "too skinny" to travel under ordinary circumstances would run and kick, and oxen would buck and bellow, greatly to the amusement of the emigrants and to the discomfiture of the animals.

After moving west probably just north of Franklin Lake in Nevada, crossing the East Humboldt Range of Mountains, and passing in the neighborhood of the little town of Evans, bearing a little north of west as they proceeded, they struck the "St. Mary's" where it turns northwest on the twenty-third of September. From information they had received regarding the river, it should have flowed southwest, and after following the stream eight days they began to fear that they were becoming involved in that northern region against which the trappers at Fort Hall had warned them. On October the second, however, the whole company was elated to find the river suddenly turn southwest. They followed the stream through a barren region, finding no game and probably little food for the animals, as the country had been burned over a short time before by the Indians. The oxen had become too weak to bear loads, but they were still driven on for food, the supply of buffalo meat having given out before the company reached St. Mary's River. About the seventh of October the company arrived at the sink.

While descending St. Mary's River the supply of tobacco gave out. Some of the men cut out the corners of their pockets where they had been carrying it, and chewed these. One member of the company, "Belty," after having utilized his last pocket, contrived a scheme whereby he procured a chew daily as long as it lasted. Few of the mules that remained with the company had been able to carry a load for some time, but "Belty's" animal retained its strength to a remarkable degree, considering the hardships of the journey. He arranged each morning to allow some one of the company to ride the mule all day providing he received as compensation a chew of tobacco. In fact, he seems to have been as dependent on it as on his food, and to have been affected by the loss of it very much as a morphine victim is afflicted when deprived of his "dope." (Bidwell, "California from 1841-48," MS., gives an illustration. A friendly Indian appeared in camp one evening, bringing a chew of tobacco that "Belty" had lost during the early morning while breaking camp. So enraged was the tobacco fiend that he was on the point of killing the Indian for theft when some member of the company intervened.)

Again, the exact route is difficult to determine. They traveled southwest from the sink, probably passing Humboldt, and Carson Lakes, striking Walker River where it flows south before emptying into Walker Lake.

Ascending the North Fork of that stream they reached its source at the foot of the Sierra Mountains on the sixteenth of October. Some men were sent out to find a passage, and after an absence of a day and night reported that "the mountains were barely passable." Many doubted the



Early California immigrants on their way across the plains—one of the earliest form of the "prairie schooner."
(From an old print.)

advisability of attempting to continue farther, thinking it better to return to Fort Hall before the snows overtook them. A vote was taken, and by a majority of one they decided to continue the journey westward.

It was probably the eighteenth of October when the company set forth to cross the mountains, picking their way along the valleys between peaks, passing through forests of pine, along dry beds of streams, dodging boulders and scaling mountains until they reached the summit. Here a frightful prospect opened before them. "Naked mountains whose summits still retained the snow of perhaps a thousand winters," could be seen in the distance, and beneath them yawned deep chasms as silent as the giant peaks on which they stood. The supply of beef gave out on the twenty-second of October, and a mule was killed for food. Taking advantage of their helpless condition, the Indians interrupted their progress, delaying the company by guiding them into out-of-the-way places and leaving them. On the twenty-ninth even Hopper, their most experienced mountaineer, gave up all hope of ever reaching California.

But this was the darkness before the dawn. On the thirtieth of October the hopes of the party were revived by the discovery of a stream flowing west. It was the Stanislaus River. They started down the north bank, but soon crossed over to the south side. It was apparently impossible to follow the stream on account of boulders and canyons, so the emigrants worked their way down, keeping a general westerly direction, finally staggering through the present site of Sonora. Here a coyote was killed, and their drooping spirits were revived for a final effort. After the meal they pushed onward. In the twilight of the evening of the thirty-first of October, they glided ghost-like from the shadows of the mountains to the plains below in the vicinity of the present site of Knight's Ferry. At ten o'clock in the evening they stretched themselves upon the plains and slept, little dreaming that they were already in California. The next morning they woke early and discovered a belt of timber off to the right. Although it was only ten miles distant, it took them, in their weakened condition, all day to reach it. In the early evening they found themselves again at the Stanislaus. Here an abundant supply of game was at hand, especially antelope, and before night they had killed two of the latter, two sand-hill cranes, and had gathered a supply of "ripe and luscious wild grapes."

Sending two of their number ahead to explore the country, the company decided to remain in camp a day or two, and lay in a supply of game, still believing that they would have to cross another range of mountains. After killing "thirteen deer and antelopes" they resumed the journey. They followed the north bank of the Stanislaus to the San Joaquin Valley, where they met the scouts sent out a few days earlier. The latter had been conducted by some friendly Indians to Marsh's ranch at the foot of Mt. Diablo, and here the entire company arrived about the fourth of November, receiving, according to Bidwell, a cold reception; according to Hopper, a cordial welcome.

While camping the first night on the Stanislaus River, the company had been joined by Jones and Kelsey, two members of the party who became lost in the mountains while hunting, and while resting at Marsh's ranch they learned of the safety of another, John Jones, who had left them while crossing the Sierras. He had made his way to Sutter's Fort, told of the hardships and dangers his fellow countrymen were experiencing, and Sutter had sent men with mules loaded with provisions into the mountains to meet them. The reader knows already, however, that Colonel Sutter's relief force never reached the immigrants.

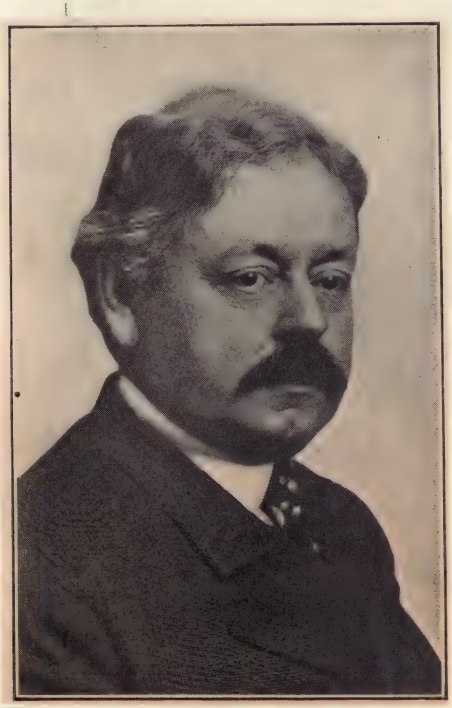
The story in next month's number will describe conditions in California in 1841

THE MEETING OF THE NATIONS IN 1915

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT

WITHIN a year, many of the great buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be in process of construction; within two years hundreds of thousands of people will come from everywhere to see take form the exposition that in its beauty and daring conception will have no analogy in the history of the world.

The nation's Fair that celebrates the opening of the Panama Canal will be distinctive among all the international expositions of the world. A comparison with other great world's fairs would fail completely in carrying an idea of the world's jubilee in 1915. Former world's expositions have portrayed the progress of the world in the arts, sciences, industries and humanities. The Panama-Pacific Exposition will fulfill this function upon a more splendid and comprehensive scale than has ever before been attempted. More than this, it will be an international jubilee, a magnificent commemorative celebration in which the nations of the world will take part in a program that will be just as much a part of the Exposition as are the buildings, or the displays, or the adornment of San Francisco.



Frederick J. V. Skiff, director-in-chief of foreign and domestic participation.

The program will consist of major events of world importance coming in periods two months apart, with minor events in between and these events will last throughout the progress of the Exposition. About six months before the Exposition opens, the program will be widely published so that prospective visitors may determine at what season of the year they will visit San Francisco.

Just when the Exposition will open has not yet been determined; probably it will be early in 1915. President Moore is greatly in favor that the exposition shall last throughout the entire year, and the sentiment among the directorate also favors this view; although the term of the Exposition is not yet settled, it is reasonably certain that it will last at least nine months. California enjoys a peculiar advantage in possessing a climate which will permit visitors to view America's jubilee at any season of the year without discomfort. To those who live in the East the attraction of visiting California in the winter season is a potent one, while those from interior points in the Far West would as naturally choose the summer as the period in which they may visit the Exposition and escape the heat.

About two weeks after the Exposition opens will occur the first event of the program, the entrance into San Francisco harbor of the greatest international fleet of battleships in the history of the world. The vessels of



The great battleship fleet entering the Golden Gate on the round Cape Horn voyage from Hampton Roads, May 6, 1908. This water-way will be the foreground of the main features of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915.



Gatun upper locks, looking north from the east bank. Length of crest, 8,000 feet; extreme width, 2,100.

the world will first assemble at Hampton Roads, where, joined by ships of the United States Navy, the composite fleet will be reviewed by the President of the United States; thence the combined fleet, the most magnificent in history, will steam through the Panama Canal to the Golden Gate. A bill extending the formal invitation to the nations of the world to participate in this display has been introduced in Congress by Senator Swanson of Virginia. Every country in the world that has a battleship will be represented at the pageant. From unofficial advices it is anticipated that between eighty and one hundred warships, in addition to those of the United States Navy will participate in the demonstrations.

Many of the battleships that participate in these maneuvres will be induced by California's pleasant climate to remain in San Francisco harbor until there begins the second great feature in the international program—races between the speediest yachts and motor boats of the world, which will occur about two months after the opening of the Exposition. As one of the features of this international water carnival in which rowing and all aquatic sports will find a place, it is planned that the speediest yachts of America and Europe shall start from Europe, race across the Atlantic to New York City, and thence proceed through the Panama Canal to the Golden Gate. The presence of the fleet of yachts, of the speediest motor boats, and of the international fleet of battleships in the harbor will contribute to a wonderful marine panorama. A series of diplomatic and military functions will add to the official character and brilliancy of the occasion. Passenger ships from every port of the world will throng the harbor; it is anticipated that one of the most unique features ever given at an exposition will be exemplified in the presence of the royal yachts. Rulers of foreign nations will be invited to send the royal yachts and to attend in person, or through the representation of personal ambassadors or official representatives.

Following the boat races will come the sports program, a great Olympiad, in which the athletic and outing organizations of the world, each represented in its favorite sport, will contribute to the most interesting international event of its kind ever held. There will be Olympic games in which the athletes of the world will take part; intercollegiate contests embracing baseball and football and other sports; automobile races in which the holders of world's speed records will participate; military maneuvres in which the crack cavalry and infantry of America and other nations will engage upon an extended scale. The ideal ground plan of the Exposition gives the widest scope for the greatest international sports program in history. The auto speed meets will, it is proposed, be held on a driveway extending down to Lake Merced and into Golden Gate Park before the concrete coliseum that will have a seating capacity of 75,000 people. The Olympic games will also be held in this stadium embraced by the coliseum. The military maneuvres will be held upon the Presidio, and for the aviation meet —in which the famous aviators of the world will contest for great trophies and cash prizes—the forts at the Presidio and the battleships in the bay will afford ideal opportunities for mimic contests between the bird men and the military. The substance of Kipling's great story, "As Easy as A. B. C.," may be forecasted at these contests.

An international live stock show will attract the attention of hundreds of thousands who are devoted to that line of industry. The movement to render this feature one of absorbing interest is already under way; it is receiving the heartiest support from Western stock raisers. But interest in this feature of the program reaches far beyond the Pacific Coast. From all parts of the United States and Europe will be sent prize winning stock of the world; perhaps from England may



The water front on the right half of this illustration is the site chosen for the main buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The left half of the water front is the Presidio, the U. S. government military reservation; a large part of this ground will be set aside for national exhibits. The open water-way leading to the left is the Golden Gate.

come pedigreed dairy stock from the royal dairies.

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition will mark a distinctive era in the history of improved stock breeding. The Exposition management is giving widest recognition to the importance of the great stock interests of the West. Standards heretofore unobtainable will be established.

The stock men of the West have a peculiar concern in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. With the opening of the Panama Canal the shipment and importation of stock to and from all parts of the world will receive great impetus. California has green grazing feed throughout the year and its stock can be fed up without being housed too closely. Californians who are raising the finest imported stock from Holland say that this State possesses great advantages in dairying. The live stock exhibits in reality will comprise a series of a number of shows occurring at intervals in close succession, as it will obviously be impossible to show all the stock at once. The preparation for a great international exhibit of this kind reaches even further than the few months required to get the animals in shape. Eminent stock breeders of the world will begin planning their herds so as to carry off some of the great sweepstakes to be offered at the Exposition.

The finest horses in the world will be exhibited and the facility with which stock can be transported to the Exposition grounds by water carriage is a contributing factor toward the exhibition of stock from foreign countries. An accompanying event will be a pet stock show in which poultry, dogs, cats and other fancy stock will be exhibited. At least $25,000, it is anticipated, will be offered for harness races in 1915.

In the early autumn will come a week of parades and pageants of the nations of the Orient. China, Japan, the Philippines, India, and other Oriental lands will join in a series of parades that will rival the famous Indian Durbar in magnificence and surpass the Durbar in viewpoint of diversity by reason of the many nations represented. At the Exposition will be gathered the greatest assemblage of strange tribes of Asia, Africa, Australia, North and South America and the Pacific Islands ever brought together. The romance of the Orient, as well as its industrial awakening, will be combined in features both educational and of compelling interest to visitors.

One can imagine no more splendid scene than Market street, adorned on either side in Exposition times by shining white columns, decorated with the flags of the nations and crossed at convenient intervals by arcades. For miles and miles before the vision of thousands and thousands of spectators who have never seen anything of the kind before, these parades will pass. During the celebration there will be expressed in countless ways the new era that will come to the Far East through the opening of the Panama Canal.

In the concluding days of the Exposition will come a great fiesta reproducing the early history of California when the world thronged to the Golden Gate and of the Mission days inseparably associated with the picturesque history of the State. The management hopes that the festival of California week will be the great concluding event of the program, a fitting finale to the greatest of world's expositions. King Carnival will reign in San Francisco more royally than even in the city's gayest, most brilliant festivals. There will be parades and pageants and great displays of floats illustrative of California's products. The societies of California will be widely represented; its agricultural, viticultural, horticultural, mineral and timber interests will be exemplified to a degree never before made possible to our people. Every attraction and resource that California offers the world as well as the spirit of our people, will be illustrated in the great concluding event of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY AND THE PACIFIC COAST

BY A. R. PINCI

TO TAKE commerce and money away from the East and to give it to the West, is an equalization of benefits to be derived by all of the United States, instead of that section east of the Mississippi—such is the dollar diplomacy of Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State of the United States. He is building for the future, and because the East requires no attention, the Pacific Coast is the aim. Through the ports of California, Oregon and Washington must pass the future mass of commerce, and through them must clear a tonnage that will compare well with that enjoyed by Atlantic ports, but this upbuilding of the West is only possible through the policy of the present administration.

For Secretary Knox, in his silent but incisive way, decided long before he became Secretary of State that the future's benefits would not come from Europe, but the Far East; that the movement of navigation would not be westward on the Atlantic, but eastward on the Pacific. It was not with an eye to what is to happen during the next two, five or ten years that Secretary Knox engaged in the most radical of diplomatic pursuits, but with a well-based forecast of what will be in twenty-five years. And therefore, pursuing his statesmanship on the indications of the present, he has established the dollar diplomacy, which cannot be weakened or neutralized by changes in the State Department or in future administrations. The dollar diplomacy has come to stay—and especially to recognize the great West, which, hitherto, has been ignored by Washington except for national vote-getting purposes.

Dollar diplomacy is a common enough phrase now; it is known the world over. Every foreign government uses the phrase, especially to distinguish foreign politics of the present day from the politics of "Black Cabinet" days. The phrase is a felicitous one and pleases President Taft, as it is liked by Secretary Knox, although its origin is modest, since the writer coined it a little more than a year ago, in a series of special articles for a New York newspaper. Dollar diplomacy has nothing to do with the dollar, or with money. It is supposed to express a commercial international policy of expansion, and in this case means that the United States, having had enough of European aggrandizing statesmanship, has decided to develop the whole world in the interests of the American people, but, as distinguished from its European progenitor, it is devoid of all subterfuges which have cost the smaller countries in the world millions of dollars and thousands of square miles of territory.

The dollar diplomacy is applied to two specific centers—the Far East, embracing China and Japan, and the American Continent, from the Rio Grande to Patagonia. This territory, roughly speaking, has been a morsel for European politics for a century. In Central and South America, foreign flags are always to be discerned, through provinces dominated by England, France and Holland. In an indirect way whole colonies of Germans and Spaniards are elsewhere exercising prerogatives not always consist-

ent with local laws because of the assurance that their government would aid in the event of an argument. In China, the great Powers, excepting the United States, have particular grants, obtained by false pretenses or force, with a growing tendency to enlarge the limits. It has always been very easy for Europe to give aid to the smaller nations. If they did not repay on time they would lose so much of their territory, ostensibly for a given period, during which the revenues would be charged against the original loan, but in reality for a permanent holding.

This was the case when the Chinese Government called for a loan of $30,000,000, with which to build the Hankow-Sze-chuen Railway. French, German and English bankers were ready to take it up in thirds, when Secretary Knox, awakened by the danger that threatened if the matter were not taken in hand in time, prevailed upon the President to send the now memorable cablegram to China, in which he asked an equal share in that loan in behalf of American capitalists. It was at this juncture that Secretary Knox allied himself with the great Morgan syndicate of New York—an alliance that is as wholesome, in its odd, strange conjunction, as it is advantageous to the American people. What was the object? This question was asked by diplomats, by statesmen, by congressmen. Inspired articles in the foreign press hinted at a reversal of American principles—at a repudiation of the Hay joint note of 1901, by which the Powers pledged themselves to the permanence of China—whereas there had been sufficient reasons to show that the European Powers would have disregarded that note on the first excuse.

But Secretary Knox, who has had first-hand experience with railroads and with monopolies, realized that to permit foreign groups to dominate the nucleus of Chinese railroads would have served to shut out the Americans. It was a matter of the future, but nevertheless he did not intend, while he was in charge of America's foreign interests, to let Europe monopolize China's commerce. Not only he wanted the railroads—most of them on paper, so far—free from the governmental influence of Germany, France, England and Russia, but he intended that Americans should own as much, based on a given ratio, as they were desirous of buying. Naturally there was no possibility of bringing the matter before the American public, and emulating the foreign governments themselves, Secretary Knox turned to J. P. Morgan, who dominates $5,000,000,000. The latter had already entered the Chinese railroad field, under the tenure of Secretary Hay when he paid in excess of seven million dollars for the Canton-Hankow Railroad, which later was sold to the Chinese government. Mr. Morgan did not want to return to the Far East for investment, but this was a case of necessity as well as of gain. Besides, the development, under the new regime of China, of the railway system there, meant a development of Pacific navigation. New York to the Philippine Islands was a chain of transportation in which he was not financially disinterested.

The plans were simple. Secretary Knox expected to receive, from the Chinese government, further grants and privileges for American dollars, and none at the cost of territory or affecting Chinese suzerainty. Would the Money Trust pledge its support toward securing the share that the United States must have? Mr. Morgan and his associates are not always greedy. They wanted so much per cent for their investment, and so much guarantee for their capital. Mr. Morgan had faith in Mr. Knox' valuation of guarantees, and as a result, the great financier readily assented to invade the Chinese field. The Hankow loan required sixteen months of negotiation before it was finally accepted and signed. Generally speaking, the loan will pay about 8 per cent gross.

Now there is even a greater field. With the advent of a republic in China

there has come a situation which will automatically change the commercial possibilities of the old country. This change will be for the better; in other words, the State Department believes that the amount of commerce possible under the old regime will be materially increased.

Practically all of the old reforms planned under the Manchu dynasty will be carried out by the republic. Primary among these stands the currency reform. The loan of $50,000,000 pledged by Mr. Morgan through Willard D. Straight, his Peking representative, will not be affected. In some quarters it is even hinted that the loan may be doubled, in order to speed the reform and extend its scope. These views are shared by the European diplomats stationed at Washington, who told the writer that their governments look upon the change in China not as a calamity, but as a sign of the times.

Next in importance to the currency loan come two others, about which Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the President of China, is especially interested. They may be termed industrial loans, and the money will revert, in time, to the United States. These loans replace the ones for army and navy purposes applied for by Princes Tsai Tao and Tsai Hsun on the occasion of their respective visits to this country eighteen months ago.

Secretary Knox, the writer is authorized to state, looks upon the new China as a boon for the Pacific Coast. While any change in the governmental structure of any nation will be always accompanied by a more or less pronounced lull in the business relations with the rest of the world, the impetus that follows when new conditions have become settled and the new regime is in working order, more than compensates for the break. Hence at the State Department it was said that it may take one, two, perhaps five years before normal conditions may be reestablished in the industrial relations between China and the United States, but that the volume of business done after that will be more than could have been dreamed of by business men, measured upon the usual fluctuations under past conditions if they had been continued, for that same period.

Moreover, it must be said, the State Department is thankful for the lull. It will show whether the Chinese will like what they have done, and the world may have a chance to judge how they will handle themselves at a critical constructive time, and this will enable foreign bankers to determine the safety of trusting the young government with funds and credit to carry on its rehabilitation as progress demands.

The currency loan, which early in January was raised to $70,000,000 by action of the Republican Assembly, will go through in proper time. Money is what China needs, and under its present monetary system there is no hope to equalize her commerce with that of the Occident. As the collateral for this particular loan will be governmental, and will be further secured by governmental guarantee, its conclusion depends entirely upon what will take place within the year.

To date, however, Secretary Knox has been instrumental in obtaining for American investors—and it may safely be added the public at large, since the Morgan syndicate handles the bulk of the small investor and is responsible to him for the amount—$97,500,000 in loans, bearing from 5 to 8 per centum, as safe as United States Treasury bonds, and which will be susceptible of the most elastic disbursement as can be devised by scientific management. In other words, a large portion of this money will never leave its present depositories, although it belongs to China when the loans are ratified, and will draw interest from the date of ratification. For, it must be explained, Secretary of State Knox submitted one condition for the loan: that not less than one-third of the total amount intended for expenditure outside of China must be expended in the United States. So the railway loans—to include those that are to come—mean a practical expenditure

in this country of all the moneys advanced, since American locomotives, trains, freight cars and rails have the preference. With the battleships, it is likely that they will be built, in most instances at American yards, because Prince Tsai Hsun was greatly impressed with the work going on at the different shipyards. The ammunition, cannon and other paraphernalia connected with general armament will be about evenly divided between the Krupp works in Germany and the American manufacturers.

It is evident, therefore, that these purchases in the United States will increase the commerce of the United States with the Far East. Furthermore, the loans to China for armament, ships, forts and such like, will be restricted, there being a general feeling that so long as Chinese integrity is pledged by the great Powers, China will have no occasion to go to war, and the only armament need be that required for internal protection. This arrangement has a double effect: it means that the money will go into more utilitarian channels than belligerence, as well as to discourage the desire for war.

Perhaps the Pacific Coast is most concerned with the Chinese railway system as now planned, and which will be in operation within seven years. It embraces a complete roadbed from the Pacific Coast to the interior, and through an enlargement and modernization of its almost perfect canal systems, to make China accessible in every respect.

There are sixty million Chinese who, contrary to popular belief, have enough money to buy the goods of American and European manufacturers, if such goods could only be taken to their doors at a not prohibitive carrying cost. These Chinese would want everything, from cloth to steel pins, from dollar watches to aeroplanes. They have the tendency to be educated to these modern improvements. Where shall the production to suit these millions come from? Certainly not from Europe. It is Secretary Knox' view that Europe can never satisfy the wants of Asia, once Asia awakens to the needs of the day as they are enjoyed by his Caucasian brother.

The reason is apparent. First of all, the cost of railroad transportation has always been, and always will be, excessive. Again, the trans-Siberian railroad, the only system in existence touching Europe and China, is not susceptible of much improvement, and even to multiply the tracks will not avail much. The trip is lengthy, and it is estimated that even fast freight would mean nine weeks in transit, from Paris to the Pacific Coast. A trainload of freight is always limited, no matter how heavy. Then there are the elements which throw obstacles. Snows, rains, intense cold through Siberia—all tend to make trans-Siberian transportation on a general scale a dream.

An American outlet is far more adapted. Freight from San Francisco or Seattle to China, in a modern steamship, will take three weeks, with one intermediate port of call—Yokohama. A steamship load equals, ordinarily, that of forty freight trains. There are no obstacles, as the Pacific is not a dangerous ocean; thus, maritime transportation is, per ton-mile, a fraction of the terrestrial. Granted that a given article for Chinese consumption is manufactured in Ohio, it can be delivered, by means of uniform, connecting train service, to the piers on the Coast in six days at the outside. Five weeks, therefore, or about one-half of the time required by the other route, will favor the carrying of American goods.

Another highly important consideration is cost of manufacture. The tariff, of course, would not figure in these calculations. It is well known that Germany can buy American basic articles, finish them, and export them back to the United States for less than the finished American product would cost. But Germany would not fare so well in buying the same product, finish it, pack it for shipment to

China, freight it on a railroad, and make a profit, if there is the same American article, finished in America, exported directly via the Pacific. For, after all, it must be remembered that all goods for national consumption cost the American buyer more than the same goods will cost, after export and middlemen's profits, to foreign buyers. Hence it is more than likely that a Hankow Chinese can buy a standard American penknife, made to retail in the United States at $2, for either the same amount or at the outside $2.10.

Again, the consideration that European manufacturers can export to the Far East by ship instead of railroad, cheaper, does not seem to be proved by calculations. It is true that the Panama Canal will mean the elimination of Suez for all such traffic, and that from London or Hamburg to Yokohama will be an easy run, so to speak, but only in comparison with the general freightage charge of today, and utterly irrespective of the circumstances that, in the future, will make Americans their competitors, both in cost of manufacture as well as of transportation.

Then there comes South and Central America. Just now the latter countries are turning to Europe for their purchases, because Europe handles them better. Their selling system is far superior to the American, and, besides, the delivery is prompt. But the smaller republics have a certain ingrown, definite antagonism toward European markets, and they would be abandoned at once if the merchants could find a direct way of buying in the United States. With the completion of the Panama Canal the absence of transportation—for that which exists is a poor excuse in these days of modern demand of speed and timeliness—will be made up, because the entire Pacific Coast can get together and establish its own packets to take care of the commerce which is waiting.

Meanwhile, South America wants money. Honduras wants $10,000,000, which will be advanced by the Morgan syndicate; Ecuador hopes for a $25,000,000 loan, and Ecuador is the richest country, per capita, in the South; Mexico, even, wants from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 for the rehabilitation of its internal governmental system. Secretary Knox hopes to arrange to take up all these loans. For in Wall street there is a great deal of money that cannot be employed locally, but is readily available for use out of the United States. And one of the odd situations, moreover, is that Mr. Morgan can call on Europe—through his bank at London and his French correspondents—for all the money he wants, and while the income would go to the owners of the capital, the political interest of the loans would be vested in the United States.

And this is what Secretary Knox has aimed at. He wants to enlarge the scope of American supremacy in commerce and industry. He would like to see Americans at the corners of the world pushing ahead as they are doing at home. He does not care whether the United States owns a certain strip of land, for instance, at the North Pole or in South Africa, as such a holding would be valueless unless peopled by Americans. He would rather see the agency of a sewing machine or harvester company established at both those places, with a figurative American flag surrounding their premises. He expects them to be honest and upright in their dealings with the natives, but he also intends to safeguard them from the encroachments—generally political—of other foreigners.

He does not care whether the Constitution follows the flag or not, but he is sure that the flag follows commerce. He sees no prospect for development either on the Atlantic Coast or Europeward, and furthermore the business situation in the East is so solid that the next century of it will take care of it by itself. So, in looking for a channel for the outlet of surplus American commerce, industry and finance, he must look to the Pacific Coast, and collaterally to the Far

East, where the undeveloped Asiatic Continent awaits the pioneer industrial representative of this century.

As for the political aspect of the future, nothing need be said. It is as clear as spring water. By a stroke of diplomacy Secretary Knox and Baron Uchida, the Japanese Ambassador, the objection against Japanese immigration to the United States was removed, but Japan, desirous of retaining its population in the immediate neighborhood of the empire, is exercising vigilance against expatriation. China, too, has decided that the provisions against coolie labor are justified. The Chinese are impressed now with the fact that the two bloods will not mix, and this anthropological reason is considered all-sufficient. The personal element of offense has been neutralized. The measure is now considered to benefit the Chinese as much as to protect the American, and after all, the measure is not the last word, as any Chinese who wishes to come to the United States can do so upon proper application to the proper officers.

And in defense of the dollar diplomacy and Secretary Knox and his plans, which are substantially as set forth above, the President does not hesitate to speak. The dollar diplomacy idea appeals to him, and in this regard he says:

"The Department of Foreign Affairs in a government, if it be useful and successful, is not generally very spectacular, and it requires a recital of its work. In the first place I ought to mention that the State Department, until last year, has never been properly organized. This was not due to lack of desire on the part of former Secretaries of State, but it seemed as if Congress had not understood the importance of increasing the instrumentalities of the department.

"The story that the field of diplomacy does not include in any degree commerce and the increase of trade relations is one to which Mr. Knox and the Administration do not subscribe. We believe it to be of the utmost importance that while our foreign policy should not be turned a hair-breadth from the straight path of justice, it may be well made to include active intervention to secure for our merchandise and our capitalists opportunity for profitable investment.

"The policy of the open door was inaugurated by the American government while John Hay was Secretary of State, and its inception in a note circulated among the Powers by him. It has been the intention of this Administration to conserve and maintain that policy as far as possible. The Chinese government and people are passing through a marvelous stage of transition from ancient to modern methods, and in this progressive work of development there is no country to which China looks with such friendly reliance as to the United States. The State Department may, therefore, well foster the use and investment of American capital which operates for the establishment of legitimate American business interests in China."



EDITH BELLOWS

BY KATHERINE RAWLSTON

EDITH BELLOWS sat at the desk in her father's study, typing a many paged manuscript. Her face was pale, and her beautiful, dark eyes revealed a troubled spirit. She had kept at her task in spite of a great weariness that she might submerge her own thoughts and escape a tormenting mood.

At last the work was done. She impatiently pushed the papers from her and sat with her face resting in her hands, musing. Her reverie was interrupted by the door bell, and as she rose hastily, her face was instantly suffused with color, which faded quickly and left it paler than before.

The young woman had appeared much understatured as she sat in the high-backed office chair, but standing, she was not conspicuously low of stature. Though deformed by a slight spinal curvature, her bearing was remarkably free from the awkwardness which generally accompanies her defect. To a casual observer, it seemed easy and unconscious—even graceful. Only a penetrating eye could discern a determined, never-relaxed effort to make a harmony of ill proportions.

On hearing the bell she had stepped into her dressing room to bathe her face and hands. Returning to the study her eyes met the fair, handsome face of the Reverend Philip Hawk, and behind him, with a red hand on either side of the door-frame, stood Maria, the housekeeper.

"Miss Edith," she was saying, "Mr. Hawk'll excuse my bein' so kind o' frowsy. I'm behint with the Saturday's work."

"Oh, don't apologize, Maria," said the minister, smiling. "I've a frowsy den at home. If Miss Edith and you will forgive my calling on Saturday, it will be more than I've a right to expect."

Maria disappeared, pleased to have been included in the reply. With a glance at the desk, Mr. Hawk said: "I have interrupted your work, haven't I? Will you thank me or anathematize me? I hoped I should not be entirely unwelcome, for I needed the privilege of calling."

"I am glad you came," Edith answered, but her voice sounded strange and unsteady, and she turned away as soon as she spoke, ostensibly to adjust a window shade, but really to get command of her trembling lips. Why could she not meet the minister with her usual self-possession and calm? She had been wickedly self-indulgent in letting a growing regard for him take so commanding a place in her thoughts lately, and now was she going to pay the penalty by betraying herself? "No, a thousand times no."

She laughed a little nervously, as she turned again to her guest. "Your visit is a blessing to me. I was getting so tired and nervous that I feel hysterical? Don't be shocked, Mr. Hawk, if I show great levity of conduct this afternoon."

The minister felt a little surprise at this unusual mood, but said sympathetically: "Yes, that kind of work bottles up the larger energies too closely. I shall be glad if my coming serves as a safe discharger for your cramped powers."

As Edith led the way to the parlor, she strove to regain her usual poise, but her nerves were shaken. Her lips quivered, and her step became unsteady. Hawk stepped to her side.

"You are ill, dear," he said, then

reddened at the involuntary use of the tender tone and word. "Sit here and let me get you some wine."

"No, I am not ill. I kept working too long, and—and I am out of temper with myself. My nerves are taking revenge on me. Really, I am not ill?" she repeated, defiantly. "I warned you I should behave outrageously."

The minister was nonplussed.

"Let us go out, then?" he said. "It is a little windy, but not too rough for a walk in the locust grove."

"No," she replied, determined not to acknowledge the need of being humored. "I want to hear about your sermon. Let me tear it to pieces."

"My sermon! Let me see: No, Miss Bellows, Edith, I don't want to speak of the sermon now. Let me tell you what I came to say to you to-day." He bent forward and took her hand. Edith looked quickly into his face with a startled and half-distrustful glance.

His eyes shone with a tender, compassionate love, as he began to speak warmly.

"Edith, my mind is in as great a tumult as those tossing tree tops out there, but I am sure of one thing: I love you, and want you for my wife. Wait, Edith—hear me."

She had risen with a protesting gesture, which seemed to forbid his saying more; and, denying the eloquent entreaty of his expression, she burst out passionately.

"I can't believe it. You do not want to marry me, a misshapen woman, fit only to sit among bodily props and practice the trick of the typewriter." She stood gripping the chair arm with one delicate hand, her eyes flashing with pride and anger.

The minister strove to reply, but with an imperious gesture she stopped him.

"How dare you speak to me of love?" she cried. "You mock me."

"Stop, Edith! Hear me! There's not a woman of my acquaintance so perfect in heart and mind—and it is the heart and mind that make the woman. You are a queen, Edith, and have charm and to spare of every kind. I do love you, dear, and want you for my wife."

"You have taken me at a disadvantage. You were led by my manner today to make this avowal——"

"No, no, Edith! You are wrong. Do you doubt my word? Do you not know your own worth? I came here to-day to tell you that I love you. Have I acted like a secure lover? I have been only too conscious that you might reject me, proudly, yet I have allowed my thoughts to leap ahead to a time when you were my promised wife—aye, even my wedded wife, Edith, and felt myself the happiest, the most blessed of men."

She did not reply. She was looking back to the beginning of their acquaintance, recalling the steps, or rather bounds, by which it had progressed, and was thinking that it was she who had invited the early bridging of the chasm between casual acquaintance and friendship. She had been lonely, hungering for the society of a congenial mind, and she had thought her infirmity was her safeguard and his, against any element of romance in their relations. She had long ago decided that love and marriage were not for her. Imperceptibly her heart had slipped the leash of the human will, and had flooded her being with a warmer emotion than that which friendship evokes.

The minister tried to read her face as she stood there, seemingly oblivious for a time of his presence. He could not divine that she was reproaching herself.

"Edith," he began, his voice vibrating in his earnestness, "I have been ill-timed in telling you of my love. You are displeased. Do not judge me now. Let me come again, or write and tell you all I came to say to-day. Goodbye." He took her hand. "We are friends still," he pleaded. "I cannot lose my friend."

"We are friends, of course," she answered quietly. "Good-night."

As the door closed behind him, Edith pressed her hands against her throbbing temples, and gave a smoth-

ered cry of anguish. In a moment she went to her room and sank despairingly on her couch. But the goad of her feelings would not let her rest there. She rose and paced the floor, now burning with shame at her self-betrayal, and now cold with despair as she saw the weary stretch of lonely years to come, bereft of the companionship she had come to so much depend upon. Maria came to the door to call her to dinner.

"Tell father I have a headache, and let no one disturb me to-night," was the answer.

Soon pride, always dominant when her physical deformity bore heavily upon her, asserted itself, putting to rout for a time all other feeling.

"Whether he loves me or merely pities me," she thought "a delicate consideration would have spared me the knowledge of either. He shall know that what he has proposed is an affront. I will not forgive it. We will not be friends any more."

Mingled with her wounded pride was the realization of the cost of renouncing the dear comradeship, and at last overwhelmed by the conflict that raged in her thoughts, she flung herself on the bed, weeping violently.

* * * *

The minister arrived home, dismayed and discouraged. Of late he had begun to doubt his fitness for the calling he had chosen. Not only had doctrinal doubts begun to haunt his mind, but there was a vague reaching out and craving for the exercise of his powers in other fields than that to which he was confined by his conception of the limits of his work and his obligations to its sacred duties. Edith Bellows was not of his faith, and many a friendly controversial war had been waged in Judge Bellow's parlor. The girl's clear-eyed seeing and her fearless following wherever reason and logic led her, were a delight and a stimulus to him. She was as reverent, as religious as he, and though undemonstrative by nature, the minister knew that none of the nobler emotions were dwarfed in her, but that her reserve was the effect of habitual self-command. His strong admiration for this rare personality had become love, and love with the surest foundation—a congeniality of tastes and ideals.

For months he had refrained from declaring his love because of Edith's determined avoidance of the subject, even impersonally discussed, but now the uncertainty about his future career pressed relentlessly for solution, and he found himself unable to take any resolve, or even to plan a course of action, without first settling what had become to him the question of supreme moment. With Edith for his wife, he felt that he could drop anchor anywhere, and associate himself usefully with the life about him. With her, no matter how thickly the clouds of doubt should encompass him, he would be able to pierce through to clear sky, and again get his bearings. Her refusal and the baffling manner of it, drove him back again into the fog of doubt and discouragement. He was unwilling to accept what seemed defeat, but he felt for the time no hope. He sat down at his study desk and began to write to her, telling her all he had hoped and dreamed of their life together, and how the thought of her was woven into every plan and hope for the future. "You have given me a crushing blow, Edith. Tell me how to meet it, and to be all that becomes a man."

It was Sunday morning, and Mr. Hawk was disturbed by a feeling of distaste for the services he must conduct a few hours later.

"I must get myself into a better mood than this," he thought. After a long walk he returned home, and seating himself by the east window of his study, began to read the "Imitations of Christ." He read for some time, but with little effect on the tense chords of feeling. Then he slept. It was nearly ten o'clock when a rap on his study door recalled him. He declined breakfast, but as this defection was not unusual on Sunday, it was accepted without comment by his landlady. Aroused and anxious about the com-

ing services, he took up the sermon he had finished a few hours before his visit to Judge Bellows' home, and sought to reproduce the frame of mind and the mood in which it was written; but both seemed remote now, and would not come at his bidding. He turned again to A' Kempis, but there was no response in his breast to the earnest, fervent words of the saint. The minister groaned in spirit as he foresaw an hour in the pulpit of high-wrought nerves and distracted thought —all having a ground foreign to any relation he bore to his hearers.

It was at last over, and he hastened away from the church. Leaving word that he would dine away from home, he rode off on his wheel. He must have action and something to divert his mind. A ride to Geary and attendance at a temperance meeting, scheduled for three o'clock that afternoon, would meet both ends, and help to consume the eternity that seemed to stretch between the present and the hour at which he might call at Edith's home.

At eight o'clock, when the tired minister again reached home, he excused himself from partaking of the tea that was ready for him, explaining that he had lunched at Geary. He was impatient to see Edith again, and try to win from her a word of sympathy and encouragement. The drawn blinds at the Bellows' home brought him a swift foreboding of disappointment. Maria answered the ring, saying, with a friendly smile, "Oh, it is you, Mr. Hawk? Well, the Judge's folks is all away. They went at noon to-day."

"Ah, indeed! Good-evening," he said dryly. "But stay, will they—can you tell me when they may return?"

"No, I don't just know. They've gone visitin' their friends in Sacramento, 'n' they said it'd be for a few days. I think——"

"Ah!" interrupted the minister. "Good evening."

* * * *

At breakfast Sunday morning Edith had proposed to her father that they take the noon train to Sacramento—where they had many friends that they might visit unceremoniously. The Judge, only too happy to second any wish of his daughter's, readily acquiesced in the plan.

"Let us go to Lawlor's to-night," said Edith, when they had taken their seats in the train.

"Yes, certainly, my dear; but you must see the Childs to-morrow, or there will be a pretty score to settle with the girls."

"Oh, of course, father," Edith answered absently, and turned to look from the car window.

She wanted to think again of what she should do. She must write to the minister and tell him that he must never speak of love to her again. A fierce pride arose in her again, overwhelming and blotting out all else whenever she recalled his words: "It is the heart and mind that make the woman."

"It's ministerial cant," she thought. "It is the habit of such men to pretend to be indifferent to all but intellectual and spiritual qualities. His own physical beauty and strength make his words the greater mockery—but I love him, and I must renounce even his friendly companionship. Oh, God, how can I bear it?"

Suddenly she remembered it to be Sunday afternoon. "I think he will call to-night," she mused. Then: "He said he would write. I had forgotten it. Oh, father," she cried, without turning her face toward him, "we must have our mail forwarded. Will you telephone about it as soon as we get in?"

"Yes, my dear, if you desire it. Is there anything especial you are expecting?"

"Oh, I'm always curious about the mail. I don't want letters to lie in the office."

"Well, I'll 'phone Durphy about it. Shall we have it sent to Lawlor's?"

"Yes, please; that will be best."

It was almost midnight when Edith was alone again. For a long time she sat revolving in her mind the events of the previous evening. The pain and

perplexity of it all grew almost unendurable. All at once she lifted her head proudly, and murmured: "A truce to dreams. I must face the reality. I will give him up. He will marry, and I shall be left alone at last, inevitably."

She seated herself at the little desk she had used so many times before on her visits to her father's old friends, and took up her pen, intending to write a few dispassionate words of final farewell; but alas for such resolves, reckoned without the ruling passion of our lives. Her emotions took possession of her—love and wounded pride surging there, and embittering all she wrote.

She put on her jacket and stepped out through the low window which opened on a side veranda, and hurried to a letter box on a corner two blocks away. She hastily slipped the letter into the box, lest she should presently repent and withhold it. Her words, cruelly barbed with the pain in her heart, afforded immediate relief, and when she was again in her room she lay down composed, and resolved to sleep. But her better feelings—she was rigorously just—and withal very tender toward the man who had brought joy into her whole conscious being, rose and revenged themselves No sleep came to her. The moon had set, and the darkness its withdrawal left, was paling into dawn when her torturing imaginings were merged into fitful fantastic dreams.

The broad light of full day woke her two hours later. Stung by returning memories, she could not rest, but arose and dressed for the street. It was yet more than an hour too early for the rest of the household to be up. Edith walked to the nearest carline intending to ride out to the country. The fresh, morning air and the songs of birds that chorused in the elms bordering the streets soothed her somewhat. She hailed a car and took an outside seat. The rush of the cool air and the swiftly moving panorama that swept before her heavy eyes were like an opiate, dulling feeling and thought till her mind was as vacant as a tired child's. She discovered that she was on a line which terminated at the Southern Pacific Depot, and was told to transfer at L and Fourth streets. She was absently conscious of the halt at that corner, but her attention was not aroused to a realization of what the stop was for, until the car was nearing the great railway station.

A moment later the passengers were picking up their traveling bags and getting off hurriedly. Edith was feeling so sleepy and numbed that she, too, got off to try to rouse herself by walking about. As she stepped to the ground, facing the train that was nearest the depot, the sight of a familiar figure on the platform of one of the day coaches made her catch her breath and shrink back as if from a sudden shock.

Almost before she could turn away, the minister was beside her, looking with eager, asking eyes into her face, and clasping her cold, impassive hand.

"Dear Miss Bellows—Edith! How are you? Were you going to take the train. You look ill. Can I be of any service to you?"

"No, no, I am well. I am only out for a morning ride to cure a slight headache," she said, smiling slightly. "But you were going on this train, and must not miss it. Was that the warning bell?"

"Yes, but I am not going on now. Wouldn't a carriage ride be a good prescription for a headache?"

He spoke lightly, but his face was pale, and his lips drawn into an embarrassed smile.

"No, I must go back now to my father and friends."

Mr. Hawk winced as though stung with a lash. "Pardon me; I would not intrude—but it was such a relief to see you. I called yesterday at your home. Edith, what is my offense? Let me atone, and then be my friend again. I must be a week-kneed minister, Edith, for I have felt the very foundations of my chosen life-work breaking up since you dismissed me last Saturday night. Your counsel and

encouragement seem to have been its corner stone, for with that withdrawn, my world is in chaos."

He had taken her arm, and they walked down the path that skirted the railroad track going north, but neither was conscious of their going. "I wrote to you, but you came here before the letter could be delivered to you. I think you would have been at least kind in your reply, Edith, if you had read the letter, even though you hold me to be too weak to be worthy of your friendship longer."

"Don't," she cried, with a movement of protest. "I have always been flattered and gratified by your friendship. I wrote, too—— You didn't get it, of course. I——"

"Well, Edith, what did you say to me?"

"I said," she began falteringly, stopping in their walk and moving a little way from him, "I said that you were never to come to see me and not ever to—that your offer of marriage was an offense and a mockery." She was trembling violently now, but waved him back as he again moved toward her.

"Take my arm, Miss Bellows," he said, quietly. "I will put you on the next car."

Again her quick, angry pride gathered, but it passed as quickly, and she stood with blanched face and tear-filled eyes, helpless and pity-compelling.

"Yes; I suppose it is a mockery and an impertinence to offer my invertebrate self to you, but it is the best of me that appreciates and loves you; so, I beg of you, don't feel too much degraded."

"Oh, hush, hush!" Her heart was wrung by his self-accusing. "I was goaded to that by the thought that you could remind me of my hateful deformity by proposing what it makes impossible. I am hatefully proud," she exclaimed. "I have wanted all my friends—Oh, I have wanted impossible things of them."

"Yes," he interrupted, "you have, if you have expected me to recognize that there is any barrier on your side to our marriage."

"Wait!" Edith broke in. "I must tell you how absurdly, how monumentally proud I have been. As my friends were married, one by one, or had lovers, I pretended to myself that my crooked form was a distinction that lifted me above the common lot of girls—that I was destined to form only ideally friendly relations with men, and I consoled myself in those proud vagaries." Edith suddenly checked herself. "Oh," she said, her face burning, "I couldn't have revealed myself in a more ridiculous light than I have."

The minister was about to speak, but she intercepted his words.

"There is no blame on your part. I have behaved badly. It will be a bitter memory. Forgive me and say good-bye. There's my car; my friends will be mystified if I am not with them at breakfast."

"Your friends have a telephone, I imagine. You shall breakfast with me, when you have put them at rest about yourself. Edith!" he entreated, as she made a negative gesture, "do not refuse me this favor. Will you not give me one hour for the sake of the many pleasant hours in the past? I want to ask your father to meet us in half an hour. I wish to take leave of him, since you forbid me to visit you again."

She went in silence with him to the dining room of a nearby hotel.

"Give us a table for three, apart," he said to the head waiter. He ordered breakfast for both, only asking Edith whether she would have tea or coffee. Mr. Hawk kept talking, in a light, inconsequential vein, of the news in the morning dailies, watching wistfully Edith's pale, sympathetic face. After a few minutes an amused light crept into it.

"What is it?" her companion asked.

"You used——" she began, then colored a little and stopped.

"Go on," he challenged, with an encouraging smile. "You would remind me that I used to practice sermonizing

on you." Then eagerly, as if he feared she was withdrawing her interest and sympathy again: "What metier does my present style of disquisition suggest to you?"

"Oh, nothing. I mean there is no suggestion of a metier in it."

"Then I must do better, for I want to be adopted on first trial as a full degreed member into the ranks of journalism. Do you think there is hope for me?"

"Hope," she said, with something of her old-time interest and warmth; "there is assured success. But will you leave the ministry?"

"Yes, I shall no longer dare to fill the office of minister till I can rise superior to all that touches my earthly estate—until I can bring at will my thoughts and feelings into consonance with the office of spiritual teacher and inspirer. Yesterday's experience was a mental misery and a moral shame to me." His eyes darkened with the pain they expressed. Edith flushed painfully. She was compassionating him in that unhappy hour.

"My enthusiasm, my motive for the work, were gone. I could not command a single heartfelt sentiment that was not morbidly mixed with my own personal troubles." He was silent for some minutes.

"You go from Dayton at once?" queried Edith.

"Yes, if I can get Blake to take my place till the end of the year. I shall then in any event resign finally."

A depressing sense of the loneliness—the impossibility of life in Dayton for her, after this, came over Edith. Her face grayed, and her eyes dropped to hide their pain from him.

"I suppose I had no right to become a minister. A man is no stronger than his strongest point, it seems."

"But if you give up the work because it is exacting—demands much—you cheat yourself of the chance and the stimulus to strengthen the weakest point in your armor, don't you?"

"Oh, of course," he said, with a trace of impatience in his voice, "but I am not willing to get my strength at such cost to others. I cannot simulate a religious mood, and what is a church service without it. My ideals never fail me, but my courage and enthusiasm. I haven't enough of the right kind of stamina, you see. I may preach again, sometime," he went on sadly, "but not until I can stand alone, independent of the prop of human approbation and love."

"You will be a monster, then," she averred.

"Or a saint," was the minister's rejoinder. "Ah, here is your father."

Just then the Judge was delayed by the greeting of friends at one of the tables, and Mr. Hawk leaned forward, compelling Edith to look into his eyes.

"Edith, I am miserably weak, but you have professed some faith in me, and dear, your pride is wicked. It would be wrong to indulge it further. Don't you see that? Say it's to be au revoir, Edith, not good-bye."

"Au revoir." The answer came faintly, just as the Judge came to their table.

CHANGE OF SEASON

BY MARIAN TAYLOR

Soft, fragrant air, blue sky above—
A perfect summer's day—
The birds all whispering of Love
Until you said me "Nay!"

Now anguish, shrouding sun and flowers,
Makes life a winter's night,
Where ghosts of mem'ry haunt the hours
Since I have lost Love's light.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

BY EDITH NICOLL ELLISON

THERE WERE four of us in the shanty at the claim's mouth—Brett, Sorga and Handsome Jim, and myself. Sorga I had known since she was a child, long before her marriage to Jim, and we all went gold seeking together a year or so after she decided to become his wife. Ere the snow fell, we had gold enough to last us the winter through, and we were prepared to start for the city on the morrow—enough gold, also, to bring us back in the spring with machinery and all that was necessary for the development of the rich claim.

It was evening, and I stood alone on the mountain's rim, gazing and dreaming. That I was a solitary, middle-aged man, who loved but one woman and she lost to me, mattered little, in dreams. Before me the clouds swam straight as a shoal of mackerel in the sea of the sky, and into its silvery peace thrust itself the frowning finger of the Island Peak.

Not of storm was I dreaming when there broke upon my ear the sharp reports of a double-barreled gun, followed by the crack of a six-shooter. Almost in the moment I was inside the shanty, my circling glance taking in the dead men and the blood, and Sorga, who was strong and tall, gripping with fearless hands the murderer with the smoking revolver. I fell upon him, tearing the gun from his grasp, beat him upon the head with it until he lay as the dead lay.

"It was the gold," she said, drawing quick breaths, without tears or faltering. "Pat," touching the murderer with her foot, "killed Jim and Brett as they sat smoking, and all quarreling, as they have done since we found gold. If he could have killed me he would, and you, too, and have fled with the gold before the coming of the snow. Now the snow shall cover him."

I stooped and peered into his face.

"He is not dead."

"No matter. The snow shall cover him."

To her words I paid small heed. She was a woman, and though her husband was unworthy of her, he was her husband, and she had just seen him butchered under her eyes. I took twenty feet of hair rope and tied Pat where he lay. Then she and I washed the wounds of the dead and stretched their limbs for the long sleep, afterward carrying the unconscious man into the bunk house and leaving him there, dead or alive I cared not, for my heart was hot and burning in my breast. This done, Sorga still helping me and silent still—the blue flame in her eyes that once before, in her childhood, I had seen when a boy had hurt her little dog—we rolled each man in his blanket and carried him to the mountainside, and whilst she held the lantern, I scooped out the loose shale and buried our comrades; but the thought clung steadfastly to the memory of Sorga and the boy and the little dog, and what she had, justly, done to the boy.

She went into the inner room, her's and Jim's, and left me to cook supper; she told me through the closed door she wanted none. Neither did I, but I ate, thinking of the morrow.

At length I slept, but woke from blood-streaked tossings, miscalled sleep, to see a light in the bunk-house. Seizing my six-shooter, and still haunted by the memory of the boy

and the dog, I stepped through the open door, and there, beside the black murderer, kneeled Sorga, bathing and binding his wounds, her face white and stern as is that of the Avenging Angel in the pictures. Astounded, I said no word until she lifted a cup of soup from the floor and gave him to drink.

"Sorga!" And my voice sounded harsh in my ears. "Let the brute lie!"

"He is a man," she said, her fingers proceeding with their ministering work.

Then I knew that to say more were vain, but for the life of me I could not in that hour touch the murderer with kind intent. But Sorga—what of her?

I returned to the kitchen and sat down by the stove and waited. Acquainted with the reticent Norwegian nature, and with the fire beneath its snow, I marveled more and more. She had done to that boy what he had done to her dog, meting out justice relentlessly; no one had dared to interfere with the strong and fearless child, and ever after that the boy worshiped her abjectly. When the flame in her blue eyes kindled, as it had done awhile back, I thought not only of the boy but of the "terrible Norsemen" of history, before whom kings and popes trembled—golden haired vikings, whose lineal descendant she was, standing erect on the prows of their leaping vessels, bent on vengeance or destruction. Yet Sorga, but for that one incident of her childhood, had been generally accounted a lovely, gentle girl. What if I knew better?

In the morning the sky was gray, and the burros, to whom we had given no heed that night, were gone; with the uncanny wisdom of the dull, they must have scented the coming snow, and so trotted off down into the distant valley beyond the Island Peak. Sorga and I were helpless and alone.

We took counsel together, the snow beginning to fall, and growing hour by hour deeper in the canyon. Without the burros we could not move, but we had an abundance of flour, bacon and coffee for two, and game, of course, for the shooting.

When Sorga turned from me to weep, passionately, yet quietly, after the manner of her kind, not only did I wonder more, but for the hundredth time yearned to do what I had never done since she was a tiny girl—take her in my arms and kiss her till my sore heart was healed. Instead, I waited for the natural lulling of the storm within, whilst without it waxed ever more furious. Finally I spoke, very gently.

"But you did not love him any longer, Sorga?"

She shook her head impatiently. She had ceased to weep, though her shoulders still heaved. I went on stumblingly, as unskilled men do, trying to cheer a woman and not knowing how. Presently she turned to me.

"He was my husband!" she cried. "I loved him once. Why? Ah, that I cannot tell you, but I did!" Then with bitterness, "Was I the only one? No!" Abruptly she drew a crumpled scrap of paper from her apron pocket and held it so that I might read, adding with a pathos and simplicity impossible to reproduce: "I did not know till now that he was so bad."

To me, the commonplace words sounded like a dirge over the grave of the past; but then my mates dubbed me The Poet, though, alas for me, I am no poet.

The full extent of Jim's treachery was revealed in this scrawled note, hidden "in the same old place" for Pat to find, and in which Pat was reproached for "getting cold feet,"—hesitating about making away with Brett and myself. Then, whilst I was dreaming on the mountain's verge, a fierce dispute broke loose, and like a madman, Pat shot right and left. Having read, and at a sign from Sorga, I locked the paper away in the common desk.

Day by day she cared for the murderer, and as his wounds healed, our difficulties grew more pressing. We dared not leave him for long, even bound as he was, so great was his size

and strength, and also his ingenuity; at night we took turns guarding him, and whenever the skies were not falling on us, loosed the rope around his legs, and between us walked him back and forth on the wind-swept mountain-top. But the sleepless dread that somehow he might escape us and do awful mischief wore on us, and Sorga's eyes often rested anxiously on my face when she believed I did not notice. Something was working in that deep brain and heart of hers, though what I was far from guessing. As time went on, our prisoner wearied even as we did, and more than once pleaded with me to shoot him and end his misery. But that could not be thought of; he was a murderer, and the law must deal with him if we could hold out till the melting of the snow.

It remained with the woman to find a way, and she found it. There came two whole days during which she acted as one dumb. This was unendurable, so as she crossed the kitchen from the inner room in the morning early, I shut the door of the bunk-house sharply, and cried:

"Sorga, is your heart dead or alive?"

I spoke as a fool, without understanding, for when her face was white as the snow upon the Island Peak and her eyes still and threatening as the sea beneath a thunder cloud, then something must be said or done.

"The day of judgment has come."

Fearing, I waited for more, but she continuing silent, I begged to be told her meaning; and she opened her mind fully, concluding thus:

"Think over what I have said, but let the thing be done to-day."

So that day it was done; it was she who led, not I.

Taking the worn Bible from which she never parted, she handed it to our prisoner.

"You are on trial for your life," she announced calmly. "It must be you or us, and you are the guilty one. Defend yourself if you can, but swear on the Book that you will speak the truth and nothing but the truth, God helping you."

Amazed, he obeyed. She questioned him as to his crime, and he confessed that the plot had been his own, but that later he had taken Jim into his confidence, selecting him as the only one likely to abet his villainy.

At these words, a spasm wrung Sorga's white face, though she stood straight and still. The prisoner further claimed that I had shown him special kindness, and he desired to spare me, merely holding me bound, but to this Jim would not agree; therefore the two villains fell out. The rest we already knew, so Sorga wrote every word of the confession on a sheet of paper, and putting the pen between his fingers, commanded the murderer to sign his name—which he did. This over, she and I withdrew to the kitchen, there to consult in low tones. What she had affirmed was true; we two alone could not guard a desperate man, week after week, until the melting of the snow. Some way he might get free, or one of us might fall sick and die, and then what would be the fate of the other? I looked at Sorga, shuddered, and yielded.

And whilst we talked thus, the man on trial for his life cowered in his bunk; for by this time he knew the woman, and that she was the sterner spirit of the two. Winding her little black silk apron around her golden head, she advanced toward him, and with steady voice announced the death sentence for the murder of our companions. No judge could have been calmer. Three days only did she give him, three dreadful days in which, though the snow stayed its hand, the sun veiled its face. To me it was as if Nature held her breath, so strange and unrelenting, yet withal so apparently just, was the deed we had resolved upon. And in calmness we prepared to do justice.

At first our prisoner struggled fiercely, for love of life prevails, however miserable the lot, and despite the fact that he had more than once begged me to shoot him. But as he looked death closer in the eye a change came over him; and perceiving this,

she also changed, and melted into woman—all woman, as I knew she could be. Had he been her brother, she could not have ministered to him more tenderly, praying with him, and leading him gently toward his end—the sinner that repenteth, looking to a pitiful God for mercy. She wrote letters for him, which confessed his crime and arranged for the disposal of his effects and his just share of the gold. Surely, I thought, as I watched and listened, no more singular fate had ever befallen a man.

The day and the hour arrived. I had done my part, and when we led him out for the last time the plank upon the trestles was ready for his feet, and from the limb of a tree overhead swung a hair rope. Gently she covered his eyes with her own handkerchief, and I helped him on the plank, she turning her back while I arranged the noose.

Then sweet and clear in the awful silence of the mountain top her voice rang out as the church bells of our seashore home, calling us through the hush of evening in which we had not known the lust for gold: *"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? Trust in the Lord!"*

The clear voice broke, failed, and I sprang forward just in time to catch her in my arms. She had fainted.

And as I held her close, forgetful of our prisoner, there came to my ear what had already come to hers—shouts to which I replied as best I might; and soon the rescue party, headed by the sheriff, which had started out to look for us when our burros drifted into the valley, scampered with mules and packs over the rocks to where we three stood, I holding Sorga against my breast—as to this hour I hold her when it is my will, which is also hers.

AN OLD LETTER AND A FADED ROSE

BY CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY

Rare dreamlands flecked with ancient rose,
 Where bowers loom to view!
You wrote: "This blossom I enclose
 To bear my kiss to you."

The faded words I read to-day
 And think of misty years,
Your love the beacon for my way:
 "This flower helps and cheers."

Together we have drunk the rue
 And learned the nobler part,
Till well I know your words are true:
 "This rosebud is my heart."

THE GARDEN BY THE WATER

BY RONALD TEMPLE

"Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.
—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

AS A MORALE it is probably very much better forgotten than remembered, nor can it be said to particularly adorn any tale; yet it seems to deserve some consideration as the swan-song of an old story-teller in the ruins of a garden on the Mukojima bank of the Sumida river, which—as all the world knows—flows through the goodly city of Tokio, once sacred Yedo.

Of this old *hanashika,* or story-teller, none appear to know aught; but it is evident that he has been touched by the gods to a blindness of all but the one memory. He squats in the garden daily, year in and year out, before a mound by which are at times a few poorly flowered lavender iris—obviously tended by his hands—and on which is an *ihai* (a small shrine) lit by a tiny lamp, telling always this tale, and this tale only, for the few chance *sen* to keep the little shrine lamp ever burning.

* * * *

That spring the lavender iris flowered for the Lady Nouye-ko for the first time in seven long, weary years—since the downfall of the house of Tokugawa, and the consequent stripping of her husband Kira Otsu-*No-Kami,* a *Shogunate* partisan, of his *daimioate.*

Close by the Cherry Avenue, Mukojima, and overlooking the waters of the dark Sumida, was his *besso,* Ayame—the villa of iris—his Yedo residence. For many a century had his acres burst with rich *padi* fields from the shores of Biwa-ko, the "Guitar lake," almost to Kioto, the court of the exiled Mikados. Then came the downfall of the *Shogunate,* and with the Mikado's restoration to the actual throne, Kira Otsu—once a *Daimio* of so vast a territory, and a counselor on the *bakafu* of the *Shogun*—found himself beggared overnight of all but the little city dower-house. Seven years passed, and with them he changed from a gallant young *Samurai* to a morose, moody man, and albeit but a scant eight-and-thirty years of age, one wrapped in an isolation whose only portals were barred by Misery and Melancholy; a sour companion to any whose ill-lot brought them into contact with him. On one, naturally, fell the full vent of his bitterness, his wife, the Lady Nouye-ko.

Wedded when a bare sixteen years of age, she was still as dainty as her birth-flower, the iris, though now fragile with the sorrow of her wife-hood. Love, once to her so all-embracing, was now but as sad as a cob-web stretching across the places that had been. Love that had once been wont to bring her by the hand of her husband a rare lavender bud each morning of the iris month, was now as withered as the pressed stalks of those same flowers preserved so jealously in her *ko-tansu.* Love that had once sung to her in the notes of the nightingale, had now, she feared, flighted to some other copse. In all this, however, she did her husband an injustice, for love was furthest of all from his brooding thoughts. Many iris months came and went in those seven

years following the Restoration, yet no iris came to Nouye-ko by the hands of the morose Kira Otsu, once *No-Kami.*

At last closed *Shigatsu,* the fourth month, in the seventh year of the era *Meiji,* and the last of the cherry petals were washed away by the waters of the dark Sumida. Mokojima was deserted, mostly, of all but its residents, for the iris were commencing to unfold at Horikiri. Lady Nuoye-ko arose with the early light from her *futon,* and sliding the *shoji* of her bed apartment, inhaled the sweet morning air. To-morrrow would be her birthday, and, dearer still, the day that was once the harbinger of her love tokens. A long time she gazed wistfully in the direction of the faraway iris park; then with a sigh she turned back into the room, and prepared to complete her toilet. This done, she crossed to her *ko-tansu,* and, opening one of its drawers, took therefrom three withered iris stalks, year marks of the three years of joy preceding the seven years of waste and neglect. Nearby, the *ko-tansu* was the wall recess, the *toko-no-ma,* with its *sumabachi* for flowers (now empty), under the little *kakemono* depicting a flight of doves. She knelt before the flower-dish, and, placing the dead iris stalks in it, made her daily prayer for the return of her husband's love.

"O ye in the *Meido-land,*" prayed the Lady Nouye-ko, simply, "open the book of my husband's heart to me, that my name may again be enscrolled therein."

"*What is in the Book is in the Heart —but neither thou nor I hast conceived it,*" said a deep voice, as though in answer to the prayer.

She started, and perceived a stranger, a man, squatting quietly just without the lintel of her open *shoji.* He was young and comely, but something in his mien seemed to rob his presence there of anything savoring of impertinent intrusion. His garb, she noted idly, was that of an errant minstrel, huge basket-shaped hat descending almost to hide his features; coarse, thick-stuff *kimono,* and high *geta.* In his hand he bore a flute.

"Thou art a Buddhist, father?" she asked.

"I am a minstrel-priest of a greater than Buddha, my daughter," he replied. "Fear not."

"Of a greater than Buddha!" she exclaimed in horrified accents. "How can that be?"

The minstrel-priest raised his head reverently.

"Hast ever heard of one called Christ, my child?" he asked.

"Nay," she replied. "Stay, though, father: is there not some such sect brought by the 'Foreigners' to Nippon?"

"*He* was always in Nippon," answered the minstrel-priest; "but in our blindness we failed to see Him."

She was silent for a moment. Then, like one in an incurable ailment anxious for some new remedy:

"Could He help me, think you, father?" she queried.

"Assuredly, would'st thou but let Him," replied the minstrel-priest, in tones of the deepest conviction.

Again she reflected a moment.

"In how is He greater than Buddha, father?" she inquired, at last.

"In love and charity, my daughter," answered the deep tones. "And with these cometh utter faith, without which naught may be worked. Thus is He whom I worship and believe in. He may help thee, too, my daughter. Thou art in sore trouble, I perceive. Hath Buddha an answer to thy prayers? If thou can'st but have *utter faith,* where Buddha hath failed, there may Christ prevail."

"But I must first believe in Him?"

"Implicitly, my daughter."

She arose and led her visitor to the *toko-no-ma.*

"I believe that if yon flowers may bloom again the love that he once bore me shall return," said she. "Teach me of this Christ of thine that I may believe in His power to give my flowers life."

"Even as He brought the widow's son to life again with the breath of His

nostrils," affirmed the minstrel-priest. "Sit by me, my daughter, that I may tell thee of Him."

* * * *

On a dias within his room knelt Kira Otsu, the morose. The open *shoji* gave out on his now neglected garden, and through this, the waning evening sun struck to touch the enclosing *fusima*, with their hand-painted cherry petals falling among a swarm of lavender-and-gold butterflies, a blood-red, staining an exquisitely chased sword rack whereon reposed two perfect specimens of the swordsmith's craft. Lord Kira regarded these latter with grim content they were among the last of the great Muramasa's art still in the possession of their original owners, for a recent governmental tax imposed on the wearing of all such had resulted in the majority of instances in their sale for a few *bu* to relic hunting aliens. Thus effectually did the Mikado's government aim at the dissolution of the backbone of all possible armed opposition.

"Steel forged by Nippon's greatest master sold to some coarse-bred huckster for the price of a harlot's love!" reflected Lord Kira, bitterly. "And upon our sacred pavements where once trod the wearers of those mighty blades, the loud-mouthed 'foreigner' now stalks in insolence, unsmitten. Farewell, Nippon, land of the gods that are no more! May my right hand rot and wither if those my swords shall ever leave their scabbards again!"

He relapsed into his heavy, scowling bitterness, unnoting that the sun had struck across the Sumida, and was sunken beneath the waters of the bay, while dusk crept like a gaunt waif through the alleys and by-ways of the city. Unaccountably—yet not unnaturally—his mind wandered back across the years that had preceded this accursed debasement of the house of Kira. Bitterly he recalled the memory of his lost Lake Biwa castle—now confiscated as a barracks for the government troops—and the wondrous beauties of the lake itself. It was from the *tenshu* of this mighty fortalice that he had so often watched the setting of the sun behind Ishiyama; the flight of the night-geese to Katata; and the drawing-in of the fisher *sanpans* from faraway Yabase to the droning sweep of their sculls and the intoning of the great bell of Mediira. It was from those same ramparts, too, that he had so often noted the flight of the moon over Hiriyama—he and Nouye-ko, his bride. With a start, a remorseful recollection of his long neglect struck him. What had become of her? He had loved her. True, she still resided beneath his roof—all miserable as it was—but what had become of her, *herself?*

The chill of the evening air crept through his unclosed *shoji* and gripped about his soul. Gods! if he had lost her, or if another had taken his place! Such things had happened before. Was he to lose name, power, territory—and now wife, as well? An unaccountable fear possessed him. He arose swiftly and crossed to the *shoji*. The night was gathered in. A moon, just arisen, was playing in and out among the shadow-blackened *yose* and booths of the Cherry Avenue like some great occult searchlight, dimming the lanterns scattered among the tree-boughs. Suddenly, from the room overhead—the room of his wife—came voices indistinctly: the voices of a man and a woman. A paroxysm of rage shook him. He recrossed the room with quick steps, and sought the apartments above.

* * * *

Lady Nouye-ko still knelt by the *sunabachi*. The stranger had departed, but her faith had prevailed. In the vase before her three irises bloomed, their petals unfolded as though there were no night to the love they bore. She fondled them tenderly, shyly, murmuring in reverent ecstacy:

"O Christ of the World, I believe! I believe!"

Suddenly she became aware of a presence. She arose, startled. Her husband was gazing at the flowers.

Her heart bursting with joy at this answer to her prayers, she came to his arms.

Lord Kira tore his gaze from the iris, and clasped her drooped head fiercely to his heart—when he released his grip the form of his wife toppled in a heap upon the *tatami.* With three swift strides he came to the *toko-noma*—and even as he stretched forth his hand to pluck the flowered irises, the proofs of his wife's infidelity from the vase, they withered and died before his very eyes! He fell back a pace and struck the palm of his hand to his brow. When he opened his eyes again, the flowers were still dead. Something—a memory of what he recollected should be there—urged him to the *ko-tansu.* The drawer where she had preserved *his* flowers was empty.

He turned to her huddled form. If only she still lived!

The moon struck through the cross-lattice of her *shoji,* and dribbled across the floor in green patches, forming a cross on the breast of the dead woman.

* * * *

He is an old *hanashika,* or actor story-teller, and sits ever in the ruins of a garden on the Mokojima bank of the Sumida river, which—as all the world knows—flows through the goodly city, once sacred Yedo. Of him none appears to know aught, but it is evident that he has been touched by the gods to a blindness of all but the one memory. There he squats, year in and year out, before a mound by which are at times a few poorly flowered lavender irises—obviously tended by his hands—and on which is an *ihai,* lit by a tiny lamp, telling always this tale, and this tale only, for the few chance *sen* to keep the little shrine lamp ever burning.

Curiously, one noted on closer inspection that in place of some posthumous name on the *ihai* tablet was engraven simply the form of a cross.

HEIMWEH

BY PENE MAVOR

A sob of pain in the wind's low moaning;
 A mist of tears in the skies of gray;
While throbs my heart to the soft intoning
 Of memory voices from far away.

I see them there in the purple gloaming,
 Those that are mine by the ties of kin;
I'm weary to-night of wide-world roaming,
 I'm wanting a place I can nestle in.

They're gathered now by the firelight's gleaming,
 Dear faces turned to the vacant chair;
A thought of me in their tender dreaming,
 A sigh for me in their whispered prayer.

My eyes are dim with the mists of longing,
 Hot tears are blurring the vision bright;
And the sobbing wail of the wind's prolonging
 The cry of my heart for HOME to-night!

THE FIRST PAYMENT

BY WINIFRED McNEILL

THE BUYER of the turquoise mine has come down from Santa Fe; he came into the post office this morning to see me. He's crazy mad; says it is idiocy to tell him that no one but Capet knew where the mine was located; some one else had got to know." Senor De Nunez laughed sneeringly.

The Senorita Matilde was walking across the square court where her father had been taking his siesta beside the fountain. A tension in his tone made her stop and look at him.

"Gregg hadn't gotten back across the street into the hotel until Amijo was reminding me that he had stopped me once from paying that note I tricked him into making. He's suspicious of Gregg coming down here. As he went out he hissed at me through the delivery window that ten days wasn't a long time to wait for a note to expire."

Matilde put her hands up to her face, pressing her fingers against her temples.

"He doesn't need to worry; if I had the money I wouldn't pay him; he knows too much to be kept out of the family." He shrugged his right shoulder. "Besides, he's rich—the Mexicans have all the money down here, and Amijo is the richest of them all."

Matilde stood staring at him. There was not a trace of anything in the hard Castilian face to which she could appeal; what he went on to say was not a defense of his decision, but a fortification.

"I know what I am about now, and I knew what I was about awhile ago when I went to him and told him that you would marry him if he would give me $5,000, which I had to have to pay back to the post-office funds. I knew he loved you—even if he hadn't dared to ask your hand in marriage—even if no one else knew it, I did; he jumped at the chance; he gave me the money—no note, nothing."

"But after he had done that, you tricked him into giving you a note—a chance to repay—not that you wanted to release me from having to be the alternative if the note wasn't paid"—Matilde caught a sobbing breath—"Capet had found the turquoise mine as he had said he would when you sneered at him and told him he was too poor to marry me. Now, when he was to be richer than Amijo, you showed him the note, told him that you had changed your mind, and upon the day he paid the note, could marry me. And he promised, loathing that he was forced to accept such a proposition, and knowing that I loathed it; but didn't he live hour by hour until the mine could be turned over to the buyer, and the first payment made: every cent of that money was to be paid to you.

"When Amijo found the note had been a trick—that I was to marry Capet—he shot him. The mine is lost—the note he would tear up if he weren't under oath—I must marry him. Every thought of him was a horror, when you first told me I must marry him; now it is infinitely worse."

"No one has any reason even to suspect that Amijo shot Capet—no one has known of any of these dealings but the four of us. You are proud—even if you hated a husband you would protect your dignity; I would be a fool"——her father laughed heartily. "Amijo will keep his mouth shut. Capet is dead—no one will ever know what he did."

"But I will always know." Matilde

went swiftly to him and dropped on her knees. "I loved Capet; Amijo shot him. How could I marry him!"

"You are as sentimental as your Frenchman: one man is as good as another—if he be rich." Senor De Nunez got up and shook her off. "Your wedding clothes were ready. They will meet the approval of—a greaser."

He was out of the court by the time the Senorita stood up. She watched him across the narrow strip of grounds in front of the long, Spanish house; he pushed the high, narrow gate in the adobe wall far out, so that she saw the noon glare upon the road as it stretched both ways, down toward the village where he was going, and back toward the mountains. She felt as if she had been struck by an unseen force, with no power to offer defense.

She went over to the stone bench and sat down thinking: Capet had loved the type of woman whose gentleness called forth the masculine instinct to protect. She had been kept secluded —a Spanish girl whose capacity in life was to love and be loved; this—with his old-world ideas of women—was all he asked; he had only asked the right to shield her.

But now—alone—she was defenseless; she had not even wealth; her beauty was her danger. At the thought of Amijo, she threw her arms over the back of the bench. She covered her face in her silk scarf.

She was frightened into knowing what was happening around her by some one stepping upon the stone floor of the court. She started up. A gentleman—an American—was standing, impatient.

"I am the Senorita De Nunez," she said, coldly.

"My name is Gregg."

"Have you my father's permission for this intrusion?"

"No, and I do not want him to know that I came."

Matilde stepped to the other side of the fountain; then she saw in a minute—by the absorbed intentness upon his errand, by the way he went immediately on—that he meant no discourtesy.

"I came to speak with you about the turquoise mine which was purchased for me by an agent while I was in South Africa attending to some business interests there. I am a mining man; a contract of sale was taken until I could get back and take possession—you know this?"

"Yes," said Matilde. "What possible need can you have to speak with me?" But she was thinking how concentratedly alert, resourcefully strong, this American man was. Then he replied:

"You know we have been stopped in this deal by the fact that no one seems to know where the mine is. I have exhausted every means of finding out. It came to me that it was natural, when perhaps there might be some reason for the owner keeping the location a secret; that you would know."

Matilde was stunned at what he had said and at the obvious fact that he had no doubt of it, for he went immediately into an explanation of his necessity for her telling him.

"I am, in reality, only representing what will be a corporation of men who will operate this mine. I have done the work of interesting capital in the scheme. The purchase price is but a drop in the bucket in comparison with the money to be invested; we simply cannot think of stopping at this stage of the game. I came down here to take possession just as soon as the location could be revealed to me, and the necessary proofs made. The $5,000 to be paid upon the mine being turned over to us I have with me."

"This money was to be paid—in gold?" Matilde asked, suddenly, amazed at herself as she asked. She was sweeping aside every bit of training, environment—everything was ignored instantly but a grasping thought that this was the sum Capet had planned for her protection.

"Yes." The American spoke decidedly. "My agent tells me that the owner was peculiar—stipulated gold. Just as oddly as he insisted that he

would not even hint at the location until the mine should be actually turned over. He would give my agent only specimens, affidavits from the assayers, duplicates of the markings by which he staked."

"Would this amount—would you pay this amount to me if I knew where you could find the turquoise?"

"Certainly; we are taking chances on this in all ways. The contract of sale reads 'or heirs,' but we will pay it to any one."

"I do not know."

Matilde again wondered why she had asked at all; her asking the questions—she realized in an instant—had only been the intensity of her hope, flaming up. It died as quickly.

He did not believe her at first. He was angry.

"By this you cannot force me into a larger sum."

"I do not know," she repeated.

"Does any one know?"

"No."

He was overwhelmed with disappointment.

"It was the big 'stake' of my life. These men—besides—will call me the fool that I have been; any one could get rocks together; it has been insanity to accept anything, when so much is behind such a deal, but the actual getting right out to where the mine lay: we have allowed ourselves to be forced into taking all the chances."

"Monsieur could not take any of the chances," Matilde sprang to the defense. "He could not; there were reasons; he could not fail to turn over the mine; he could not take the slightest risk of losing—even the first payment."

When the rope ceased striking against the adobe wall, after he had gone through the gate, she sank into a despair. When her father came at dark in a rage and told that he had been told that Gregg had been here, she scarcely listened.

"What did he come for?"

"To ask if I knew where the turquoise mine is located," she replied automatically, listlessly.

"You do not know, do you?" he asked, looking at her keenly, suspiciously.

"No!"

Her subconscious brain held to the thought suggested to her that she should know even Capet's secrets; she let her thoughts go over and over any talks, because it gave her relief from the less harrowing dwelling upon her marriage to Amijo.

The primeval instinct, roused to grasp at anything for self-protection when danger comes, made her accept a plan which promised but the barest possibility of escape. She thought of it in the night, only to realize that she did not even know that the American was in Certillos. Probably he had gone back to Santa Fe. Yet she hoped—waited for her father to mention the man's doings—she did not risk asking—and the following day De Nunez said:

"Americans don't know when they are beaten; that Gregg is here still; the last day he seemed to be waiting for mail; he's been over after every train."

She sat like a stone on the bench until he was gone, then sent her Indian maid to the hotel, after bribing her to say not a word to any one. "Only find the American; when you are sure that no one sees you, get near enough to give him this. Do not speak; do not wait for an answer."

There was no address at the top of the letter—no signature at the bottom. The writing was not the same on all the lines. It was studiedly irregular, but Matilde could do—quickly—no better.

"Get a horse at one of the other villages. If you hurry you may be back by night. Sometime between ten and eleven, I will be on the road which goes into the mountains, this side of the foothills. I will be disguised—the pony is black—it hangs its head. I will pass you. Do not speak under any circumstances; follow me."

She wore a man's cloak and rode astride. She saw some one riding ahead on the road, just beyond the

cemetery, walking his horse. As she passed, she assured herself that it must be the American. No one else would allow her to pass, but she conquered a terror that she might be followed by some one else, and a desire to turn her pony and dash back to her home. But she forced herself on until the road had turned sharply round a huge boulder into the foothills.

She was trembling violently when she stopped and let the rider's horse come close up behind hers.

"You have a roll strapped to your saddle; we are going into the mountains?"

"Yes." She struck her pony on the instant she knew it was Gregg.

She rode steadily, urging her pony on in the darkness. When she was past the foothills, at the widening of the road, she pulled her horse off to the right, into a shallow gulch, and dismounted. Gregg was beside her on the ground instantly, before she had unstrapped the roll.

"It is too dangerous to go into the mountains at night," she said, handing a blanket to him.

"What is your plan?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you."

"I must know."

Matilde was frightened at this implied suggestion that he might not come with her. She was silent for a minute, wrapping a blanket around her. Then she said:

"I am taking you to the mine."

"How do I know that you are not taking me away from it. Your father may have sent you——"

"My father knows nothing of this; he has been told that I am away at a friend's for two days."

She could not take the chances of discussing her plan with him; she knew he would not go on if she did. She sat down, huddled herself into her cloak, drew the blanket up over her; but she sat tensely against the rocks.

There was only a measure of acceptance in the fact that he picketed his horse; even that he built a fire meant nothing. He rolled himself in his blanket, but there was only sullenness in his attitude. She could see him across the fire, thinking it over; in the morning he might go back.

In the deadly quiet of the night she started up, in the terror of wakening, not knowing where she was. Then the great, still mountains frightened her; she peered across the coals. The color of his blanket was the same as the log. She did not see him lying there. The night—everything—frightened her, then terrorized her. Then the realization that his going meant her despair returning, made her beat her head back against the rocks, moaning.

He sat up, raked the coals. She sat perfectly rigid, and he said nothing. Then he lay down again and slept. She was thankful that he kept her wish for silence when she made coffee in a tin can at the first intimation of daylight. He took a tin cup and a biscuit from her without a word. When she had pulled her pony up into the road he followed.

They were well up into the mountains by noon. She stopped because she was not able to go on without food. But she replied, when he said that he wanted to talk to her upon an important factor that there was but one important factor, that of finding the mine.

She could not yet take the slightest chance of discussing her plan; she had not gotten off her pony, and started it on again.

The pony climbed slower from here and hung its head lower, finally falling into the gait of plodding as an animal does when following a trail. Matilde wearily took the motion in her saddle.

They had crossed a ravine, and Matilde had escaped being unseated several times. When the pony made one or two leaps up over the rocks on the other side, she clung to the pommel. Then the road curved again around a shelving mountain. Presently the pony stopped, and Gregg struck his horse and came up behind.

"Senorita De Nunez," he said, sharply, "you are not urging your pony and you are not guiding. You do not know the way."

"The pony is used to being ridden with the bridle hanging on its neck," she answered quickly, adding with the intention of continuing evasively:

"The pony belonged to Capet. He used it in the mountains."

"You are trusting to this animal's instinct to go where its master guided it—where it was in the habit of taking Capet! This entire business deal depends on this! This was your plan?"

"Yes," said Matilde. Her voice was tired. She added: "But I have failed—the pony has stopped——"

"No, no!" he answered, excitedly. "Any pony will stop when tired. The plan is brilliant. Capet must have stopped her a number of times to look around. It is our only hope, and we will find the mine. Remember that I have the copies of the way the mine is staked. Urge the pony on, as Capet would have done, but do not guide it. Be as near a part of it as possible; ride limply——"

He struck the pony on the hip with his hand.

The pony turned nervously in the road. Gregg was instantly, excitedly angry, and he struck it again with his whip. The pony did not go on, but gave a sort of irritable jump, raising the back part of its body. Matilde put one hand up against the mountain, clutching at a rock.

It came away in her hand, and she caught at another. From behind them a thin piece of metal dropped to the road.

She was frightened still more by Gregg leaping off his horse, shoving at her pony and reaching under its feet, and he was shouting.

"It is tin! Capet's stakings were on tin. He must have hidden them behind rocks! The mine is here!"

Matilde saw black marks on the piece of rusty tin Gregg had picked up. Then he dropped it because his hand shook. When he held it up again the markings blurred. Before he had gone over the dirt-covered signs she was chaffing at the delay. Every delay seemed unnecessary. She suffered the irritability of one tired, angrily yielding every moment spent in verification before they went back.

They could go faster down through the mountains than they came up. She began estimating distance, gauging mile by mile ahead of her. She jerked nervously at the pony's bridle, continuously.

"Can you give me the gold now?" she asked, suddenly, just before they emerged from the foothills early the next morning.

She had stopped her pony in a lope; her words were abrupt; she had more to say, and she did not wait for Gregg to reply.

"Some one may see me on the road. I will go on from here alone."

Gregg jerked his horse up short.

"I have papers I want to show you. I haven't them with me."

When she started to speak her manner showed her intense eagerness. That he resented it she knew, because he spoke before she could prevent him.

"Certainly you would not expect me to carry $5,000 in gold about me when on such an expedition as this has been. I will stay here in the hills until you are well toward your home. Then I will come there."

Matilde went on because she must. Because her brain was tired, she could not control its suggestion of every chance against her: Gregg would have to go into town for the papers and her father might see him and cunningly detect the difference in manner which a shrewd observer could not help but notice; her father might have discovered that she had not gone to a friend's; he might discover it when the American and she were going over the papers he had mentioned; what the papers might be frightened her; perhaps, now that the location was found, he would not have time to come with the gold, but would send it to her.

She decided to change her clothes, to hurry the time which it must take for him to get into the village and back to her. When she was dressed, she was in a fever because the thought came to her that he might come and

go before she was ready to go down.

She was obliged to wait in the court. It was an absolute impossibility to sit and wait. When he came she was walking up and down, twisting the ends of her mantilla in and out between her fingers.

He put his hat on the stone seat and very deliberately took several envelopes containing papers from an inside pocket.

"The important factor I wished to speak with you about," he said at once but with painstaking precision which she felt took time, "was some papers my agent sent me, and I received on the noon mail just before I was given your letter. In desperation I had sent a sharp letter asking if some clue couldn't be sent me."

Matilde watched the careful spreading out of a number of documents on the seat.

"He sent me a package of papers which Capet had left with him, saying he did not dare trust anything down here. In them I found a will making you his sole heir, and now we can—" He paused to select a paper.

Matilde realized that Capet had given her protection in every way possible. This was what his words meant to her—only the means for protection.

"Will this mean more money now?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, no; it only makes it legal for you to sign a paper stating that you saw the mine re-staked; you can file this with this contract of sale; it will take the necessary time for a settling of an estate; these are the notes made out—the payments to be made from time to time on the purchase price—"

"I do not want them. I want only the $5,000 you promised to pay me!" Matilde said, savagely, intent upon her purpose, and nothing more.

"I must have some sort of paper from you. There will be enough else to explain to my business associates in this deal without the statement from you before a notary——"

"I cannot go before a notary."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you," she said, coldly.

She felt him look at her in a sudden anger. She hurried to add:

"I do not want anything but the gold."

"This is a lie; there is some trick here, or you would be open and aboveboard. Some one else is back of this——"

As he threw the angry words at her, Matilde sat down on the rim of the fountain, watching with horror as he began putting the papers together. He was going to go. Her hands fell into her lap. What could she say to prove to him that she would not harm his possession of the mine. Her brain was not registering what he said. Then she caught the last words:

"What possible reason—if everything is straight in this matter, could you have for not wanting to sign a paper stating that you went to the mine, by which I could prove my ownership?"

This suggested to her that she could tell him the simple truth—her reasons for wanting the money.

Even when she had, she did not understand the impassive face, studiedly repressed, and she thought it was not proof to this clear-brained, alertly cautious American. He could not have understood.

"After I have paid the money," she sobbed, "I will sign anything. Give me the money. I will send for my father to come with Amijo at the noon hour. They will think I am acquiescing to the marriage at last. When Amijo is here I must give him the gold—before it is too late. He cannot refuse to cancel the note. See! I have stolen my father's duplicate—they cannot say there is no money to be paid."

The Senorita held out her silken scarf. In a fold she showed Gregg the paper. When he came toward her with the money, she reached for it, taking it eagerly. She sank upon the bench, putting the gold against the paper, gathering her scarf together and holding it tightly in her lap.

Just for an instant she put her head against the high back of the stone

bench. Then, sitting erect, she said, quickly:

"Will you go now. It is almost the noon hour."

After she had sent the Indian woman to the village with the message for her father, she paced up and down on the stones in the floor of the court. Finally exhausted, she sat on the rim of the fountain.

When they had come, before the gate in the adobe wall had swung to behind them, she hurried to her father. She turned when she reached him, walking back with him across the grass plot. She would have spoken at once, but Amijo came up on her other side, walking near to her. Instantly she recoiled as she felt his presence. She looked quickly up into her father's face, and saw the triumph in his hard Castilian face.

As they stepped from the stretch of grass into the court at the side of the Spanish home, he gave a short laugh and said:

"You sent word to me to bring Amijo. You are coming to your senses. This means that you will marry Amijo, as I have commanded you."

Stopping suddenly, the Senorita felt Amijo's breath across her cheek. It was hot. He would have touched her arm, but she circled the bench and stood behind the broad, stone back.

"I cannot marry Amijo—I will not. This is the gold to pay his note."

She had held the scarf tightly in her hands. Now, as she put it on the top of the seat's wide back, she deftly folded back the silk concealing the paper, opening the ends of the scarf and revealing the gold.

Amijo's dark face flashed from passion to humiliation—then to cunning. He half-closed his eyes as he stared. The Senorita's father took a step toward her. Every feature in the Castilian face hardened.

"Where did you get that money?" he demanded.

"The buyer of Capet's turquoise mine gave it to me. I——"

"The American!" hissed Amijo.

Looking straight at him, the Senorita saw a sneer come into the face of the Mexican. An understanding, hollow laugh preceded the mocking remark he flung at her father.

"Your daughter has been away for two days and a night," she heard him say. In a dazed way she watched the slight shrug of the shoulders, as Amijo finished with the words:

"She says the money——"

The Senorita caught up the insult. Like an animal at bay, she stepped back. Motioning at the gold lying on the wide top of the bench, she spoke, throwing every word like a missile:

"Yes! The American gave me this gold, but—you coward—it is the first payment made upon Capet's mine!"

"That money was to be paid only when the American could be taken into the mountains and the location of the mine revealed. No one knew where the mine was but Capet, and"—Amijo half-bowed and smiled mockingly at the Senorita—"Capet is dead."

"No one knew where that mine was located," said Matilde, catching a quick, panting breath, then speaking in a torrent of words: "No one knew where the mine was. Capet could not take the slightest chance of the location being stolen. His whole future life depended upon that mine; but his pony knew. Many and many was the time Capet went along on that pony into the mountains, and when he finally found the turquoise, he went many and many times more. Trusting wholly to the instincts of the animal to follow the trail I went on his pony. As a last hope to save myself from you—the man I loathe, despise: the man who murdered my lover—I went into the mountains with the American. I let the bridle lines lie loosely on the pony's neck. The animal followed the path. We found the mine. The American compared the markings he had been given. He gave me the money he was to have paid Capet on the mine. It is the first payment!"

She stood for a few seconds, looking straight at the Mexican. Then she

went across the court into the house and came back again. She put a bottle of ink and a pen beside the gold. Her father sat heavily in his chair by the fountain, following every movement with a dazed expression in his eyes. Amijo stepped towards the girl as if to stop what she was bringing to pass.

"You have no way to force me to take the payment of money on this note. It is here, in my coat, but I will not cancel it."

"I have a way to force you to cancel the note you hold. If you do not, I will tell the authorities that it was you who shot Capet."

"You do not dare!" Amijo shouted at her. "I would ruin your father in one sentence if you did. What you aimed at me would strike him down. I am the only one who knows of his taking money from the post-office funds from month to month. I gave him the money to pay it all back when discovery was coming——"

The Senorita drew back. Amijo stopped, with his sentence unfinished, and, advancing, grasped her wrist. He held his face close to hers.

"It was agreed that I was not to take money as payment for the note your father gave. You were to be given to me!"

The Senorita flung him off!

"I was sold—by my father—I—the Senorita De Nunez. I will not defend my father."

Her father sprang from his chair, and lurched forward.

"No one could prove that I was not to pay that note. I have a duplicate——"

"No, you have not," the Senorita said, as she stepped to the bench. She snatched the paper from its fold in the scarf. "I stole your duplicate from your desk."

As her father and Amijo watched her, she tore the paper into pieces, went over close to the rim of the fountain and dropped each bit into the water.

"When I told you that I would not marry Amijo, you laughed at me. You struck me when I was on my knees begging you to pay the note. You taunted me and told me you would not if you could."

She moved back, closer to the gold. She put her hands down into it. Then she added:

"I loved Capet. He loved me. This is his gold—the first payment on the mine—which buys my freedom."

When she picked up the pen, Amijo came toward her as if compelled by a hidden force. She watched him take the note from an inside pocket and put it on the top of the wide back of the stone bench. Her eyes followed every movement of his fingers as he wrote his cancellation across its face. Her eyes followed his hands, as if to hurry them, as he picked up the gold, piece after piece.

She still watched him as he went out of the open court, as he crossed the grass, as he passed through the gate in the adobe wall. Then the Senorita Matilde reached out and picked up her silken scarf.

OPPORTUNITY

BY HARRY COWELL

There came a stranger to my gate
And knocked. As I need hardly state,
I knew him on the instant, and
The next had clutched in my right hand
His forelock, whereto I held fast
And yelled: "I have you, sir, at last!"
He bowed assent as bends the twig,
And vanished, leaving me the wig!

MEMORIES OF "UNCLE JOSH"

How Denman Thompson Developed the Character and Play Which, For Thirty-five Years, Endeared Him to Several Millions of Playgoers

BY ROBERT GRAU

IT WAS at 585 Broadway, between Houston and Prince streets, the site of the old Theatre Comique, where I first saw Denman Thompson in the character of "Uncle Joshua." The "Varieties" of that day (1872) were by no means as refined as in the modern vaudeville of to-day, and the sketch used as a frame for Thompson's quaint portrayal of the New England farmer was as racy and suggestive as the title, "The Female Bathers," would indicate.

Yet the wholesome sentiment expressed, as well as the human qualities of the character, which have so endeared play-goers of three generations to the deceased actor, were as apparent to me, despite the incongruity of the environment, while to the audiences of that day they were as vivid and potent in this primitive production as they have been for the more than thirty-five years that the character of "Joshua Whitcomb" availed Thompson.

To this day, the basic situations and the dialogue of that little thirty minute sketch have been retained in every stage of development, though the "female bathers" were eliminated a very few years after the production at the Theatre Comique.

In a full three-act play, then entitled "Joshua Whitcomb," Thompson's portrayal of the New England farmer was first seen at the New York Theatre in 1874. This establishment had been the home of the famous Worrell Sisters, and the house passed through more vicissitudes than any play-house within the memory of the writer. It's last use was as "Ye London Streete," and until very recently the site has been an eyesore to pedestrians in that part of the city. For more than ten years it stood unfenced, and occasionally some fistic event was "pulled off" under the guidance of the American Athletic Club. At this theatre, Thompson played the famous character for several months to beggarly patronage, though the cast could not be excelled, if, indeed, it has ever been equaled to this day. Julia Wilson was the "Tot," the best ever seen in the part. Albert Klein, a brother of the famous playwright Charles Klein, was the Boot Black, and none who were permitted to witness his rendition of this role will ever forget the artistry and human vitality with which he invested it. Walter Gale was the Tramp, "Happy Jack," and he played the part for nearly twenty years. Gale was very close to the dead actor, the two being inseparable until, for some reason unexplained, they parted company. Gale was one of the pall bearers at the funeral, at Swanzey, and his presence there must have been as impressive as it was appropriate. George Beane was the "Cy Prime;" the rest of the roles were in the hands of what may be called untheatrical persons, who were selected because of their fitness to the types portrayed. That they qualified is best shown by the fact that in the cast at the time of Thompson's death were several members of the original production, including Gus Kammerlee and Mrs. Van Dusen.

Thompson himself was not born in

Swanzey, N. H., but his father was, and the Thompson homestead in the New England village provided the frame and setting for the play, while all of the characters were taken from real life, from amongst the members of the dead actor's family and his acquaintances, thereabouts.

Denman Thompson was born in Pennsylvania; his early life was full of the struggles and vicissitudes which had to be endured by the thespians of that day. As a young man, he went to Canada, and for more than ten years he was a stock actor in Toronto, where he accumulated a vast experience, not dreaming that he was destined to play one character for more than thirty-five years, a record unapproached by any player in the world's history.

Prosperity did not come quickly to Thompson. When it did come, strange to say it came as the result of the expert showmanship of James M. Hill, a Chicago merchant, who had the foresight to see the tremendous worth of Thompson's artistic and truthful rendition of a wholesome character. Hill entered upon the scene wholly untrained for theatrical management, but he understood human nature, and he was prepared to lose $100,000 if necessary in an effort to make the public understand the merits of his attraction.

Hill did not, as may be supposed, "advertise like a circus," nor did he use any adjectives in his announcements. His ideas were best conveyed by his expression to the writer at the time:

"I have got the goods, and I am going to sit down and wait till the public finds it out, if it takes a year."

Only one night stands were visited, and business was not large. Then Hill decided to stop two nights in each city. Here he noticed that the second night always recorded an increase in the box office receipts. Then Hill took his star to Cleveland for a week. The opening night saw a theatre one-third full, but enthusiasm was at a high rate, the press notices were eulogistic, the comments in the lobby (Hill was wont to listen to these intently), were unanimously favorable, and to the merchant manager's delight, the business increased each night until Friday evening the capacity of the Euclid avenue opera house was tested.

Hill, now convinced of the tenability of his position, began his real campaign. "I am going to New York to get a theatre for one year, and I shall put this wholesome play on the stage and wait until the public is attracted."

He leased the Fourteenth Street Theatre, announced his play and star in the most modest manner. The audiences the first week were so small that Hill's friends and his colleagues of the theatrical profession foresaw disaster, but the intrepid Yankee showman busied himself with counting the heads of the small audiences, and listening to their comments as they passed out of the playhouse. He observed that there was a very slight increase each night, and that the praise was unanimous.

At the end of the third week the box-office recorded a very slight margin of profit, and to Hill's delight the advance sale was steady. People were finding their way to the theatre, long noted for its disastrous career.

On the fourth Sunday, and preceding the commencement of the fourth week of the engagement, Hill reserved an entire page in every Sunday newspaper in New York, but the advertisement absorbed less than three inches of space (all the rest of the page being blank) and read as follows:

Denman Thompson
as
Joshua Whitcomb
is at the
Fourteenth Street Theatre.

That was all, but it was enough. The public began to flock to the theatre; seats were bought weeks in advance, and then the New York Herald came out with a half page of eulogy of the performance, praising Denman Thompson and the play in unmeasured terms. The Herald was called upon to publish many letters from the heads of families thanking its editor for having

so effectively called their attention to a worthy stage offering.

This success was achieved before "The Old Homestead" was produced. The run of "Joshua Whitcomb" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre lasted all of one year and a part of another. Then the star and play went on tour, carrying everything before them for a long period.

"The Old Homestead" was written by Denman Thompson and George Ryer. It really was much the same in nearly every particular as the original production, save that it gave opportunity for scenic embellishment and a more elaborate musical setting, but the character of "Uncle Josh" and all of the other beloved creations of the older play were practically unchanged. But the fame of Thompson and the wholesome play became so pronounced that the public was attracted from "the woods" to an extent never before heard of. Thousands of country folk, to whom the inside of a theatre was an unknown luxury, saved up their pennies awaiting an opportunity to see "the play of a century." Conditions were like this when Gilmore and Tompkins arranged to produce the play at the Academy of Music, where it ran the better part of each year for three consecutive seasons. The firm publicly stated that their profits from this one play alone sufficed to pay the cost of the purchase of the big Academy of Music property.

It is estimated that ten million persons have seen Thompson's portrayal of "Uncle Josh." The play was often presented by two or three companies simultaneously. Thompson himself played the part more than ten thousand times, though in recent years he was so enfeebled that his appearances became intermittent, and often he was obliged to go to the homestead at Swanzey and leave the portrayal of the great character to his understudy.

In 1910, greatly through sentiment and partly through a desire to avail himself of the lesser labor, Thompson accepted a ten weeks' engagement at $2,500 a week in the vaudeville houses, when the old sketch "Joshua Whitcomb," was presented almost identically as it was thirty-five years ago, but in the spring of the same year the demand for "The Old Homestead" became so persistent that the venerable player was induced to inaugurate a lengthy tour. It was during this time that he made his last appearance in New York at the New City Theatre, and the star and play were yet so potent that the largest engagement of the season at that theatre was recorded.

The impression that Denman Thompson was a wealthy man is but natural, but it is not likely that he will leave a very large fortune. He was very liberal, and his philanthropy was of that character which is rarely given publicity. He gave unostentatiously, and the calls on him were persistent. Unfortunate members of his profession will have much reason to regret his demise, for to them he gave with so generous a hand that efforts were often made to protect him from impostors, but he used to say, "The poor devils have to live, and why should I judge them?"

His body lies in the little cemetery opposite the old homestead which provided the frame and setting for his wonderfully successful play. He will be mourned by hundreds of thousands who were endeared to him because he gave them a chance to breathe in an atmosphere pure and wholesome. He portrayed in a wholly human way a character so honest and lovable that the desire to pay tribute to his memory is likely to be prolonged for years to come.

THE MOONSHINE LADY

BY CHARLOTTE CORNISH

FROM HER rock-studded cranny by the sea rim, Shelah watched the bevy of embarking vacationists with eyes that held but a hint of sombre wistfulness in their gray, silver depths. Unconscious of the glamour of melting rose and topaz —the trail of the Western sun—upon her own small, shapely head with its coronet of blue-black braids above a low, white brow, she kept her sober gaze fastened on a young woman of golden beauty tints, who was stepping into the wide sailboat, helped by a strapping, guitar-hung youth in flannels.

An older man, of unassuming, amiable bearing, hovering near in apparent desire also to serve as gallant attendant, received only a careless nod as reward from the maiden of noticeable loveliness, who betrayed her preference for the stalwart youth as seatmate by clinging to his supporting arm till the two were closely snuggled by the crowding tiller. The genial, older man, left thus to dispose himself as best he may among the laughing, crowding youths and maidens, and the latter's fluffy lading of evening wraps, stooped to unloosen the painter as the vigorous notes of the guitar roused the revelers to a rollicking outburst of song.

"Hi-cho, chimi-cho, hi-cho, chimi-cho, tu-ma co-ro, tu-ma co-ro, tu-ma co-ro, bim-bam-bom!"

With faintly gasping breath the woman watching from above caught the melody that floated, then, relaxing the tenseness of her attitude, sank back into the fastness of the rocks with an air of melancholy abandon.

A mental imagery of the gold-crowned maiden—her own flesh and blood by cousinship—remained and kept her pensively wide-eyed and musing.

How potent the charm of girlhood and of beauty—potent and unprized—which with a single eye-glance or a heedless smile holds the world a willing captive at modishly shod, often perversely pirouetting, tiny feet! How purblind the inner vision of that enthralling maiden who, with a train of adorers at her clicking heels, sees not the surpassing worth of the reserved, older man, because of the glittering devotion of some strenuous youth of unbounded enthusiasm and a trick of voluble love-phrasing! And Adam Baxter was not so many years the girl's senior—only a dozen and two or three —yet Jean, her own, sweet, wholesouled Jean, who measured people usually with unerring insight, could turn from this rare specimen of mental and physical perfection—whose homage, Shelah felt, conferred upon a feminine recipient somewhat such luster as might the favoring judgment of Paris —for a jaunty, happy-go-lucky male individual of her own light number of years, whose chief recommendation to his lady's favor lay in the fact of his omnipresence and ability for sheer crowding away and off the earth all other of his own gender aspirants to her society.

Shelah had chosen to escape the depressing spectacle of this malapropos, misguided heart affair of a girl and boy, and the troubled eyes of the unappreciated masculine rara avis, who would be forced upon her own dull society for the evening—doubtless hiding a wounded heart under his kindly manner of absorption in the matter of her entertainment—by

pleading numerous aches and pains, in her effort to convince the never sophisticated Jean, and retiring to her favorite shore nook. Though she had chosen solitude, the song of the water-riders, now softened to the plash of dipping oars as the young people sailed away into the fading sunset, stole upon her with a plaintiveness that roused a sting of self-pity,

"Slumber, slumber, darling,
The old mocking-bird is singing."

Yes, slumber would be sweet to a lone woman of five and thirty with her first threads of gray hair marking the day as one only a little more drearily eventful than other days of the years which had brought her only heartache and spirit desolation. Though the time-recording, gray hair was no more, owing to the irrepressible Jean, who had commanded: "Pull it out! I know a woman who didn't find another for ten years"—a realization of her departed youth—the youth she had lavished upon parents by a dull routine of life in a small, New Hampshire village until their passing left her facing the world with the pain of one who feels the weight of mourning will never be less—pressed sharply sometimes when the laughter of Jean's young island visitors was lightest.

With plaintive droop of body, Shelah rested her head against the unyielding surface of a boulder, letting her eye-lids creep together like the petals of a night-closing flower, as the music grew lullingly fainter in the distance, and felt the mystic hush of eventide.

"Slumber, slumber"—brings surcease of memory and of living; she would woo it with sleep's——

Footfalls on the rocks below suddenly shattered the quiet essential to nap-taking; the drooping figure on the rocks above came bolt upright with a celerity that distanced the echo of the troubled voice calling, "Miss Maxim."

With a fluttering grasp of self, Shelah turned a face whose heightened color could not be attributed to the fading sunset as she answered, with a perceptible tremor: "Here, Mr. Baxter!"

A man of medium height and build, smooth-shaven, well clad in soft toned negligee and brown summer suit that harmonized with his hazel eyes and chestnut hair faintly streaked with gray, came scrambling up the stone-paved bank.

"Your cousin told me I should find you here," ejaculated the newcomer, somewhat breathlessly. "I was nearly off with the others before discovering that you were playing truant—denying yourself like the displeased princess in the tall stone tower. Will it please your imperial and sometimes gracious highness to acquaint a troubled subject with the manner of his unintentional offending?" The bantering interrogation was accompanied by a serio-mirthful gleam of steadfastly focused, eagerly-probing eyes.

"I—had—a headache." This banal pretension, which Shelah had dared not offer the incredulous Jean, sounded the plaintive bleat of a panic-stricken ewe lamb as her wide gaze sought the toes of the sturdy climbing shoes encasing her own small feet with obvious consciousness of their uptilting; her welcoming smile was timorous.

"Will my presence add to the discomfort?" A note of concern sounded in the query of the intruder, who continued in dolorous pleasantry: "I throw myself on that lenity you have shown for the prosiness of increasing years. I am a bachelor of age—a cluttering male entity—a fossil insensately unearthed and pathetically unattached in the company of these exuberantly gleesome young people. Will you mercifully play the grown-up, just for to-night, and let me bask in restful proximity of your womanly calm?"

Shelah's smile was a creditable effort at mirth as she fended the flattery of masculine intimations. "I'll not need to pretend age and sobriety, for this very hour has pressed me with the weight of such dismal acquisitions."

Baxter, disposing himself among the lower rocks at the sentiment expressed became amiably contentious: "If a

woman is as old as she looks, Miss Shelah Maxim remains in her twenties. If by the same anciently accepted ruling a man is as old as he feels, Adam Baxter, her humbly devoted admirer, has already exceeded the earth-span alloted to patriarchs. Surely, Miss Shelah, am I conspicuously burdened with loneliness and years."

Shelah's luring orbs, dusky in the deepening twilight, leveled with desperate fixedness upon the far line of wave and shore at this droll plaint of which she too well knew the reason. Jean! Jean had turned the cerulean loveliness of her eyes upon another, and this man of finest intellect and enviable place in the high circle of art and letters, dwelt consequently in such outer darkness as ordinary mortals would suffer if the sun refused its functions—a spirit of gentle combativeness moved her.

"Age steals on us all with dragging weight, but loneliness may come from bereavement, or one's own choosing."

"In my case the loneliness has seemed a fate." With curiously intent gaze upon the woman, the man pursued the theme. "I can scarcely remember my parents, who died when I was young, and my father's sister, who took their place, construed parental duty wholly as a mingling of educational espionage with austere applause; like the aunt of Aurora Leigh, she did her duty in large measure, but measured always. At thirty I was entered in the workaday arena—a bookworm, dull with cramming of much rhetoric and science, but keen with rapier thrusts in stern determination to repay—to "make good," as modern idiom has it—the effort expended to give me independence through mental power—with a subconscious faith that I should find, somewhere, some day, Love in measure to repay the denial of the years. At forty you see me, like the man thirsting in the desert with the few pearls in his hand."

"But the stones were rare and charm conferring." With troubled frankness Shelah met her companion's undeviating gaze at last unconsciously. "There are many athirst; others, even," with quivering throat muscles, "who have known love the many waters cannot quench, floods cannot drown, yet have lost it. Heart-hunger is the common burden—a pain——" Suddenly the agreeably modulated voice grew evasively halting; black lashes drooped delicately over night-dilated pupils, as with a constrained laugh the voice expounded:

"The deep heart experiences of the solitary spinster are only paralleled by the devotion of the inveterate single man for the moonshine lady."

"That is what I have climbed the rocks to talk about; what I have seized this hour for relating—after six weeks of dallying here, when I had planned to be elsewhere—that there *was* a moonshine lady. Shelah, I am going to call you by your Christian name—and tell you of her." Adam Baxter's candid countenance lifted to his dark-haired companion, from whose cheeks the rose hue suddenly departed, with that tense immobility worn by dominant males at moments of desperate hazard or of bravery demanded, while his fine eyes held all the strain of the uncertainty of the planetary rulings of his hour. Like the mentally drowning, Shelah seized the verbal straw offering escape.

"It may be—I—understand; ideals are all of the same loveliness—in dreamlight. Isn't the music getting nearer? I believe the young folks are returning." There was a distraught and pleading note in this attempt to divert the attention to the revelers whose return meant the cheerful possibility of her cousin's presence again among them; rebellion at Fate's trick to make her the confidante of this man's heart affairs engulfed her being, driving her eyes to the pounding surf below with moody eyes, as in complete masculine unconsciousness of the feminine creature seeking escape, Baxter pursued the purpose of his loitering.

"Though the years have withheld the great prize, they have not left me wholly cheated of romance. It was

three years ago—a summer spent in the Maine woods—that my odd experience came. I met with an accident which laid me by with fever—in the little cabin that housed my guide and self—and through all the delirium of that illness a woman's presence was with me. When my senses returned, after the fever was spent, it was found that I had been guarding, beneath my pillow, a fragment of old newspaper that had wrapped a medicine bottle brought from the nearest settlement—a scrap of paper bearing the likeness of a strong, tender, feminine face encircled by soft braids of hair in a fashion I had known my girl mates to affect in schooldays of the past. When health returned and I was about again, I secured a copy of the newspaper to learn more of the woman whose image was stamped indelibly upon my heart and brain—only to find that my dream lady was dead. An artist of a neighboring State, she had contracted, while abroad, an illness from which she never rallied; the woman whose portrait I had cherished could be to me no more than a shadow—though for weeks she had seemed real and humanly near."

Shelah, who had sought to avoid this anecdote, came rigidly erect, her eyes grave and startled, as again the merriment of the water-riders sounded.

"There is something else I have to tell." The masculine voice flowed inflexibly with its tale. "Within the last few weeks I found my lady of a summer to be an earth-dweller. I cannot solve the mystery, but the likeness is unmistakable, even to the coronet of braids and the wide eyes that I fancied would be gray, like those of Reason's own fair goddess." Baxter had loosed the cover of his watch, and now held the article to his companion's notice. "Shelah, will you peep at my old paper picture and tell me wherein the secret lies?"

Shelah's glance passed sharply the face framed in the gold of the cover as the song of the returning youths and maidens burst hilariously:

"Hi-cho, chimi-cho, hi-cho, chimi-cho.
The moon was chewing a mellow Indian fig;
The sun was gobbling a cabbage big."

The gray eyes lifted slowly, heavily, as a voice that sounded faint and far off made explanation:

"Three years ago a strange mistake occurred; a newspaper published my picture for that of a relative for whom I was named. My aunt was the artist, Shelah Maxim, who died in Rome."

"Then my moonshine lady lives, and I may tell her of my fancies," sounded a voice, rejoicingly. "Shelah, you alone can say if love was beckoning since so long you have been my shadow love."

"Shadow loves are lovelier than real ones," answered the woman with a timid smile. "They are neither old, nor staid——"

"Nor wholly adorable because of their maturity. The budding feminine has no charms——"

"Hi, Baxter," came a shout from the shore, "lend a hand, please. The rudder's broken—we're coming in."

With arms outstretched, Adam Baxter towered above his companion. "Come—wait for me in the path," he said.

First to spring to shore, a moment later, the ebullient Jean, lightly humming, came bounding up the bank, where her cousin loitered. A sharp glance she gave the dark-haired, smaller woman, then paused with mocking smile, oracularly declaiming: " 'The sun and the cabbage!' All the time the great, brilliant sun was delaying its course for the poor, stupid garden plant—such a dear little woman with a vegetal cranium!" And with a lilting laugh she sped up the path.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

And Some Reflections Upon Mexicanized Young Men of To-Day

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

NOT THAT, at this late day, when all Europe is proclaiming him Christian King of the world, Mr. Carnegie need care for the cruel comments of the great extreme West, given too entirely to much shallow witticisms, even if they reached his consideration. But the great extreme West should concern itself most seriously on this subject. Persistent wrong cannot always go unpunished. The constant ridicule and unnecessary abuse of some of our best men in the end bear evil and bitter fruit. It should at this hour lie heavily on the public conscience, and while it may not sensibly concern the central figure, it should amply concern us individually. No intelligent people can afford long to remain unjust. The reaction surely comes, and, alas, too often it comes too late.

To those who find fault with this man's good fortune I want to say that all sorts of opportunities are ten-fold greater than when he began, at the very bottom. Why not embrace some one of these and leave off witticism and criticism?

The opportunity does not make the man. In nine cases out of ten the man makes the opportunity. Nor are opportunities to be found growing on every tree. They are a rare fruit, and must be cared for and cultivated from the ground up. Nearly every street corner has its group of well-dressed, fairly educated young men waiting for opportunities. The opportunities will never come to them. You must go to work single-handed and simply make your opportunities.

It is hard to think of a more pitiable figure than that of the boy Franklin walking the streets of Philadelphia eating a penny roll, with not even a place to sit down after his long tramp from Boston. Yet in a little time he was at work, and he kept at work until he was the chief figure in the nation.

I know of but one other man in American history that at all compares with this poor, wandering printer eating a penny roll on the street, without even so much as a place to sit down, and that is the little weaver lad, Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg.

Young Andrew, or Andy, as he was known for the first few years, had a mother to guide and advise him, but her experience was so meagre and friends so few that it was almost as if he stood alone. And yet, what can take the place of a watchful, loving mother?

Andrew was small for his years, and his years were not many when he began the battle of life. His family were weavers in Scotland, but machinery and the march of civilization and the new order of things compelled a change, and the elder Carnegie resolved to seek employment in America. The little family, soon deprived of its head, found its way to Pittsburg, at the time having quite a colony of weavers, and here young Andrew found employment as "bobbin boy" in one of the shops; that is, he was to keep spools in place and be otherwise of service to the weaver.

His wages were twenty cents a day, one dollar and twenty cents a week; his hours were from daylight to dark, and he must be first on hand in the morning to start the fires. There were no lamps nor lights of any sort in the streets of Pittsburg in those days, and

the little lad had to feel his way along the wall from house to house in the darkness until he came to his place of employment, fortunately not far from his mother's humble home.

These facts are from an article given to the world under Mr. Carnegie's own signature, at a time when his contributions to libraries and charities in general made some sort of biography necessary. Nor was it made in a spirit of boasting of poverty. In fact, Mr. Carnegie has said in substance that there is but one thing more vulgar than the boasting of wealth, and that is the boasting of poverty.

The weavers seem to have been kind to the lad. At least we hear of no complaint. On the contrary, he seems to have been promoted to be a sort of engineer, a place of some risk and extremity, through which he passed with credit. In fact, his employers began to find him not only reliable, but of real help and use in cases of emergency.

President Scott, the first great head of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had noticed the willing and energetic activity of the boy in connection with the telegraph office, and employed him to learn the craft. In a few days he not only could transmit messages, but could read them from the wire as they came to hand. There were telegrams to be delivered along the dark and broken streets at night. The boy not only learned the numbers of the houses, but learned them so thoroughly that he could make his way there and back, light or no light.

And all this was simply doing his duty, doing it with his mind on his work, working with all his might when other boys would half way play. He was never idle. Andrew Carnegie never played: he did not know how. He read, read, read every book in the limited library.

One day Scott said to him: "There are ten shares of the United Express for sale. If you can possibly raise the money, buy them!"

The boy told his mother. The mother had a brother not entirely empty-handed. They had confidence in Scott, and the stock was purchased. The boy, Andrew Carnegie, loved the woods, and thither he went on Sundays with his companions, instead of haunting the noisy streets. He had early received a dividend from his stock. This he showed his young companions. Here was a miracle, here was money that made itself. Why could not all make money in that way? They put their heads together. All they wanted was a little capital. That capital they agreed should be the foundation of fortune. Economy, economy, economy, economy: economy of time, economy of money, economy of all resources. These boys young, bright, energetic, steady young men, though poor as the traditional church mouse. They all are or have been millionaires. So much for economy.

But this boy or that boy may say, "I have no friend like Scott. I cannot hope to have." Let me ask, have you ever tried to have such a friend? Have you ever set your face fairly toward work and kept it there, thinking only of your work? The world is looking on. Let no one be afraid he will not be observed.

There are men, good, far-seeing, sympathetic men in every office, in every place of importance, who are looking every day for an Andrew Carnegie, but Andrew Carnegies are not found in the groups of young men who haunt street corners and hold up cigar stands, waiting for something to turn up. No man looking for an Andrew Carnegie in energy and industry would look twice at any young man with stained finger-tips, however civil and well dressed he might be. "Our young men of the California coast are fast becoming Mexicanized," wrote an intelligent traveler recently. I say the indictment is a true bill. The idle young man about town, from Sitka to San Diego, who has not the Mexican cigarette habit is an exception to the general rule. Yet all these young men profess to be anxious for employment.

Fancy, if you can, a young Andrew Carnegie going up and down sucking a cigarette, the corpse of a dead cigar! Fancy, if you can, a group of intellectual giants crowding around a cigar stand where ladies pass, with no police to interfere!

These multitudinous young men are not all, or nearly all, vicious. They are not ignorant or entirely ill-bred. They are simply idle, basking in the sun like Mexicans, their highest employment rolling and sucking a cigarette. He is a young Micawber; he is a "manyana" man, and a "manyana" man he will remain till doomsday, if allowed to pose as a Mexican much longer. Some of these young men have good prospects, some belong to good families, some have mines and some have great estates or live in hopes of inheriting them. Some have oil mines, some have gold mines, some cinnabar. Some of them are waiting for rich relatives to die. But mainly they belong to the junk heap, as the great Italian poet said, and hell is full of such men and their good resolutions. For it is a pitiful fact that nearly all our city loafers, cigarette suckers and Mexicanized young men in general have come up to the city from the honest country by way of the school house and even the university. The great Western States are starred all over with universities, some of them having two or three each. But it is a deplorable fact that sometimes when you put a young man from the country through one of these he is fit only for a town loafer. He is fit only for a second-class Mexican. He will never go to work again, never, so long as he can roll a cigarette. There is not the making of a single Andrew Carnegie in a million of such young Americans.

There may be an embryo Andrew Carnegie coming to the front far out on the rich and roomy fields of the Rocky Mountains, but he is not in the narrow and noisome streets of our border towns, and the hard—in fact the almost impossible—part of the situation is to teach these young men their mistake.

Not long since, a man came from the South with some fine horses. He wanted some spirited Californians to help take charge of them, and he went among the great livery stables, seeking his young men.

"Show me your hands!" was his first remark to the young candidate for the responsible position. "What for?" "Show me your hands, and I will tell you what for afterwards." And the man explained that any man who smoked cigarettes was fit for nothing else, and in the second place, he was a walking incendiary.

These facts are set down for the consideration of whomsoever it may concern, and it ought to concern every cigarette fiend that lives.

It was the fashion, a few years ago, and still is among the most ignorant and envious to critcise Andrew Carnegie for his wonderful work in the educational way. It was freely charged that he was doing it for his own glory. But when these benefactions continued and it became apparent that the sources of these revenues were the result of foresight and industry and economy, these accusations gradually fell to the ground, and there were those who began to bewail their fate in not being born at a time when the Andrew Carnegie fortunes were to be had for the picking up.

Pittsburg was, to their thinking, a sort of California gold mine. Why were they not in at the death of the fox, with a chance at the trophy? Did they forget the little weaver lad who carried his lunch to his work and felt his way along the wall in the dark from his mother's door? Did they all forget how that for six days of toil from dawn till dark he arrived home in triumph and laid one dollar and twenty cents in his mother's hand, and had in return her pride in his thrift? They did not remember, if they ever knew. Yet the story was all of the one piece, one and inseparable.

And now let us see if there are not other Pittsburg oil wells, coal mines, iron mines and cataracts. "Pittsburg at night is hell with the lid off," said

Beecher, after first beholding it, and so it looks still to the stranger. But there are other cataracts on this continent. There is a cataract nearly a thousand miles long, reaching away up in Canada, and tearing its tumultuous way through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and nearly every mile capable of being made, by the same process and enterprise displayed at Pittsburg, a literal hell with the lid off. But where are the Carnegies to lay hold of and control these energies of oil and coal and iron and tumultuous waters?

These revenues are building up colleges, libraries, conservatories, such as the world has never dreamed of. But the coal, oil, iron, are the immense sources of fortune still left for the young man, but where are the young men? Walk down the streets of almost any city of the West, and you will see them in gay clothes and stained thumbs, grouped around the cigar stands, sucking at the corpse of a dead cigar. They see nothing of the opportunities, quite up to if not surpassing those Carnegie had, but they see faults and follies in Carnegie, both in the building of his fortune and the disposing of it, and they are filled with delight when some coarse publication utters an ugly witticism touching the man who has done so much and is doing so much more than any other man in history has done.

The hope of the nation lies in its honest and industrious thrift, the consciousness that the sweetest flower grows closest to the ground, in the men sincere enough and wise enough to lay hold of the opportunities scattered on every hand and in every walk of life.

We need a university where these things shall be taught. I do not say that our universities are at fault. They are doing a great work, no doubt, but I cannot help feeling, when I see these crowds of young men, witless candidates for the poorhouse, and so afraid of work, that there is something wrong in our educational make-up. We have teachers and a thousand books to teach us about Napoleon and his sort, but where is the school or school master to teach us about the Andrew Carnegies, their virtues, their economy and industry? By the strictest adherence to these two cardinal virtues, industry and economy, following the example of nature that neither wastes a moment of time nor a particle of material, young Carnegie soon found himself no longer dependent, but full handed enough to help others.

And it is greatly to his credit that his first care was for his mother. She had helped him to borrow the few dollars that bought the United Express stock, and gave him his first dividend. The little old mother wanted to see bonnie Scotland again, the home of her children, and her boy resolved to take her to the old weaver home. In a sort of triumphal procession, he purchased a coach and four, had the strange outfit landed at Brighton, and from Brighton he set out, with his mother at his side, top seat, for his Skibo Castle. The little mother must have been delighted with her unique journey, for her son says, in his journal, "She is in a gale of merriment all day."

Away up toward the old Border, where there had been built a wall to keep the warlike Scot out of "Merrie England," they came to a toll gate that held the party at bay for quite a time. The keeper did not know how much to toll such an imposing display without the presence of Royalty, and he had to consult a magistrate.

The reception at the old home was not for the young man, Andrew Carnegie, but for his mother. Everything was for her honor and delight. Carnegie ended his journal for that day by saying: "We all retired weary but well, wondering what we had done to be so entirely happy."

They had been doing good, making others happy: that was all there was of it.

Doubtless many rules and precepts entered into the making up of Carnegie's life and success, but above all, the cardinal virtues of energy, industry and economy stand easily first.



Joaquin Miller.

Carnegie says: "Observe Nature. Nature wastes not one moment of time. Observe Nature. Nature is never idle for an instant." One of Mr. Carnegie's rules, and one most calculated to keep a speculative mind within bounds, is: "Don't scatter your forces. Put your eggs all in one basket and then watch that basket with the eye of an eagle."

But over and above all rules or precepts in the life of Andrew Carnegie shines continually the high, white, quieting light of common sense. Nothing seems to be left to chance or accident. His gifts for educational purposes, such as the world has never before heard of, are, so far as can be seen by the ordinary man, the result of careful thought on the good that is to be done.

In the boundless possibilities of this new world's future there may rise many great men, many a Midas, whose every touch may mean money and power, but it is only the plain and unvarnished truth to say that Andrew Carnegie, the quiet weaver lad, is the wisest, best and altogether ablest and most useful man that has yet appeared in history. But the main purpose of this screed is to point out, as indicated in the first paragraph, to the ten thousand young Micawbers on the street corners and at the cigar stands that the opportunities for amassing fortunes are as great, if not greater, in almost every town of the West today than they were when Andrew Carnegie began laying the corner stone of the greatest private fortune in the world.

COME TO OUR BIENNIAL

(Written specially for the G. F. W. C. Biennial Meeting, San Francisco, June 25—July 5.)

BY KATE H. SMITH

They've heard the call ring far and free;
The call from out the Golden West—
From snowy peak to summer sea
They're coming on—a nation's best.

Chorus—

For California sent the call.
Held out her charms perennial;
Come out, come out, come one and all,
Come to Our Biennial.

They'll cross our mountains ribbed with gold,
They'll cross our valleys, sun-caressed;
They'll come our wonders to behold.
Let's show our hearts big like the rest.

We'll share our treasures—every one,
Our balmy air, our cooling breeze,
Our fruits and flowers and golden sun,
And fragrance from a million trees.

Our city gates are open wide.
Come gather by the sunset sea;
For Federation means the tide
That sweeps toward true unity.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE GOVERNMENT AND CONDUCT OF SOCIETY

As Illustrated by the Splendid Achievements of California Women

*(Among the most notable conventions to be held in San Francisco this summer will be the eleventh biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, from June 25th to July 5th. Over three-fourths of a million of progressive women are enrolled in the clubs belonging to this organization, each federated club of fifty members or less being entitled to send one delegate to the convention. The local biennial board, of which Mrs. E. G. Denniston is president, assisted by Mrs. Abbie Krebs of the Hospitality Committee, Ella M. Sexton of the Publicity Committee, Mrs. Mary Bates McClellan, and many other enthusiastic members of the organization, is making elaborate preparations to receive the thousands of women who will come from all over the country. A sum exceeding ten thousand dollars has been raised by private subscription to properly entertain them.—*EDITOR.)

BY HATTIE ELLIOTT CRANE

IN THE VISIONS of Patmos, the ancient seer beheld a glorious city, "like a bride adorned for her husband." It was heaven descending on earth to man. Whatever scope we may give to the Biblical meaning, this is certain: that the seer must have considered the dual relation of man to woman as the divinest thing on this mundane sphere.

In California there is a widespread fear that woman, since she has been given the ballot, is going to learn and to do many kinds of work, and by this means she will cease to be a thing of joy and beauty, to cheer and charm the masculine heart.

In the growth of our industries, in



From left to right—Mrs. Robert Burdette, First President C. F. W. C. Mrs. Philip N. Moore, President General Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. J. E. Cowles, of Los Angeles.

the multiplication of our trades and professions, we have become accustomed to seeing man take, by far, the most prominent part. He has reached out in a hundred directions, while woman, seemingly, has remained only mistress of the home. Man's greater muscular power led to this uneven development. But as to brain-power, woman has quite as many dominant faculties as man, and sooner or later must reach out in as many directions. Neither custom nor prejudice can turn the law aside. The issue should leave woman quite as distinctly different from man as she is now.

In the new civilization which is opening before us, we shall understand more fully the great law of dualism which runs through all occupations, and we shall see that every kind of labor has naturally two sides. One of these sides is adapted to the peculiar characteristics, the dominant faculties of man, while the other side is equally adapted to the dominant faculties and tendencies of woman. For example, take the perceptive faculties, form and color. Many women wield the artist's brush, and delight us with the richness of pictured color. But only a few are attracted to the sculptor's art, dealing as that does with forms and proportions, and not with color and texture. Architectural work, too, depending upon relations of form and space, holds little inducement for women, yet in the work of interior decorations, her exquisite sense of color-harmonies finds congenial occupation.

Looking at the more ambitious group of faculties, dignity and laudation, we see the sense of dignity is stronger in the character of man. In contrast to this the faculty of laudation marks the feminine taste. If woman tries to vie with man or to become his competitor, she will realize that the masculine faculty of dignity is bold, positive and impressive. She will also realize that the breath of praise is inspiring to woman, and she does not, naturally, rest upon the sublime depths of her own self-conscious importance. These differences in the sexes are not incidental. They are part of a divine and harmonious development.

In the public functions of society we often see, in the masculine mind, constructive and philosophic elements more prominently controlling, and the intuitive and sympathetic in the feminine mind.

As pioneers in movements which have done so much towards supplying our broad West with great and efficient institutions for the advanced culture of her sex, woman deserves recognition, but in promoting the welfare of the child, she has found the best field for her talents.

In California, woman is connected



Mrs. R. J. Waters, of Los Angeles, President California Federation of Women's Clubs.



Opening day at the North Beach Playgrounds, San Francisco, Aug. 7, 1910.

with nearly all our charitable Homes for children, and for a number of years has held places of great responsibility in these institutions. Although she may not have arrested the gaze of the world, yet we find her quietly working out the most useful and even the grandest problems of the age and race. Her sympathy and taste, her control and authority, reach and regulate as man's cannot, and the model nurseries, the bright, happy faces of the children whom misfortune has driven to seek shelter within these walls, testify to her loving care, and also to a determination to show what can be done with the child, if properly cared for.

The beginning of woman's great work for children in California came when, in 1900, the clubwomen organized as one body and became known as the California Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Robert Burdette was the first president. At that time the prevalent idea regarding women's clubs was that they were principally for the amusement of a few, and that their influence would never be felt beyond the four walls of the clubhouse. Now the California Federation of Women's Clubs, of which Mrs. Russell J. Waters is president, with its three hundred and fifty clubs, representing thousands of women, is a recognized power —for it has shown the people that it is an organization working, not wholly for its own culture, but for the good of the home and the service of the State. These women stand pre-eminent as builders in much that tends toward the advancement of woman and the welfare of the child.

The clubwomen have secured the passage of many important laws in the Legislature, as the Tenement House Bill, the Child Labor Bill, Juvenile Court Bill, and many others which directly affect the home.

For a long time, in some of our most progressive cities, children arrested for the first time and for some minor offense, were sent to jail, locked in a cell, perhaps, within sight and hearing of hardened criminals. Stimulated by the thought that a youth saved from crime to become a good citizen is doubly saved to himself and the State, the clubwomen began to work for the establishment of Juvenile Courts and of Detention Homes.

The California Club of San Francisco secured the passage of the Juvenile Court Bill in the State Legislature, perhaps the most important and

most worthy of recognition of all the measures women have gained. After this bill was passed, women's clubs in several counties, assisted by charitable organizations, paid the salaries of the Probation officers. It was not until the admirable results of the law's operation had been thoroughly demonstrated after a lapse of some years, in several counties, indeed, that a bill was secured, requiring such salaries to be paid by each county.

The fact that representatives of women's clubs are on every Probation committee in California proves the interest women are still taking in the promotion of this movement, and we know that many a worker is sowing good seed in fertile soil to flower later into better lives.

The aid of woman was especially needed to promote another leading idea of the twentieth century for children, that of establishing playgrounds. Every city with well equipped playgrounds points with pride to work being done in the way of "civic righteousness," relieving the unhappy conditions among masses of poor children. But it was woman's character and temperament that were needed to pioneer the work. As soon as she realized that more playgrounds would mean fewer Juvenile Courts, nearly every community started supervised playgrounds in very self-defense.

Among the first cities in California to have municipal playgrounds was Los Angeles, and it was due to the efforts of Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and the Civic Association that the undertaking was successful. So important did the work become that a Board of Playground Commissioners was soon formed, and Mrs. Rodman was appointed chairman to direct its policies and desires.

The California Club of San Francisco started the city's first public playground in 1898. For three years the club supported this playground, paying the director's salary and all other expenses. At the end of this time, the idea of public playgrounds as an educational factor had been successfully demonstrated to the Board of Supervisors, and thus the establishment of municipal playgrounds under the auspices of the Board of Education was accomplished. The women continued to work, next, for a bond election to secure money to purchase playgrounds, and also for an amendment to the charter, empowering the Mayor to appoint a Playground Commission. It was through the efforts of the California Club and the Outdoor Art League that this charter-amendment was fostered and carried. The solid and dignified basis on which the playground system of San Francisco rests is due to the persistency of the Outdoor Art League, of the California Club, and of Mrs. Lovell White. These women participated in the adoption of the amendment, going to the polls, where they solicited votes from men who believed in playgrounds.

It may safely be asserted that no city in the State during the last few years has devoted more attention to the playground work or has achieved better results, according to the commercial growth and increase in population, than Oakland. It was the women of the Oakland Club who pioneered the movement, equipped the first playground and successfully conducted it for two successive summers. At the end of this time the city assumed all responsibility, and the Mayor appointed a Playground Commission, consisting of three women and two men.

The State Playground Association of Women, Miss Ethel Moore, president, is the first organization of its kind in the United States.

Neighborhood work has been largely a woman's movement in California, and has found expression through women's clubs. The Oakland New Century Club was organized in 1900 by Mrs. Robert Watt to work in a district lined with small, crowded dwellings where there were thirty-five saloons, but no parks nor playgrounds. The purpose of the club was to establish and maintain schools of domestic science, including cooking and sewing



The Infant Shelter, organized by women in 1871, is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in San Francisco.

schools, also kindergartens, libraries and reading rooms, and to promote in any and all ways the proper care, education and training of the young, to the end that they become self-sustaining, intelligent and useful members of society.

During the twelve years of good and effective work by this organization, a revolution in the morals of the children in that section of the city has been accomplished.

How thoroughly California women begin to appreciate their opportunity to help in educational work for the young may be illustrated by the efforts of the clubwomen.

For example, the Ebell Club of Los Angeles donated about three hundred dollars last year for public school scholarships. It also completely equipped a housekeeping bungalow for the girls in one school that they might learn housekeeping in every branch.

In several counties the women have accomplished the introduction of domestic science into the public schools, and have also had the kindergarten established as a part of the public school system.

The Federated Mothers' Clubs of Oakland, Mrs. J. E. Spenser, president, have been devoting time and energy to obtaining free text books for the public schools in the State. A bill has finally passed the Legislature covering the long-felt need, and will soon be submitted to a vote of the people.

Berkeley Federation of Mothers' Clubs, Mrs. H. N. Rowell, President, has been instrumental in securing, at the expense of the State, a compilation of the laws of California relating to children.

The work of these clubs is typical of that of many others.

Along with the educational work goes the establishment of public libraries. More than one-third of the clubs last year assisted and fostered the libraries of their respective towns.

One of the most notable of the many fine things accomplished by the Ebell Club of Oakland was securing the Carnegie Library for that city. Ebell purchased the lot for the library at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, and deed-

ed it to the city, and also expended about five thousand dollars in handsomely finishing the children's room in the library.

Out of such efforts, with their widening circle of influence, has grown woman's interest in municipal affairs. Although the greatest field for women in the future will, no doubt, be along moral and humanitarian lines, yet a noticeable interest is being taken in civic work, especially that part which appeals to the artistic faculties as beautifying parks and improving highways. One hundred and fifty clubs in the State are actively engaged in this line of work.

The Woman's Improvement Club of Modesto, with a membership of one hundred and ninety, in one year planted ten miles of highway in trees, maintained and improved thirty-five acres of parks, built a gateway to one park and a rose arbor of one hundred and forty feet. It also realized from a fiesta the sum of four thousand dollars which was expended in beautifying the city.

The saving of the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees is the result of woman's work, and reflects great credit on the California Club of San Francisco. The club sent a representative to Washington to secure action on this important bill.

There is, too, the philanthropic department of clubs which always appeals to woman, for woman has been generous, even if the bounty has not always been wise. Contact with the world is teaching her the difference between the old way of administrating charity, which weakened a family's grip on livelihood and the new way which strengthens it. The work of the philanthropic department of the California Federation of Women's Clubs is always practical, and it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the good that is being accomplished. There is the community house where women who go out for the day can leave their children; there are the reading rooms and rest rooms, Free Legal Aid Societies, and for the needy sick, free beds in the hospitals and free maternity cottages.

A very fine movement has recently been inaugurated by Mrs. J. B. Richardson, State Chairman of Philanthropy, and assured of success through the pioneer work of the Oakland Club, the Twentieth Century Club of Berkeley and the Alta Mira Club of San Leandro. It is the establishing of Linen Loan Closets in every city, making it possible for the city nurse to have at all times at her disposal clean linen to be used in sickness or when needed.

One of the most novel features in philanthropic work is the penny kitchen, where about one hundred and fifty children from a school in the poor part of Los Angeles are daily served with hot lunches. Los Angeles was the first city west of Milwaukee to achieve this work, and its success is due to the Civic Association, of which Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant is president.

When U. S. Senator John D. Works wished to carry out a plan to relieve the poor who were living in squalor and degradation in certain parts of Los Angeles, he appealed to the women. He explained the plan to the Friday Morning Club, and said the city would lease a tract of land for a long term of years, on which cottages costing about five hundred dollars each might be built and rented to the poor at the same rent which they were paying for tenements. The women of the Friday Morning Club were interested, and pledged the erection of the first cottage. To further aid the project, an association known as "The Model Village Corporation" was formed, and Mrs. Egelhoff-Rundell elected president. Twenty acres of land near Elysian Park was chosen for the site, and many interesting features, including playgrounds and a recreation center, became a part of the model village plan. The Friday Morning Club erected the first cottage, and has continued to push the work for the benefit of the slum dwellers until now the Model Village is becoming the realization of a well directed philanthropy.



A quiet day at the Children's Playground, Oakland, Cal.

The small rentals from the cottages are applied to keeping social workers to help the tenants, and for general improvements.

All this social betterment is the result of organization, and of the good work accomplished by the California Federation of Women's Clubs a volume might be written. Even if the distinction between "man's" and "woman's" work is sharply drawn, all these achievements are within woman's sphere. And let it be added that the public spirited California women are just as successful in housekeeping and home-making as they are in pioneering civic and philanthropic work for humanity, and while building along such broad lines, the motherly instinct is never lost. It is the womanly sympathy, the clear and quick perception that has uplifted many unfortunate children otherwise neglected and misunderstood in unhappy homes.

Numberless institutions expressing woman's idea of humanitarianism are found throughout the State. While man has been wondering whether she should or should not leave the home, woman all quietly and unobserved, has builded institutions, the good result of which will be manifest in the future citizens of this locality.

Through all this work we see that the faculty of inspiration has been a strong element in woman's character. Many times she has felt her way to the truth rather than reasoned it there. A quick glance over the whole field, and her decisive judgment was formed. She has afterwards followed out the slow inductive steps of reason with masculine exactness. On the other hand, we notice that man has been inclined to reason his way to light. It was external evidence that counted in making up his judgment. But after the careful arrangement and comparison of facts he has given his



A Christmas feast for the children, New Century Club, Oakland, Cal.

recognition, sympathy and support to nearly every public movement undertaken by women, thus helping to carry her beyond the circle of private fellowship into the wider outlook of the world.

Without denying the claims of her own family and home, woman is still answering, in every city in California, the appealing call of humanity. In making laws for civic betterment, for the education of children, for the general welfare of the home, she finds her place. not as man's competitor, but as his equal.

If women have been a tower of strength in the cause of decency and righteousness, their votes can be expected to support any reasonable, just and practicable demand. And inasmuch as the women of California have been especially favored in receiving the aid and co-operation of men in their efforts to improve prevailing usages and to correct existing abuses, we naturally expect that the ballot will mean the marshaling upon a common plane of all the forces for good that have been indwelling in the hearts of both man and woman.

While woman will thus take an equal part in the government and conduct of society, she will not become less womanly than now. Her wonderful idealism will find free channels for a diversified expression through her versatile intellect and pliant fingers. The woman of to-day must surely see, opening before her, a vista of new fields of work and achievement. These demand that her brain must be clear and her body braced with good powers of endurance. Let her choose the methods which are in harmony with nature, remembering that man and woman were intended for different lines of social and industrial activity—and her success is assured.

ARCHITECTURE UNDER THE SEA

BY JESSIE PORTER WHITAKER

HOUSES which express the individuality of their builders or occupants, are of far greater interest than long rows of apartment houses. Shells scattered on the beach by the incoming tide and left stranded as it recedes, are the homes of some of the millions of creatures that dwell under the sea, and each form is wonderfully designed to suit the needs of its inhabitants. Some of these dwellings are still occupied, and as you carry it home, a little, gasping mouth protrudes, in pitiful, gasping protest against this unaccustomed element—air.

Most of the shells found on the beach, however, are empty. This pictured specimen of cowry shows beauty of form and markings, but it lacks lustre. Why? It is a dead shell, its occupant gone, a deserted home!

Cowries belong to an aristocratic genera of the shell family—Cypræa—which is found among the tropical islands of the equatorial Pacific. They are of especial interest in having been used as money by savage tribes.

At times when the tide is out, walk near the water: a multitude of tiny wedges may be found standing on their sharp points in the wet sand while the blunt end is turned up. This is Donax, a shell about half an inch long—when full-sized—the two halves of which fit together like a blunt triangle, nearly square at one end and tapering to a rounded point at the other. In March and April great numbers of these are washed ashore and bespangle the beach as a jeweled carpet, until the next breaker comes rolling in, when, with a quick turn of the muscular foot, they all disappear like a flash, buried in the sand. The similarity of the Californian and Floridan forms of Donax and of other species found upon the Atlantic and Pacific sides of Central America, seems to point to the existence of a water-way, at some remote period, between the two oceans.

At a spot where the beach was literally paved with a many-hued mosaic of Donax, a woman was scooping them up with a tin basin and pouring them into a colander. To our question, she replied: "We cook them; they make a very good soup."

And why not? They belong to the class of mollusks called Pelecypoda, better known as bivalves, an appropriate name, for all the animals of this class have two shells. To this belong the oyster, clam, scallop and other kinds suggestive of good eating.

When a Pelecypod dies and the muscles relax, the valves gap open, and we find the empty shells on the beach, sometimes united, but more often a single half. The most common of the latter kind are the scallops and cockle shells, the former being distinguished by the wing-like projections called "ears," on either side of the rounded point of the valve. These, with their sculpturing of radiating ribs and varied coloring in stripes and patches of red, orange, pink, blue and brown, are favorites with shellgatherers, and often used for mercantile purposes, made up into pincushions and various ornaments.

The outline of the genus Pecten, to which the scallops belong, has furnished conventional designs for mural decorations, and one Mediterranean species was used as a religious emblem by the Crusaders who called it "Saint James' shell," and wore it as an evidence that they had visited the



At top, turban shell; left, anomia lampe; the double shell, boat or slipper shells, and on the lower right, "Neptune's visiting card."

Holy Land. This design became the insignia of various knightly and religious orders in the middle ages.

Cockles belong to the genus Cardium—"heart-shaped"; they lack the ears, but many of them are marked very like the scallops. The specimen of the genus Chione is finely sculptured with longitudinal ribs and concentric ridges; it belongs to the family Veneridæ, named for the Goddess of Beauty. The pretty, white shells, suggestive of a pair of dainty wings, belong to the aristocracy of beauty among bivalves, the genus Tellina. The shell is smooth and glossy with its upper end contracted and slightly bent.

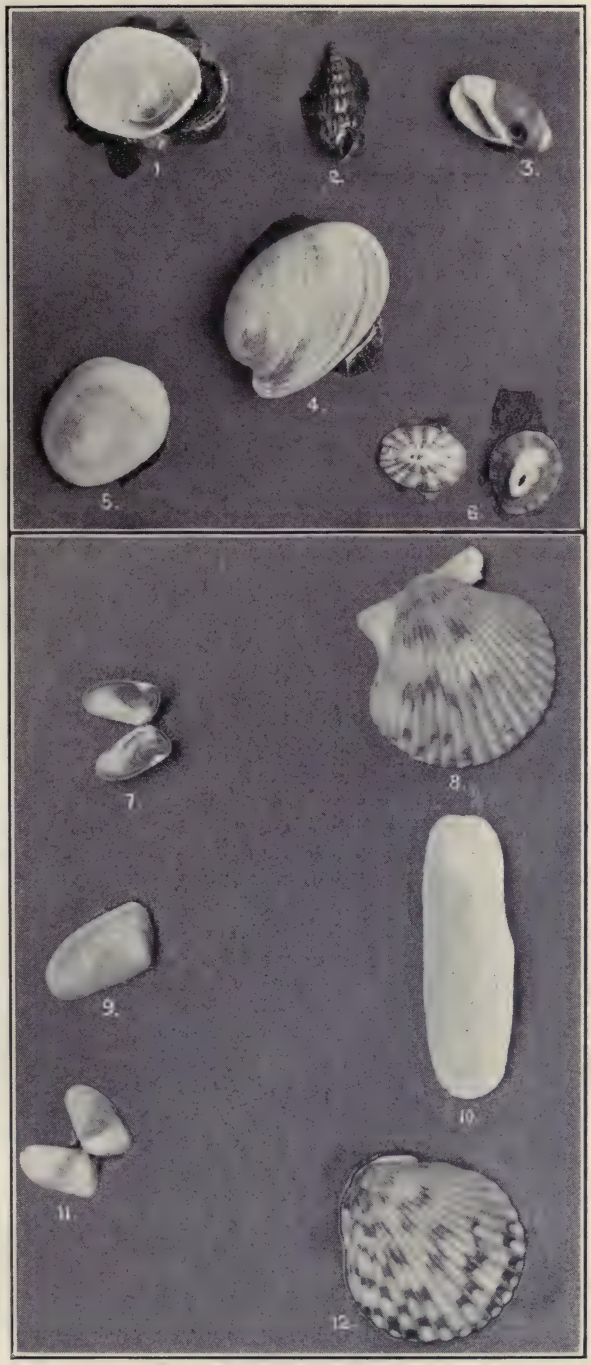
Another pure white shell is the Razor, belonging to the family Solenidæ. If you undertake to capture a Razor alive, he will burrow into the sand faster than you can follow, and, if you should catch him, will cling so tightly to the sand with his muscular foot that the shell must be pulled off the body to secure it. The empty shells are often to be found on the

sand, and, by their long, narrow shape and smooth surface, suggest the appropriate name of Neptune's visiting cards.

The two families of the Pelecypoda—or bivalves—of interest to the greatest number of people, are the Avunculidæ and the Ostreidæ. It would be hard to say which is the stronger of the passions appealed to by these two kinds of oysters. The former furnish the pearl oysters, appealing to vanity and the mercenary instinct, the latter the edible oyster, ministering to the gastronomic desires of the human race. Ostreidæ also touches the commercial side of mankind, since oyster farming has become a great industry.

The oyster culturist must not only plant his beds and tend them like plants, thinning and giving them proper nourishment, but he must protect them from enemies, the starfish and certain mollusks which, like man, find them good to eat. To see oyster culture in perfection, one must visit the shores of France, where the miles of mud flats left by the receding tide are great oyster farms. The illustration shows Ostrea lurida, a native Californian species of a dark purplish hue and much smaller than those of the Eastern coast. A barnacle has built his little chimneys on the edge of this specimen.

One of the bivalves which somewhat resembles a small oyster and is used as an article of food in France, is Anomia lampe. The Anomidæ are peculiar shells, irregularly rounded,



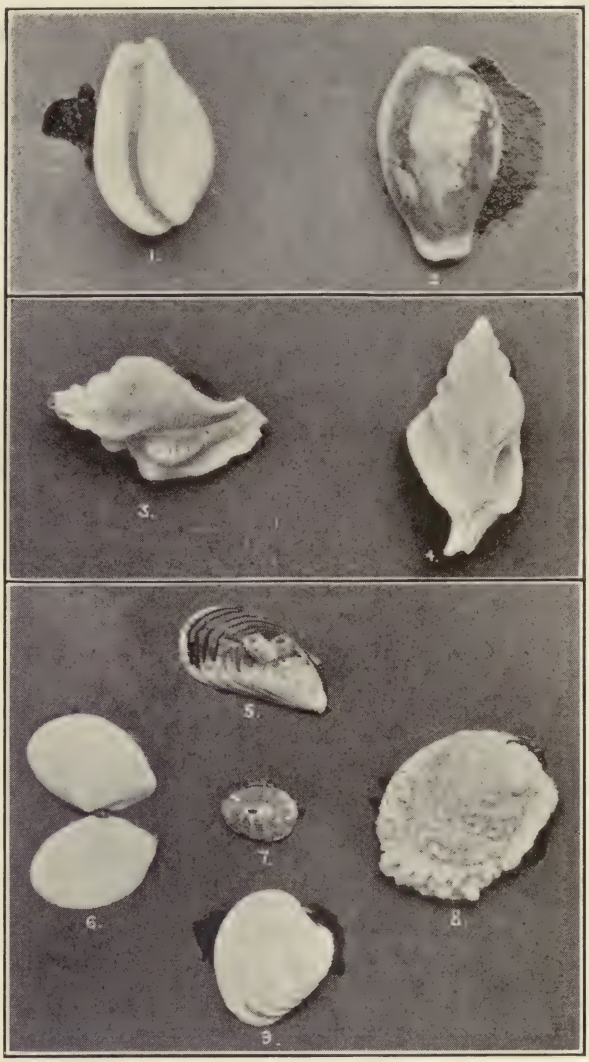
1—Cup and saucer; 2—Horn shell; 3—Olive-shell; 4—Cloudy bubble shell; 5—White cap; 6—Keyhole limpets; 7-8-9—Donax Californicus; 10—Scallop shell; 11—Razor shell; 12—Cockle shell.

with one convex and one flat or concave valve, the surface of which is undulated or plaited to match that of the object to which it is attached. These valves are usually separated when found on the beach, and being thin in texture of a shining yellow, are called gold shells. Another species of the same family is greenish without and pearly within; this has the high-sounding name Placuanoma machrochisma and is called the "silver shell."

A contrast to these smooth shells is Chama pellucida, a very rough cardium covered with frills which are translucent like chalcedony. The name Chama is an ancient one, having been mentioned by Pliny.

A few of the mollusks belonging to the class Pelecypoda, have been described as bivalves. There is another large class called Gasteropoda, which may be characterized as the univalve mollusks. The Gasteropod shell has been described as "a hollow tube wound about an imaginary axis," of which the familiar snail-shell and the longer, black Cerithidea sacrata, sometimes called the "Horn-shell" are good examples.

Another small shell of this class is the well known "Olive shell." Specimens of the Olivella Biplicata have been found among Indian relics, for they were used by the aborigines as wampum and as ornaments. They are about the size and shape of small olives, shading from cream white to dove color, with purple markings. Olivella boetica, a smaller form, is brown or bluish with yellow stripes.



1-2—Cowry shells, family cyproeidae; 3-4—Muricidae, Pteronotus, festivus; 5—Native oyster with barnacles or sea acorns; 6—White wings; 7—Keyhole limpet; 8—Chama pellucida; 9—Family veneridae, genus chione.

A very pretty shell is Bulla nebulosa, known as the "Cloudy Bubble-shell." It is very thin, of a brownish shade mottled in white and yellow patches, suggesting a bird's egg both in shape, texture and coloring. To find a perfect specimen one would have to search among the seaweed left high by the receding tide on some still la-

goon, for they are far too frail to withstand the buffeting of the surf.

Among the most common of the shells found on our beaches are the limpets. Any one who has tried to collect live limpets knows how necessary it is to surprise the animal and to slip the knife quickly between it and the rock, or the foot will take such a firm hold that it is almost impossible to loosen it. Some of the limpets seem to have a fondness for their home site, for they wander about at high tide in search of food, and when tide ebbs, return to fasten themselves to the same spot. Many dead shells of limpets are found on the sands: among the prettiest of these is Acmæa mitra, known as "White Cap," for it is supposed to resemble a bishop's hat, although more like the pointed cap of a clown.

The family Fissurellidæ are known as "Keyhole limpets." A slit in the top of the shell characterizes this form, one genus of which—Fissurella Volcano—has red stripes running down the sides, suggesting streams of lava from the crater. The Crepidulas are an interesting shape: they are sometimes called "Slipper shells," although "Boat shell" seems more appropriate, for the brown outside and white deck covering half the inside, the pointed bow and rounded stern, are quite suggestive of tiny vessels. Another form is the Capulidæ of the genus Crucibulum spinosum. This is white, of a rounded, shield-like shape and covered with little spines on the outside, while within is a cup-shaped appendage attached to one side, which gives it the name of Cup-and-Saucer.

Among the most beautiful of the Gasteropods is the family Trochidæ. These shells are top-shaped or pyramidal and lined with rainbow-tinted mother-of-pearl. Turban shells and Top-shells of all sizes and combinations of color are found in this family which might well be called the palaces of the city under the sea.

The illustration shows a specimen of the genus Calliostoma of the Trochidæ. The conical shape is sculptured with revolving rows of raised dots, of a pink color upon the whorls, while the sutures, or spaces between, are frescoed with gleaming lines of mother-of-pearl.

From the palaces of the shell city we pass to the castles or strongholds of those pirates, the Muricidæ. These creatures attack other mollusca, piercing the shell and devouring the inhabitant. The shells of Muricidæ, shown in the illustration, are of the genus Pteronotus festivus, a creature the very sound of whose name suggests the wild orgies of pirates. Its castle is remarkable for odd and artistic sculpture rather than for beauty of color. It is of a dull, whitish gray, shaped in a succession of whorls, each marked by a rounded knob and divided by sculptured frills decreasing in size about the spiral to the tip. The entrance is but a small oval, making the fortress quite secure.

In the illustration is a shell, marked by transverse, scaly ridges that, by its shape, suggests a heap of contorted snakes. Serpulorbus squamigerus has many shapes, but always the long, circular tube which is attached to rocks and often found in masses twisted together in serpentine curves that might well have given it the family name, Serpulidæ. These calcareous tubes are the homes of the sea worms.

Half-buried in sand were some bits of white, coral-like stems like little chimneys. It was with some effort that they were lifted from their sandy grave, and lo! we had excavated a buried city—the winding passages were once the homes of the Serpula.

"The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it and flung it by;
As wind and weather might decide it;
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it."

An empty city, its inhabitants gone, yet full of interest to the student, for surely no city on land exhibits a greater variety of architecture than this city under the sea, or one whose dwellings are adapted with such infinite skill to its inhabitants' needs.

THE LURE OF MALABON

BY CHARLES BROWN, JR.

THERE LIES upon the island of Luzon, of the Philippine group, a little metropolis, fanned by the cool breezes of the North, which come down of nights to steal a kiss from the laughing cheek of the South Sea belle as she wanders around 'neath the fragrant and kindly shade of the verdant groves of her sunny isle, picking up from beneath her delicate and shapely feet the delicious and succulent St. John's bread and supping the sweet juices of the luscious mango, a city, a world of its own, and there is in this paradise a charm for you in the beginning. Instantly you understand, and you do not think that you shall ever want to turn back. It holds one down with too many hands, this lure of the South.

"It is a wonderful little island, this queen of the Philippine group, for the development of future wonders," sighs the little brown Jap of the far-away cherry blossom kingdom, his tones thrilling with a desire to possess.

To a Californian, it seems as a matured anticipation, for there once arose in the breast of a schoolboy not yet advanced from the baby grades impenitently a longing to behold with his own eyes all that helped to make an isle of the tropics. The years dragged by, one by one, and with each succeeding year the ambition matured into a firmer resolution, and in time, after tireless years of waiting, it seemed as if a voice of the tropics called across from the stretching brine to come, and I grasped Opportunity's hand, and together we hurried away for the resolution had matured, and in that maturity I awoke one morning to behold the realization.

The sunlight fell sparkling on the water which lay as a surface of gold, and then away, dancing as it seemed, to the little scattered white huts along the surf-kissed shores where white sand dunes rose and fell, as I beheld



Native fishermen on the way to Malabon.

her, this Manila, my realization for the first time. She seemed essentially peaceful, lying there as if sleeping in the heat of the tropics with only the tiniest films of blue smoke rising lazily upward through the still air.

Quietly the soft, golden moments floated by, and I stood rapt and spellbound, motionless, for the pressure of countless feelings, unexplainable, were upon me like a million tiny hands that clung to me, holding me still.

From the sacred sod there rises an old wall, defenseless of the inclemency of the elements, and it continues to stretch where rolling, splashing, whitecapped brine may always see it, and then it turns off and stretches again, environing all that remains of a walled city, remnants of builders now gone for aye. There lies in the morning light with a soft sheen of sunlight falling about, a graveled roadway, curving here and there as some slimy serpent, and it, too, stretches away until it meets a waterway in the wall. Some firm hand once inserted a chisel in the grey, moss-grown stone, and wrote "1600."

Strong, fearless men, who had at one time played at war with lead soldiers in a nursery room on an imaginary green carpeted battlefield, when the inspiration of war first arose in the baby breasts, fought a battle about that old chiseled gateway in '98, while those little lead soldiers, now long forgotten, lay in a garret, abandoned and dust-covered.



A farm house in the rice fields.

It is Sunday morning. From near by cathedrals come the clanging notes of call bells. Through the narrow streets a small army of men and women are hurrying, and beneath their arms are clutched fighting cocks, for at the pits it is to be a great day. It matters little to which pit their hurrying footsteps lead them. To Rotunda, to Malabon, and out to Santa Ana, it is all the same. They will all fight, these feathered antagonists, and I signal to the boy who is driving me to follow.

"To the gallera (pit); to Malabon," I signal, and the lash is applied freely upon the back of the hurrying pony. Curiously, little youngsters, with their matty hair falling about their eyes, glance shyly at me. Stopping, I level a camera at them for the fraction of a second, but they fear the man with the little black box, and like uncontrollable kittens they scramble into doorways, beyond which lies filth and disease. To those of the Philippine offspring it is home, this filth; they have known no better existence.

Leaving the wall city and crossing the bridge of Spain, which straddles the Pasig river, a scene of floating boats of all descriptions lay before us, and I smile in satisfaction, but other views take their place, and I marvel at it all.

Life in the business section of Manila is indeed a busy existence, and from the confusion about us of hurrying pedestrians, vehicles and all that pertains to the making of a city, we are assured that Manila is indeed a busy little place, allowing for Sunday.

"See," points my driver, his face developing into a huge grin and then regaining, again, its business air. With shirt-tails flying freely in the air, his face shaded in a huge sunhat, his red trousers refusing to hang any further than his knees, and his bare legs victims of the sun, there stands, idly smoking, and urging the beast of all burdens—the carabao—up the Escolta —Manila's business center—a Filipino



Natives on their way to the cockfights in Malabon.

lad, unconscious of our presence, attempting to make time on an old-fashioned, two-wheel dray wagon without sides.

As an act of courtesy, the driver of the strange layout consents to let me photograph him. A new cigarette is slipped into his mouth, his hat raised a trifle, and after looking his dray over as to position, he grunts out in broken English that I am at liberty to "shoot" at him as many times as I desire. The picture being taken, a new desire comes over me, and for a time I forget the lure of Malabon and its sanguinary pit. I want to do something, some thing all you parasites of the North would jump for, and discharging my carromata driver, I grasp the single line from the astonished proprietor of the dray and shout to the lazy beast. The novelty is new, but a desire follows to give it up as a bad job, as the beast has come to a standstill, a crowd is collecting to view me in my latest sensation, a laugh, loud and scornful, more like that of a devil than a human being is heard, and looking up, I behold my former driver with his dust covered cart waiting for me to enter.

Again the lure of the pit is upon me, and again it seems as though a voice is whispering that I should not tackle such ideas, and with an air of satisfaction, I enter the little two-wheeled carromata, and again I am whirled over dust and cobbles, away, closer, closer to the lure.

It is through the poorest portion of Manila that I am now passing. Streets grow narrow, houses more clustered, half-fed Filipinos gaze from doorways, the air grows tainted and sickening, and with the change a feeling of dissatisfaction settles over me, and, meditatingly, I marvel why I came down from the North to view things which only send one away in disgust.

Who can call this filthy hole a home? No one but they.

It is a dark, feminine face which attracts my attention, as my driver pauses to let a car pass. The hair is dark and soft, and falls about the broad forehead as a thin mist about a mountain summit. A pair of dark eyes peer from a thin face, timidly drinking in the scenes before her. Her cheap gown falls loosely from her hips, and slippers protect the stockingless feet from the hot glare of the sun. A cigarette burns freely between her beetle-

nut-stained lips. She is not enticing, and after a silence which promised to be long, the grinning driver shouted to her a "yard or two" of "lingo," and again he moves on toward the lure which I cannot subdue.

It is a huge structure of bamboo and cocoanut leaves that we have now drawn up to, and from the excitement and confusion of the surging crowds seeking entrance, I am satisfied to know that I have at last reached Malabon.

Am I in the heart of "Sportdom," or in a market place? From the appearance of Malabon one would imagine himself in a public place of some sort where a sale is successfully being conducted.

With their wares and eatables of all descriptions on sale, for everybody remains all day and must eat at Malabon, the Filipino gives to the scene hungry tourist a picture, rough in make up, which none of our home sporting celebrities could attempt. Crabs chase and scramble about in baskets, dried chicken, a recipe of their own, is plentiful. Fruit sells at a low figure, and the numerous peddlers all have something to sell.

'Tis here that the blind and the lame meet for alms. The rich and the poor mingle together on this one big gala day. It seems as though I am adrift on a pay streak at a county fair, where little thought is given to the value of money.

What is the confusion within? Those voices? That continuous round of chatter, chatter? It is a part of the lure of Malabon. I enter the structure of leaves. The scene within reminds one of a court where a homicidal criminal is on trial for his life. There are judges, clerks and receivers whose desks are strewn about in all sections of the interior. The appearance of two birds in the pit tells me that it is not a court scene, but merely a retreat for the sporting element of Manila. A wild confusion follows the appearance of the birds, and receivers call in frantic tones for all bets. Betting appears to be good, and assured by the silver on the receivers' desks that the fight promises to be a fair one, the last call is rung.

The coverings of steel spurs are removed, and two cocks are seen to rise and strike. Steadying themselves for the fraction of a second, and crouching low, they again strike. Blood is seen to ooze from the breast of the red bird; a deafening cry is heard, mingled with regret, and the conflict is at its dizziest height.

Silence follows, and only the striking of steel against steel indicates that a deadening struggle is on. Only two antagonists in a blood-sprinkled pit rising and striking, gaining and losing, convinces us that there are in the world human brutes, and I was one of them—no better than they.

Blood is seen to trickle, staining the white breast of the wounded bird's opponent; a cry of sympathy interrupts a shout of victory, and two little game scrappers are on the same terms.

Breast to breast, neck to neck, they sway, trembling as weakness follows trickling blood. Two spurs again strike, and with bated breath spectators await results. The referee is fair and he promises a fair deal to all. Following the crippled birds about the pit, he carefully notes all movements. The gameness of the red battler is subdued; crippled and dying, the yellow spot in him is finally discovered. Even though nigh to death, a bird will put up its last vain struggle in a strenuous effort to overcome his antagonist, but not so with this bird. He merely sinks, his plumage steeped in life's red blood, upon the uncovered ground, and lies there defenseless of the descending shower of spur wounds. In another moment, the little warrior's life is ushered out.

In balconies above, there sits a mob of almost two thousand eager-faced spectators. Their breath comes fast and hard. It is warm, but they have forgotten this perpetual heat. It seems as though they are only conscious of the dark pit where silver coins have changed so rapidly.

Two minutes pass and another strug-

gle is on. I arise, level my camera, and I photograph two of the little scrappers in action; then I turn and slowly wend my way out. I have reached the outside; the gentle zephyrs play in the tree-tops and I am glad. I pass down the crowded passageway; a girl clutches at my coat as I pass, and she asks something of me. I thrust my hand into my pocket; I pull out a peso; I drop it into her lap and I pass on. In the roadway I see my driver, and I beckon to him. Another minute and I am in his little cart. It moves, slowly at first, and then faster and faster. I bid farewell to the lure of Malabon, a cherished memory to me, with Santa Ana, Manila's Garden of Eden, my destination. I look back; the great structure of leaves is fading away. In another minute it is gone, and the little pony speeds along, over dust and cobble stones.



Children playing at farming, Malabon highway.



A cock fight in the streets.

UNIQUE RELICS OF COSTA RICA INDIANS

BY ELLEN VELVIN, F. Z. S.

UNKNOWN at present, except to a few personal friends, there is now at Babylon, Long Island, at the residence of Mr. Minor C. Keith, the owner, one of the rarest and most valuable collections of curios to be found of its kind in the United States.

For a great many years Mr. Keith, who is specially interested in Costa Rica, being the vice-president of the United Fruit Company, has taken a deep interest in prehistoric relics of that part of the world, and has been most liberal in contributing funds to further the knowledge of the races of Indians, occupying Costa Rica both before and after the conquest.

For this purpose, he commissioned Mr. Cecil F. Underwood, an ornithologist and archaeologist, to make collections from the Indian mounds and burial grounds in the least known parts of Costa Rica. For the last eighteen years, Mr. Underwood has spent his time in exploring Costa Rica principally as ornithologist and archaeologist, but in addition to this he has also made more or less extensive collections of mammals, reptiles, and Bactrians, fresh water fishes, insects, land shells, etc., and has contributed



Exposed grave of Indian chief showing pottery which had been buried with him.



C. F. Underwood and assistants returning from one of their trips of making excavations. Between the two horses are idols, pottery and other relics unearthed by the archaeologists during the day.

numbers of new species amongst these branches of Natural History to those already known to Science.

Most of the groups in which Mr. Underwood has worked contain representatives bearing his name, having been dedicated to him by various museum authorities in recognition of his efforts.

A quiet, unassuming man, Mr. Underwood has, notwithstanding, an enormous amount of energy, pluck and perseverance, and is a terrific worker. His whole heart is in his work, and he seems to look upon recreation as a waste of valuable time. Comfort and luxury have no attractions for him.

In his many hunting trips he has to endure many hardships and privations. He mentions such things as losing his way in the dense forests; sleeping unconsciously close to a deadly snake, his men being killed by these reptiles, and occasionally his horses; the terrible onslaughts of the jaguar; finding no food for days at a time, as ordinary incidents to be expected when exploring, and not to be looked upon as hardships.

For years he has continually visited the Indians, and lived with them for months at a time as one of themselves, and it says much for his good-nature and adaptability that he is always heartily welcomed by them and treated in all respects with the greatest friendship. The choicest dishes are set before him—roast monkey being considered one of the greatest delicacies—and in stolid silence the Englishman and the Indians sit round after a meal and smoke the pipe of peace.

One of the reasons, perhaps, that such a warm reception awaits him is, that, for various diplomatic reasons, Mr. Underwood always takes with him a good supply of merchandise—knives, beads, gunpowder and shot, clothing, bright and gaudy ribbons, etc. In return for these objects, he obtains their ready assistance in all his undertakings. A new shirt, or shining necklace, goes a great way in overcoming their scruples in disturbing the

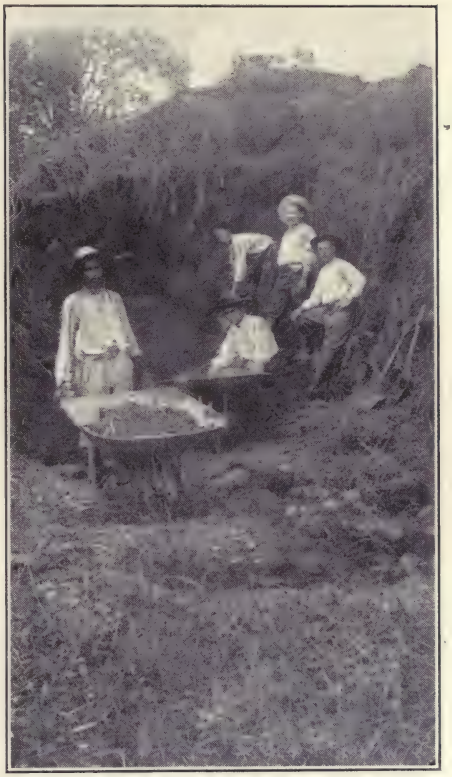
resting places of their own and their tribe's ancestors. Thus, the Aztec that has descended from Mexico; the Caribs from the South, and many other tribes inhabiting the country at the time of the Conquest, whose origin is unknown. Corobices, Chorotegas, Vicietas, Votos, etc., all have contributed in enriching Mr. Keith's beautiful collections.

But when commissioning Mr. Underwood to make these collections, Mr. Keith spared no pains and no expense. He has already spent enormous sums of money, but when recently Mr. Underwood returned from Costa Rica, and arrived with tons of valuable relics—about 5,000 pieces in all—he must have realized that the time, labor and money had indeed been well spent.

And now Mr. Keith's house in Babylon is a veritable museum to delight his friends and the scientific world. Gold objects of all kinds have been taken from the breasts of the dead Indian chiefs, after reposing there for hundreds of years. These gold ornaments are most curious and interesting and are in the shape of circular plates, conventional eagles and human figures, bells, etc., but no two have ever been found exactly alike.

Fantastic and beautifully decorated pottery of innumerable patterns can be counted by the hundreds. The uses to which clay was put is almost unbelievable; all the cooking utensils appear to be made of this material. Cooking pots, both tripod and round bottomed; dishes, fire pans, water jars, idols, toys of all kinds, musical instruments, such as whistles and tom-toms, spindles for weaving; covers for cooking pots, spoons and ladles of every conceivable pattern and design.

Some of the most interesting things in the whole collection, however, are the large number of stone carvings, some being the sacrificial stones on which the favorite wives of the dying chiefs were sacrificed to enable them —according to the prevailing belief of nearly all Indians—to accompany their lords and masters to the Happy Hunting Grounds, so that the chiefs might have their wives with them, and not suffer from loneliness.



At work in the excavations, Costa Rica, in search of relics of ancient Indian tribes.

Large and small stone idols of all descriptions are among this collection, including animals, monsters and birds, amongst which the owl is very frequently represented. This bird, with a human being suspended from its beak, is supposed to represent the Creation. The frog represented the God of Rain. The eagle, supremacy. (This figure is most frequently designed in gold.) The jaguar, strength. This last named animal, always called by the Indians "The Tiger," is much feared by all Indians, who stand in great awe of him. He is figured on much of their pottery, and often on the stones. Fully fifty per cent of the "Metables," or grinding stones dis-

covered (and used for crushing maize) are either in the form of a jaguar or are decorated by the head of one.

Curiously adorned seats, water jar stands, mortars, stones for grinding corn, cocoa, etc., war implements, carving utensils, axes or celts, are among the stone objects. Fine stones such as jade, jasper, etc., were used for neck ornaments, beads, but chiefly for a peculiarly shaped ceremonial knife. Slavers were used for carving and cutting purposes.

There are numerous other articles too varied and great in number to be given here, but it is the intention of Mr. Underwood, with Mr. Keith's help and co-operation, to continue these investigations, chronicling every detail of interest in relation to the work that will throw any light on the customs of the inhabitants of Costa Rica before the Conquest, as well as of the descendants of these people—the few true Indians remaining, but now rapidly dying out or retrograding.

LAND O' GOLD

BY JESSIE DAVIES WILLDY

Long ago the Western foothills
Yielded up their golden ore,
Where the blue Pacific murmurs,
By the California shore.

Then the ring of pick and shovel
Mingled with the singing pines,
Delving deep for hidden treasure
In the shafts of rock-bound mines.

Long ago the silent canyons
Wakened from their solemn gloom,
To the echoing blasts of powder,
And the miner's roaring flume.

But the pioneers have vanished
As the years have drifted past,
And those frontier days of daring,
Only in our memory last.

Changed the land, from toil and hardship,
To the land of dreams and flowers,
And her riches in abundance
Nature gives in golden showers.

Gleam of gold upon the hillsides
That were once so brown and bare;
Gleam of gold as pure as sunshine,
Flaunting in the noonday glare.

For the wealth in fragrant,
Scattered, yellow splendor lies
In the fields of golden poppies
Drowsing under sun-lit skies.

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

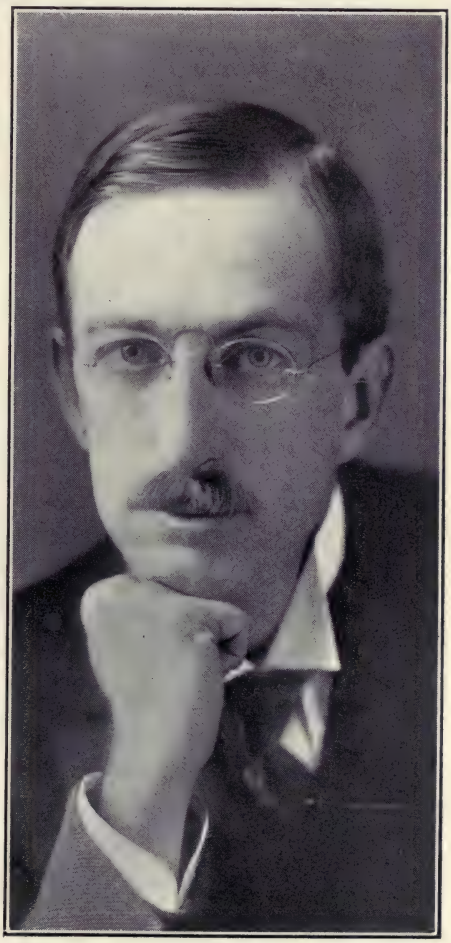
BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

WHEN Richard Watson Tully made Hawaii, the scene of his play, "The Bird of Paradise," he piqued curiosity at the very outset, because this spot is one of the few places hitherto almost entirely overlooked by the fraternity of playwriters. Nor is it only the locale of the play which has the charm of the unexpected; for, throughout the whole three acts and five scenes, the auditor's attention is fixed on the theme itself. It is all so novel—and yet so old in its presentation of a vital love story—this play which one acute observer called the "drama of a woman's soul." The fact that it is the soul of a woman in an alien and far-away land enhances instead of lessening the interest, since it proves anew the ancient truth that women, of whatever clime and race, of high degree or low, are, indeed, "sisters under the skin."

The action of the play takes place at the period of the Hawaiian Revolution in 1894, and the story is elemental in its simplicity. Luana, the heroine, is told by her foster parents that she is of royal blood on the occasion of a birthday feast. In the midst of the rejoicing and merry-making, a party of Americans, visitors to the Islands, appear, among whom are Paul Wilson and his fiancee, Diana Larned.

Wilson is a recent graduate from an American medical college, and has come to Hawaii to pursue researches into the origin of the bacilli of leprosy on the island of Molokai. Diana Larned, likewise a college graduate, has accompanied him to study at first hand the conditions that will confront her in her new home, and from a desire to aid her future husband in his chosen lifework.

Luana, her new princesship all forgotten, falls violently in love with the handsome white stranger—for we have no less an authority than Kipling's for the statement that it takes several generations of training to blot out certain uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight. Child of nature as she is, Luana takes no pains to hide her feelings. Indeed, one of the most gripping moments in the play is when the little brown maiden, her native costume strung all over with countless chains of clinking beads and wonderful lais (ropes) of flowers stands before the tall, slender, pale girl from the far-off Northern land,



Richard Watson Tully, author of "The Bird of Paradise."



Guy Bates Post as the "beachcomber" in "The Bird of Paradise."

and pointing at the man who, even in these few moments she has come to love with a deathless devotion, gasps out passionately: "You lik' heem? You lov' *heem*?"

Wilson returns the love so impetuously thrown at his feet, and then begins the hesitation that is the keynote of the drama—between his love for Luana and his devotion to the work which brought him to the Islands. In the midst of this struggle there appears one Dean, a so-called "beachcomber," an American who, though he has lost all hope of ever returning to "God's Country," is still so far alien to the people among whom his lot is cast that he will never eat their food.

"I love 'em, but I won't eat with 'em," he tells the audience, defiantly; and during the progress of the birthday feast, Dean may be seen, off in a corner of the stage, eating canned pork and beans.

Using himself as a warning, the "beachcomber" now tells Wilson of the dangers towards which he is heading, only to be laughed to scorn. Meanwhile, Diana has discerned in Dean the yearning for better things, and wins from him a confession of his hopes and ambitions in the past, when his devotion to the cause of medical science brought him to this corner of the earth with something of the same purpose that now animates Wilson. As we note, in the course of the scene, the sweet, true, pure American girl cunningly fanning the tiny, long-dormant flame of good in the sullen, hardened "beachcomber," it is small surprise when, at its end, we find that Wilson is determined to marry the beautiful little princess of Malay blood, but that Dean, erstwhile spurned as a worthless vagabond, is, with Diana's aid, to take up the task that Luana's fascinations have caused Wilson to cast aside.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the first and the second acts, and when the curtain rises again we behold plainly the gradual downfall of Wilson who, succumbing to the charms of native life, has become more and more the slave of his senses, though still happy in the love of his wife and fairly content with his lot, as he still fancies he will take up his neglected profession "some time in the future." Content, that is, until chance throws in his way Diana Larned and Dean,



Lauretta Taylor in the leading character, "The Bird of Paradise."

the regenerated Dean, for the time that has been the downfall of the one man has but served to uplift the other. With Diana's aid and sympathy, he has made giant strides in the task to which he has set himself, and it needs but a single glance at him to see how completely the whole man is changed, alike by work and the thought of a happy future with the woman he loves.

The sight of what he might have been brings Wilson to a full realization of the heritage of good he has wilfully abandoned and makes him resolve to reform also. Through the political machinations of Captain Hatch (a perfect type of the commercial Yankee who "gets on" by his unscrupulous use of every means to gain his ends) Wilson finds a chance to regain something of his lost prestige. The political situation is acute, and Hatch eagerly seizes upon a former plan of making Luana (princess of the royal line, as she is) the Queen who will be, in fact, merely his own political tool. Urged by her husband, Luana consents to go to Honolulu, as she has formerly consented to forswear her own native superstitions, the good of her own people, even, when desired to do so by the man she worships.

The third act, the first scene of which takes place at Captain Hatch's villa at Honolulu, shows things going from bad to worse with the poor "Bird of Paradise." True, indeed, now, are her words, spoken in the first act, when —as Wilson likened her to this wonderful monarch of the air—she answered sadly, "But eef you tak' eet 'way from home, eet die!"

Wilson finds her a drag on him, and hates her for her very difference to the white people around them, and, finally, tells her plainly that his love for her is dead, and that the fact of their marriage will prevent him from ever accomplishing all he wishes. As he leaves her, broken-hearted, suddenly Hoheno, her former lover, a fisherman in the far-off home in Poona, enters. He tells her, wildly, of all the misfortunes that have befallen those whom she once loved so well, and acquaints her with the fact that the "prayer of death" has been placed upon her by her foster-father—a priest of Pele, God of Everlasting Fire and Guardian of the Crater, to whom, in her girlish days, she had vowed allegiance. The God is angry and demands a living sacrifice that awful misfortunes threatening Luana's people may be averted.

Alas! she is but too willing: her husband loves her no longer—what has she to live for? Thus the sad little drama is consummated, and the last glimpse of the "Bird" shows her poised for her fatal flight into the crater's fiery heart.

Such in barest outline is the story of the play, without any of the graphic little touches, the exquisite character drawing, the marvelous showing of life under an alien sun, that has proved a source of interest to the audiences. Mr. Tully says the characters are taken from real life, and it is easy to believe it—so real does he make them seem, from Luana, pathetic in her brief happiness, and Dean, the "beachcomber," who lives out his own curious interpretaion of the philosophy of the Rubaiyat, to the native musicians who make the haunting musical interpolations of their own land; for realism, in its highest sense, is the keynote of this whole production.

"Yes, it took me some time to do it," he went on, answering. "I had thought of the story in my mind for several years—ever since the time I made a short visit to the Islands and saw what a wonderful stage setting could be made from them. I saw the man who was the original of Dean, and, little by little, the whole story took shape; you see, I had to write it very slowly, partly because I had so many other things to do, and partly because I wanted to be very sure that, when I did write, I was giving the proper atmosphere. I read and studied everything I could find bearing on the ethnological details of my plot, and that, in itself, took a good deal of time, for data of that sort is by no means easy to obtain. But at last I had it pretty

well in hand, and then I made another journey to the Islands, this time to see that I *was right*, after all. I remember asking a man who was supposed to be very well versed in Island lore about a certain local superstition I wanted to verify before incorporating it into my play. He said, flatly, that it wasn't true—it couldn't be, because he had never heard of it; and then the next day he came all the way down to my hotel to beg my pardon.

"'It is so, sure enough,' he admitted (it was concerning the placing of the 'prayer of death' on predestined victims to sacrifice—so it was a pretty vital matter to me, as you may believe); 'but how you, a complete stranger almost, could know more about it than we who live here, beats me!"

"All the stage properties were imported just as we got a band of native musicians. If we were going to stage it at all, I determined to do it right. The costumes Miss Taylor (Luana) wears are not merely accurate—they are the real thing. Many people have spoken to me of the excellence of Luana's make-up, and I think, myself, it is one of the best of its kind I have ever seen. It is native in every way."



The flight of "The Bird of Paradise" into the burning crater. Final scene of the play.

Mr. Tully has, heretofore been best known as co-author with David Belasco of "The Rose of the Rancho," which popular drama was, in its first stages, called "Juanita of San Juan," because the scenes were laid near the old Mission of San Juan Baptista—the home of Mr. Tully's boyhood days.

He was still a student at the University of California when he wrote his first play, "John Wobberts, Freshman." This was produced by the College Dramatic Society, and so well was it received that the manager of the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco booked it at his theatre, and subsequently sent it on what proved to be an exceedingly popular tour throughout the State, with the original college cast. Later, the title was changed to "A Strenuous Life," and the comedian William Norris used it as a starring vehicle.

THE CHURCH MILITANT'S SURRENDER TO THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Say ye not, A Federation, to all them to whom this people shall say, a Federation; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."—Isaiah 8:12.

HAVING viewed what the leading denominations would need to sacrifice in the interest of Federation, we come now to the final discussion of this series —The Church Militant and Triumphant, and her interest in the Federation movement. Let us endeavor to take so broad a view of this subject that there will be no room for disagreement on the part of true Christians of any denomination.

The term Church Militant signifies the Church in warfare, struggling with the powers of evil, while the Church Triumphant signifies the Church victorious, glorious, joined with her Lord, the Heavenly Bridegroom, as his Bride and Queen in the great Mediatorial Kingdom soon to bless and uplift the world of mankind. It should further be added that while in this discussion we have considered the various denominations of Christendom and their creeds, we must now ignore all human systems and creeds. We must take the broad, general ground of the Scriptures and recognize only one Church.

Nor may we make the mistake of saying that the one Church is one Sect. No sect, no denomination, however great and influential and numerous and rich, either in sordid or historic wealth, can be conceded the right to appropriate the name which our Lord gave to all truly his disciples. Surely none of us is sectarian enough to dispute this premise. We must learn to recognize the Church of Christ from the same viewpoint as does the Head of the Church. We must learn the force of St. Peter's words to Cornelius, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him" (Acts 10:34, 35.)

Taking, therefore, the Scriptural view of the Church, we recognize it as the "Body of Christ" of many members, over which He is the Head. It is composed of consecrated followers of Christ irrespective of all denominational lines—those who, turning from sin, accept Jesus as their Redeemer, through whom they have forgiveness of sins and reconciliation to the Father —those who have become disciples of Christ, taking up their cross to follow Him, and who have received the begetting of the Holy Spirit.

Who could dispute that these are the Church of Christ? Who shall say that they must belong to this Communion or that, or lose their relationship to the Head, Christ Jesus?

The Apostles never referred to Baptist Christians, Methodist Christians, Catholic Christians, Presbyterian Christians, and so forth, but merely to those whom we have described and whom they styled saints— "the Church of the living God, whose names are written in heaven" (Hebrews 12:23; 1 Timothy 3:15.) Let us keep strictly within the lines of God's Word and avoid the errors of the past. Let us to-day consider this Church as the Church Militant and prospectively the Church Triumphant.

The Church Militant.

If we all agree that we have before our minds the real Church, the Church

of the New Testament, let us notice that there is a nominal Church also and that we are not competent to fully determine which are the real and which are the nominal Christians except by the test which our Lord has given—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

While the real Church of fully consecrated believers, faithful to the Lord and His Word and the principles of righteousness, is represented by a very small number, there is a nominal Church related thereto as is a shell to the kernel of a nut. The nominal Church includes those whose manner or whose attendance on worship implies a relationship to Christ without having gone the length of a full faith-acceptance of Him in sacrifice, perhaps without having fully turned from sin even in their hearts, and without having made a full consecration to serve the Lord.

This nominal mass may be subdivided into believers who are favorably disposed toward Christ and righteousness; others who regard the Church as merely a moral club designed for social and moral benefit or influence upon the world, by counteracting sinful influences; still others, bitter at heart, sinful and selfish, having no faith whatever in Jesus and no care whatever for morality and using the name of Christ hypocritically, merely as a garment to deceive, that they may the better gain their ends. Thus we find the nominal Church to consist of:

1. Hypocrites; 2. Moralists; 3. Indifferents; 4. Seekers after godliness; 5. The true Church, "the sanctified in Christ Jesus" (1 Corinthians 1:2)—"members of the Body of Christ"—prospective members of the Church Triumphant.

Fightings Without and Within.

Every member of "the Church of the first-born" was called "to suffer with Christ" that he may be also later glorified with Him in the Messianic Kingdom. Only those who will stand the test of faithfulness under sufferings, trials, crosses, self-sacrifices, have the promise of sharing with Christ the glories of the Church Triumphant. "If we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He also will deny us" (2 Timothy 2:11, 12.)

But why should the Church fight? Is she not commanded to live peaceably with all? Are not Christians exhorted to war not with carnal weapons and to be smitten on both cheeks, rather than to return evil for evil? Where, then, comes in the fight? Who are the foes? Surely none would assail a non-resistant!

We reply that the facts do not bear out that suggestion. Our Lord and his Apostles were peaceable and non-resistant, obedient to kings and laws, and yet they suffered violent deaths, as well as stripes and imprisonment. They had their names cast out as evil. And those who persecuted and maligned them verily thought that they did God service.

Human nature is the same to-day. Notwithstanding the fact that heretic-roasting has become unpopular and intolerable to the world, there are methods of privately and symbolically roasting, slashing, wounding and killing practiced by those estranged from God, though sometimes highly esteemed of men and wearing vestments only slightly less glorious than those worn by Caiaphas and Pilate.

"Who Scourgeth Every Son."

The Scriptures explain that there is a two-fold reason why Jesus and all of His followers are required to suffer for righteousness' sake.

1. It is requisite to their own character development that they should not only profess absolute loyalty to God and to Truth, but that this loyalty should be put to the test. Thus we read of our Lord that though "holy, harmless, undefiled," he was proved perfect in His loyalty by the things which He endured—by His obedience even unto death, even the ignominious death of

the Cross. The same principle, the Scriptures assure us, operates in connection with all whom God is now calling to be Emmanuel's associates in the Mediatorial Kingdom. They must suffer with Him if they would reign with Him. They must walk in His steps (Galatians 5:11; 6:12; 2 Thessalonians 1-5; 2 Timothy 1:12; 2:9, 12; 3:12.)

2. These experiences are designed of God to qualify us to be judges of the world during the Messianic Age—that the Christ, Head and Body, may be merciful and faithful towards the people of the earth. Likewise it is proper that the world should know that its judges have been thus tempted and tried, and are able to sympathize with them in their weaknesses and in their endeavors for righteousness—and more willing to help them up, up, up to human perfection than to consign them to the Second Death.

Although this conflict has lasted for more than eighteen centuries it has not been long for any single individual. With the Master, Himself, the trial period was only three and a half years. On the whole, as compared with eternity, the entire Gospel Age of Sacrifice, as the Master said, is but "a little while." And as for the afflictions and testings themselves, St. Paul gives the proper thought, saying, that at most they are "light afflictions, but for a moment, and not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," the overcomers (Romans 8:18.)

The Church Triumphant.

The Church in glory and in power will contain no hypocrites and no merely nominal Christians—only the true, the saintly, the "sanctified in Christ Jesus." Nevertheless it will be composed of two classes, as illustrated by the Priests and the Levites in the type. 1. Jesus glorified, the antitypical High Priest, and His faithful footstep followers, the antitypical underpriesthood, otherwise his "Bride." Together these are styled a Royal Priesthood, or a Kingdom of Priests.

St. Paul tells us that Melchizedek, who was a priest upon his throne, merely typified the Church Triumphant—Head and Body—The Christ, "A priest forever after the order of Melchizedek"—a priest upon his throne. During the New Dispensation that glorious Priest, Head and Members, will bless and uplift, rule and judge, the world of mankind, with a view to recovering as many as possible, as many as will obey Him, from the ruin of sin and death. During the thousand years of the antitypical Melchizedek reign all the families of the earth will be blessed with opportunities of return to human perfection and to earthly Paradise. The unwilling and disobedient will be destroyed in the Second Death. At the close of the thousand years, Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom will terminate.

2. As the Levites were much more numerous than their brethren, the priests, so there is a corresponding class in the Church styled "a great company, whose number no man knoweth," in that they were not specially predestinated. These less earnest, less zealous than the faithful "little flock," will reach a plane of glory through tribulation also, but with less joy. These, we are told, will be with the Bride as her companions. As Levites they will serve God in His temple, but not be members of the temple class—the Priesthood. These will have palm branches and be before the Throne, while the Royal Priesthood will have crowns and be on the throne as members of the Body of Christ (Rev. 7:9; 3:21.)

The Church Militant's Surrender.

All the soldiers of the Cross, experiencing fightings without and within against the powers of sin and darkness and their own weaknesses, surely long for the time of their "change" in the "First Resurrection." They long for the time when this mortal shall put on immortality, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption; when we shall be like our Redeemer and see

Him as He is and share His glory.

Gladly, therefore, do all of God's consecrated people wait for the blessed change promised at our Lord's Second Coming—when that which is sown in weakness shall be raised in power; when that which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory; when that which is sown an animal body shall be raised a spirit body (1 Cor. 15:42-44, 53, 54.) Surely such, having prayed, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven," are waiting for the King and God's time for establishing His Kingdom for the blessing of the world.

No wonder the Apostle wrote of these, "Ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our Body"—the Body of Christ, the Church, through the power of the "First Resurrection" change. This will be our *glad surrender* to the Church Triumphant, when we shall hear the Master's voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joys of your Lord. You have been faithful over a few things; I will make you ruler over many things"—participants in the Messianic Kingdom glory and its dominion of earth for the uplifting of mankind (1 Cor. 6:2; Rev. 2:26.)

Union or Federation—Which?

We ask, What advantage will accrue to the Church Militant through the oncoming Federation? We reply that great advantage will come to the saintly few, not in the manner expected, but along the lines of the Divine promise that "All things shall work together for good to them that love God—to the called according to his purpose." The Church Federation, which the Scriptures distinctly show us will be effected, will include the various classes already indicated: 1. Hypocrites; 2. Moralists; 3. Indifferents; 4. Followers afar off; 5. Saints.

But in the Federation the Moralists and Higher Critics will be dominant forces. The saintly will less than ever be in evidence and appreciated. The outward and apparent success of the Federation will seem wonderful for a moment, but the results will be disastrous.

The saintly few, guided by God's Word and Holy Spirit, will awaken to the true situation and become separated from the nominal mass. Their misguided hopes as respects the bringing about of a spiritual Kingdom on earth will be thoroughly shattered, and, more than ever, they will look to the Lord as the source of help and wait for His Kingdom to come through the Redeemer's advent and the Resurrection "change."

In a word, God's saintly people need no outward Federation, even as they need no creedal fences. So far as these are concerned, the sooner all barriers between them are leaped and they come together as members of one Body, joined to the one Heavenly Head and Lord, the better. Let Churchianity produce its Federation and see its folly and failure, as outlined in our text.

But let the saints of God draw near to Him and to each other in a spiritual Union and realize to the full the meaning of the Apostle's words, "One faith; one Lord; one baptism"—one "Church of the Living God whose names are written in heaven." This condition cannot be attained through outward bonds, but can be attained only through drinking into the one Spirit obtainable through the proper understanding of the Word of God.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"The Fighting Doctor," by Helen R. Martin; 16mo, 242 pages; $1 net. Published by the Century Company.

Doctor Thorpe is a man of the outside world who elects to try practice in a Pennsylvania Dutch village. Of course, there is humor in the very situation. Being a public-spirited man, he takes a hand in town affairs and works for good roads and various other matters making for local improvement. Inevitably his ways and the ways of his Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors clash, and there is more enjoyment for the reader in Mrs. Martin's account of it. There is war to the knife between the exotic doctor and the township boss, a narrow-minded, close-fisted native; and to complicate the situation, the doctor falls in love with the boss' pretty niece, who has managed to get a bit of education. Of course, the doctor wins out, and the how of it makes a capital story.

"The Spell of France," by Caroline Atwater Mason; $2.50 net. Published by L. C. Page & Co.

That Mrs. Mason has felt the spell of France is evident in every line of her well-written book. To many of us France means largely "Paris," but the author, in her inimitable way, shows us our error. Her interpretation of France—and one that we accept—covers Arles, Avignon, Nimes, Gard and many other parts of the land, particularly the Southland, that have helped make its enduring history. In a fascinating way, Mrs. Mason writes regarding *her* France; describing the quaint and interesting towns and cities, interweaving in a charming manner portions of ancient history, and relating many an old story that gains interest with years. The story of the French, themselves, their modes and manners, their pursuits and characteristics, together with an entertaining account of the author's personal experiences, while traveling in the land of the fleur-de-lis, combine to make a book that will equal if not excel, the remarkable demand for her "The Spell of Italy," now in its fifth edition.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well," by Rex Beach. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Rex Beach, the scene of whose latest novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," is laid on the Isthmus, shares the opinion of the Colombian Minister whose recent letters declare that the revolution in Panama was not altogether of local origin. Mr. Beach, in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," makes an American woman diplomat the brains of the affair. "It was one of the cleverest exploits on record," she declares. "Colombia wouldn't let us build the canal, so Panama seceded. War was declared, but the United States interfered in time to prevent bloodshed. One Chinaman was killed, I believe, by dropping a flat-iron on his toe, or something, and by the time the excitement had died out we had begun digging."

SAN DIEGO'S GREAT WATER SUPPLY.

By Linden L. Boone.

In the preceding issue of this magazine of March 1st appeared an article entitled "Water, Water Everywhere," which was intended to show the extent of San Diego's water supply.

Unfortunately the compositor mistook some figures, and where the author used billions, the compositor put in millions. The annual run-off of the principal streams, as given from the U. S. Geological Surveys, should have read as follows:

San Luis Rey	46,000,000,000	gallons
Santa Ysabel	20,000,000,000	"
San Diego	22,000,000,000	"
Sweetwater	6,000,000,000	"
Cottonwood	20,000,000,000	"

The capacity of the Morena Reservoir should have been given as fifteen billion gallons instead of fifteen million.

But whatever was printed, the fact was pointed out that San Diego already has sufficient water stored to last for five years.

TWO TIDES

Two tides forever beat our golden strand:
From out the West the waves of ocean surge;
From out the East the streams of man converge—
Both hurled and hurled by one deep cosmic urge—
The primal force that is but God's command.

Two tides of God flung in one long embrace,
Shall bear to us earth's one supremest race;
Shall pour all down our sunset marge of land
Red-rolling waves of one great migrant band;
Shall bear to us rich gifts of Orient seas—
Bring to our feet the wide world's argosies.

RALPH W. CROSMAN.



Vision of Mission Days.—Padres and Indians in the Saratoga Blossom Pageant. Cross supported by Mills Westinghouse, and the other Jesuits represented by F. B. Smith, G. A. Wood, M. Kane and H. B. King.

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BRET HARTE

VOL. LIX San Francisco, May 1912 No. 5

THE SARATOGA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL

The Thirteenth Annual Fete to Mark the Awakening of Spring in the Santa Clara Valley, California.

BY FRANK WILLARD KIMBALL

WITH a voluptuous beauty of the blossoming season at its height, and with the foothills and valley robed in seemingly endless stretch of pink and white, the vast throng of people who gathered to witness the Blossom Festival at Saratoga, California, March 23d, were given an opportunity to appreciate the significance of the full spring splendor of blossoming trees and shrubbery such as may be seen only in the Santa Clara Valley.

Miles of forested fruit trees proudly bearing their wonderful loads of blossoms and fragrant and brilliant hued poppies nodding as if in rapturous delight, sent forth a delicate aroma with every puff of the breeze, and the scent of blossoms everywhere prevailed.

For twelve years the people of Saratoga had given commemoration to spring's awakening with a festival of similar character, but this year's celebration was conducted on a much more magnificent scale, and was an inspiration and delight to thousands of merry-makers representing all sections of California. The day was ideal, and with everything abloom, from the wildflowers to the orchard trees, the view presented an unfolding paradise of clustered farms and orchards.

The festival continued from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., and included various athletic games, allegorical parade, music, speeches, picnic luncheons, flower drills and folk dances by school children. During the interim between the morning and afternoon events, visitors from "the bay cities region" and from out of the State were given automobile and carriage rides to points of near-by interest, and they vied with one another in extolling the beauties and grandeur of the meadows, orchards and quaint nooks of "The Crown of the Valley."

The churches of the village were thrown open to the visitors, and the tempting "home-made" variety of luncheons prepared by the ladies' societies found numerous patrons. Everywhere throughout the entire foothill section were interested sight-seers, who expressed themselves as charmed with the rare loveliness of the landscape, while dotted here and there were beautiful orchard homes, many of which were thrown open for the entertainment of guests.

The development of California from the era of the Missions to the present day period of our civilization was given vivid setting in a thrilling allegorical pageant. Memories of by-gone days were revived, and the vanished splendors of the time when the Spaniards ruled the Western shores, presented in dramatic panorama. The padres who established the Missions and built El Camino Real, and the young Spanish women of noble lineage who entertained gentry from far and

near in the hospitable establishments which formed a part of pueblo life before the invasion of the Argonauts, were conspicuously set in view. The senoritas were dressed in the picturesque style peculiar to the early days, and were represented by the Misses Florence R. Cunningham, Ethel Boysen, Edna Johnson, Ada Eckles, Gladys Currier, Endors Church, Jennie Smith, Ruth Currier, Grace Bucknell, Grace Smith and Mrs. H. A. Clark.

The days of the gold rush were graphically portrayed by a group of prospectors and miners, who with pack horses, camping utensils, picks and shovels were represented by H. L. Warren, J. M. Doud, J. E. Henris, John E. Haun and William Scott. Messrs. Doud and Scott crossed the plains in '46, and their grizzled countenances and bent forms revealed activities of the adventurous days of California's early history. A replica of the old-time prairie schooner in which many of the pioneers made the perilous journey westward added an interesting feature to the pageant, and served as a reminder of the conflict from which modern conditions in California were evolved. The caravan was drawn by a yoke of oxen which looked as natural as if they had stepped from some famous painting of a pioneer overland train. Inside was seated Miss Sarah Brown, daughter of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, who was attired in a simple calico dress and sunbonnet the same as she appeared while crossing the plains in 1864.

The vision of Mission days was brought to mind with great vividness by a group of padres and Indians, who marched in the rear of a high, rustic cross, supported by one of the village's prominent residents in the person of Mills Waterhouse, while the other defenders of the faith were represented by F. B. Smith, C. A. Wood, M. Kane and H. B. King, and their presence told the story of the struggles, privations and hardships encountered by the early missionaries in spreading Christianity among the Coast savages.

Symbolizing California's admission into the Union was a handsome float designed by Miss Jennie M. Farwell, prominent in the social functions of the little foothill settlement. The drapery was fringed with a myriad of golden poppies and numerous clusters of fruit blossoms, and in the tableau were Miss Adelaide Sterne, Miss Icile Wilson, Miss Mildred Sterne and Miss Helen Knapp, well-known Native Daughters. Attached to the float were four finely groomed and beautiful horses driven by Harry Wakefield, one of the moving spirits of the pageant.

Arthur B. Langford, the sheriff of the county, garbed as a Mexican ranchero, headed the pageant on a spirited mount, and a half hundred young bucks and squaws, adorned with a riot of colors, and bedecked with feathers and warpaint, under command of their chief, Clark B. Waterhouse, gave a realistic presentation of familiar scenes of the early Mission days, as did the gay Spanish caballeros with prancing steeds and multicolored raiment, captained by H. L. Warner.

A bit of entertainment which attracted more than usual interest was the flower drill and folk dances given by the little girls of Austin, Saratoga and the Moreland schools. The youthful participants were well trained, and with their white dresses and flower wands presented an appearance in close harmony with the snowy beauty of the surroundings. The little misses, just budding into the springtime of life and rejoicing in the glad springtime of the year, were symbolic of the beautiful festival, and with horns of plenty brimmed with the fragrant fruit petals, showered the village green with springtime's wealth. They danced the "Finnish Reel," "Lancers and Graces," "Norwegian Spring Dance," "Highland Schottische," "Lubi Lu," "Shoemakers," "Danish Dance of Greeting," "Kinder Polke," and "Tantoli," and sang pretty choruses arranged and set to music by Mrs. Fred Otis, head of the Mothers' Club of the Pageant Committee. These were entitled "Greeting Songs from the Child-



Motoring through the miles and miles of blooms during the recent Blossom Festival at Saratoga, California.

Photos by Arthur Spaulding Co.



Events in California's Early History—Immigrant wagons in the Sara

ren of the Orchard Schools," and "Greeting of the Poppy Belles." The verses breathed with sentiment sympathetic and tender, and reflected the joyous emotions and gladsome feelings of the light-hearted and buoyantly hopeful, white-clad little figures. The lines found a welcome response within the hearts of all, and the echoing words thrilled with magic power:

"From our dear orchard homes, we come, we come;
Our hearts are light and free;
With a smile we greet every eye we meet,
For merry, merry hearts have we.

"We wave to you these branches fair,
Our snowy springtime flowers,
A token of the love we bear
This sunny vale of ours."

The literary and musical program was as usual on such occasions, and included a prayer invoked by the Rev. D. Charles Gardner of Stanford University; a welcoming address delivered by William G. Alexander of Saratoga; addresses by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump of Oakland, and Joseph T. Brooks of San Jose, while greetings were extended by Hon. James D. Phelan, former Mayor of San Francisco; B. Grant Taylor, Clerk of the State Supreme Court; Mrs. J. E. Bell of Saratoga, and Edwin Sidney Williams, "Father" of the Blossom Festival.

A Sea of Blossoms.

Interesting figures on the number of blossoms presented to view were compiled as a pleasurable task by Mr. Williams, without resort to the conjuror's art, and according to his computations, the 8,000,000 fruit trees in the valley were adorned with no less than 100,000,000,000 blooms and nestling buds—fresh, vigorous and beautiful—which were visible from the hills about Saratoga. A walk five feet wide could be paved the world around with this supply of blossoms, and a single string put together like that which holds the festoons of popcorn on a Christmas tree would encircle the earth sixty times. A roadway 50 feet in width could be tiled from San Francisco to Washington, D. C., and an area representing a third of



ssom Pageant. (Photo by Western Panorama Co., San Jose, Cal.)

the State of California could be covered with one layer of the blooms.

The wonderful charm of this great sea of blossoms can be better imagined than described, and in no other section of the world could such a scene be realized.

A pleasant aftermath of the Blossom Festival was the planting of an oak tree in the Saratoga school grounds on Sunday, March 31st, to honor Edwin Sidney Williams, who had the honor of originating the floral fete. The ceremony was conducted before a large assemblage of countryside folk, and was made the occasion for many felicitations being tendered Mr. Williams.

David C. Bell, one of the leading business men of the village, was chairman of the committee on arrangements, and in his address referred to Mr. Williams as "our brother whose heart and mind conceived, and whose persistent efforts started our little community along this happy Blossom way."

"Is it not something to be profoundly thankful for," he said, "that there lives and walks amongst us, and has for all these years, a man whose life is typified by this live oak tree that we plant to-day, in its foliage, that shines on through summer and winter—all the year round—in its upward growth toward the skies, and in its outward expanding branches that furnish shade and refreshment to many?" "Then I am thinking of the generations of school children who, as the years come and go, will cherish this tree and watch its enlarging trunk and its expanding branches, and rejoice in its grateful shade. From the story of the tree and the name and legend it shall bear, may they not learn a lesson of deeper import than any that is taught in school or book—the blessedness of living for others, and living unto God?"

J. A. Kerr, representing the Blossom Festival, in presenting the tree to Mr. Williams, said "it has a two-fold purpose: it is to symbolize the love we bear him, and it is also to remind every one of us of the responsibilities that rest upon us as citizens."

The Rev. Walter A. McCaustland

invoked a prayer of dedication and consecration: "That as this tree strikes its roots deep into the nourishing earth and lifts its branches to the sky, so may we strike deep roots into the rock of our salvation, and lift our spirits to Him who is the source of our strength, until that day when we shall be set in the garden that is planted by the river of the water of Life!"

Mr. Kerr placed the first spadeful of earth about the roots of the sapling, being succeeded by Mrs. G. T. Oldham, whose happy thought suggested the ceremonial. The members of the tree planting committee continued the service, and were followed by a score or more of affectionate friends—young and old—whose good wishes for Mr. Williams shone from their beaming faces.

A Living Memorial.

Mrs. J. E. Bell delivered the dedicatory address, and voiced the friendly feelings of the neighborhood toward Mr. Williams in the following words:

"Not a school-boy or school-girl —not a gray-haired man or woman who has studied American history, will fail to remember the story of the Charter Oak—how the colonists, dreading the curtailment of the rights granted them in their charter, hid the precious document in the heart of a sturdy oak, and how there in its novel and trusty hiding place the title to their rights and privileges was safely hoarded. What but a tree could have proven so beautiful a monument to the devotion of our forefathers to their political rights? The heart of the wayfarer is ever gladdened by the sight of the noble tree which in summer lifts to heaven its leafy dome and refreshes him with its cool shade or fans his tired cheek with its fresh breezes. In winter it battles with icy blasts and speaks to him of courage under adversity and strength in the day of conflict or disaster. In spring its budding branches, its graceful catkins or its bursting blossoms bid him to put forth fresh endeavor, burst the sheaths of inertia or prejudice and grow to nobler stature. And autumn's rich fruitage reminds him with golden eloquence that all our development, all our growth exists only that we may give to those about us. We dedicate to you this tree, Mr. Williams, a living memorial of appreciation of you as a neighbor, citizen and friend. We long to see it grow and prosper. We build happy day-dreams of how it shall be pointed out to the generations following—of how the acorns from its sturdy branches may be planted on far distant hills or in the green isles of the sea, and we are sure that if our good wishes are fulfilled and it attains the destiny of noble oakwood, we would pray for it that its leaves will ever whisper the message of another poet who loved his fellowmen."

"The Message of the Oak Tree," written by Mrs. L. M. Howard to celebrate the dedication, was read, and in words that came from a full heart Mr. Williams touchingly expressed his appreciation for the gracious tribute and voiced the hope that in the years to come a tree-planting service be a part of the Blossom-day festivities, and bespoke for Mrs. Sarah Brown the honor for the coming year.

History of Festival.

The drouth of 1898-99, which pervaded nearly all sections of California, caused considerable apprehension to exist in the minds of the orchardists of Santa Clara Valley lest the fruit trees would not be able to weather the dry spell. The larger part of the vineyards of the foothill sections had succumbed for lack of moisture, but the orchards did not cease their bearing, and with a service of thanksgiving for the bountiful rainfall of the following season, the Saratoga folk gathered in the little Christian Church on the morning of March 20, 1900. The service preceded the first Blossom Festival which was held on that day, and "welcome" badges were pinned on the arms of the worshipers who were soon called to receive the visitors who gathered from near and far to participate in the festivities.

Mr. Williams declares "the drought



A hill corner of the Saratoga Blossom Festival. Photos by Arthur Spaulding Co.



Floats in the Saratoga Blossom Pageant symbolizing California's admission into the Union. Represented in the tableau are Miss Adelaide Sterne, Miss Icile Wilson, Miss Mildred Sterne and Miss Helen Knapp.

of 1898-99 was as real as the plague at Oberammergau which suggested prayer and penance to the Bavarian peasants," and this is given as the reason for the religious services which marked the beginning of the Blossom Festival.

First Blossom Sunday.

The Blossom Festival thus being the outgrowth of a deep religious sentiment, crystallized into concrete form by the spontaneous movement on the part of the Saratoga churches, it has been decided to conduct religious services on the Sabbath morning following the festivities, and this has been designated "Blossom Sunday." The first observance of the occasion was held this year, and served to refresh those who planned the festival with a harmonious sense of their high rewards.

The exercises were held in an open amphitheatre near the scene of the previous day's gathering, and were participated in by the three settled pastors of the village. The united choirs and Sunday schools took part in the song service, and the Rev. William E. Huntington, D. D., former President of Boston University, preached the sermon. The invocation was delivered by the Rev. Walter McCaustland, prayer invoked by Edwin Sidney Williams, Scripture reading (Psalm CXIVII), given by the Rev. J. Watson —and a responsive reading conducted by the Rev. Charles Merrill.

The entire service was in harmonious accord with the broad, unsectarian spirit of the Blossom Festival, and presented a hearty expression of the sentiment of gratitude of the residents of the little foothill community for the success of the previous Blossom day.

ON THE CREST OF THE HIGH SIERRAS

BY HOWARD HAMILTON BLISS

OVER MY office desk, where at every pause in my work I can look up at it and glean crumbs of inspiration, hangs a picture. It shows me the broad, white glacier of the mountain prisoned in its frame of black and rugged granite, with its dark peak rising sombrely above the skirting of eternal snow. In the foreground on a little stretch of mountain meadow stands faithful Patsey, his limpid eyes and yearning ears turned homeward down the canyon; his bulging pack, so large in contrast with his diminutive body, testifying to his patient labors. Spring time is here now, and the days are warm, almost sultry. But the picture carries me away from the present to those higher sunlit slopes close to the region of perpetual snow, and to the camp companionship of my three good friends, the Professor, the Parson and Patsey. For that mountain was the climax of ten days we spent together last summer on the ridgepole of California, the high Sierra—the ten days which gave us more physical delight and spiritual exaltation than any other period of our lives.

Early one clear August morning we set forth together from the floor of Yosemite Valley. For several miles the way led along the roaring, boulder-fretted waters of the Merced River, whose chanting melody was tuned to the rhythm of our exulting hearts. We pressed briskly forward and upward, climbing past one beautiful waterfall and coming suddenly into sight of another yet more wonderful, which, a mile up the canyon, swept down in a long curve and was lost behind a grove of young trees. At its left towered a



"The broad, white glacier of the mountain peak."



Summit of Lyell Peak, southeast of the Yosemite Valley. The bergschrund visible at the right of the picture.

peak 2,000 feet high, whose nearer face plunged down vertically almost to the margin of the stream.

Having climbed to the crest of the fall, we entered Little Yosemite Valley, where we stopped for rest and refreshment. Early afternoon found us on the mountain trail which led to higher altitudes in a northeasterly direction.

We could not but be struck with the beauty of the grand trees which we began to pass after we had climbed another thousand feet. Every few minutes we were called to halt by one of our number exclaiming in rapture over the symmetry of some yellow pine, the exquisitely divided fronds of the firs or their magnificent, upstanding trunks. We decided that the red fir was the most beautiful of them all, standing straight and lance-like with irregularly placed branches, clothed in glowing russet bark and decorated with a spray of lacelike tips. One of the keen joys of the afternoon was the



"The surface resembled a choppy sea, and extended many miles."

taste of the air, laden as it was with the aroma of pines and meadow grass and rare mountain flowers. Most striking of all was the odor of the fir trees, pungent, aromatic and wonderfully exhilarating. The vigorous exercise, combined with the lessening density of the air, caused us to draw deep, filling, vivifying breaths, which seemed to be all ozone and fir perfume.

The landscape was varied by breaks in the forest, through which we could see the distant snow-clad summits glistening in the afternoon sun. As we continued to ascend the long slopes the outcroppings of granite became more and more frequent, with the patches of soil shallower and of less extent. The vegetation was quick to show the effect of the changing foundation—the trees set wider apart and seemingly stunted by their hard lives of constant straining to get sustenance from the raw and rocky earth. The noble firs disappeared, the yellow pines became scarce, and soon the only tree to be seen was the two leaved pine, commonly called the tamarack

or lodgepole pine. After a time even these gave way to the overmastering granite, and for a while we climbed a rough, rocky path through a region almost devoid of life.

At last, at an elevation of 9,500 feet, we topped a ridge up which we had seemed to be laboring endlessly. On top and beyond, we found a forest of the trees we had been mourning as lost, and through them we could see against the sunset flushed sky a group of marvelously eroded peaks. A little way down the slope we came to the upper end of a long meadow, apparently miles in length. It was carpeted with deep, rich, velvety grass, through which the course of a tiny brook could be traced by a chain of pools in which the water rested between short dashes. Sheltering pines and firs surrounded the meadow, standing along the border in long colonnades, hushed and motionless, "taking leave of the departing day."

Quickly selecting a camp site, we threw the burden of bedding and provisions off Patsey, and set about the preparation of our first supper together. This finished, the Professor began to strip branches off the little fir trees behind the camp; the Parson sought wood for the friendship fire, while I washed the dishes and prepared for breakfast. Before long our beds were made on piles of aromatic boughs, and we were basking in the warmth of a tremendous blaze. Night had settled down imperceptibly as we worked, and we found ourselves walled in by darkness, deep, soft darkness, with no suggestion of lurking dangers. The dim outlines of the mountains watching over us, the shadowed trees with their arms outstretched above, and the steady glow of the unwavering stars seemed to assure us of the friendliness of Nature, and soon we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, confident that nothing would disturb us until dawn.

We reached Tuolumne Meadows the next day, passing the rugged, glaciated crests we had seen in the evening. The day after found us working up the Tioga Pass, a gap between mountain crests, beyond which lay Mono Lake and the Mono Plain.

Leaving the burro in the pass at noon, we spent the afternoon climbing to the summit of Mount Dana, a 13,000 foot peak, which guarded the pass on the southeast. As we rose, we found the slopes becoming steeper, finally seeming to lie at almost sixty degrees from the horizontal. Then, before it seemed possible to hope for it, we were at the top. The views we had been enjoying as we looked backward during the climb now showed to fuller perfection—vast spreads of mountain summits stretching without limit to the North and South along the great Sierra chain. On the East lay the vast gray desert, beyond which dry volcanic cones rose drearily. Westward the lesser crests, bare and forest-covered,



"A mighty gash split the ice to an unknown depth."

sank away toward the San Joaquin Valley, losing themselves in a warm, blue mist. We looked over the precipice on the northeast side of the summit and saw almost directly below us a glacier, spreading its white expanse over a little valley a thousand feet down. Just below it was a glacier lakelet whose shores seemed to be vertical cliffs plunging down into the intensely green water with terrible abruptness.

After two hours spent in imprinting on our memories the glorious "Weltanschuung," we descended and made camp beside Tioga Lake. The next day we followed the tremendous canyon of Leevining Creek to the Mono Desert, only to climb back the following day up Bloody Canyon to its summit, the Mono Pass. Here, at an elevation of 10,600 feet above sea level, we camped, seeking in an abandoned log cabin shelter from an icy gale which roared through the pass all night. In the morning we pressed southward along the backbone of the Sierra toward Parker Peak, and having reached its foot, addressed ourselves to the task of following the trail which zigzagged up its eastern flank.

Up the steady grade we climbed farther and farther into the pure sky, rejoicing in the swing of vigorous muscles, in the breath of the thin, cool air, in the sight of the grandly swelling peak and the fair, broad sweep of the glacier to the right. When he had risen a thousand feet Patsey called a halt by settling down upon his knees for a rest. We turned and looked back down the way we had come, and then farther and farther to the north. As the horizon broadened, many noble spectacles came into view to which we had before been blind: distant mountain tops melting into the dark blue sky, black and purple shadows contrasting with fields of snow, and blue lakelet growing almost visibly under the exuberant ministrations of the sun and snow. Eastward stretched the infinite waste of the desert, seeming cool and moist with its haze and shadows, not yet dispersed by the heat of the day. Long we sat there reveling in the wild beauty, the strong contrasts of bright and dark, of clear, sharp foreground and misty, mystic background, of smooth plain, and bold, rough mountain top.

Turning to the right we passed above the glacier to a saddle between Parker and Koip Peaks, and looking to the south, found a scene even surpassing that we had just left. A thousand feet below us lay a smiling valley, grass carpeted, and in its bosom slept two green lakes. Beyond the valley stretched a horizon of mountain tops, every one bearing a burden of snow and yet showing enough of its granite framework to put the whole into relief. That magical purplish haze, too ethereal to be visible except when the eye sought to pierce through many miles



"Patsy," the burro, in the foreground, carrying the pack, taking one of his frequent rests.



Mt. Ritter, seven miles away.

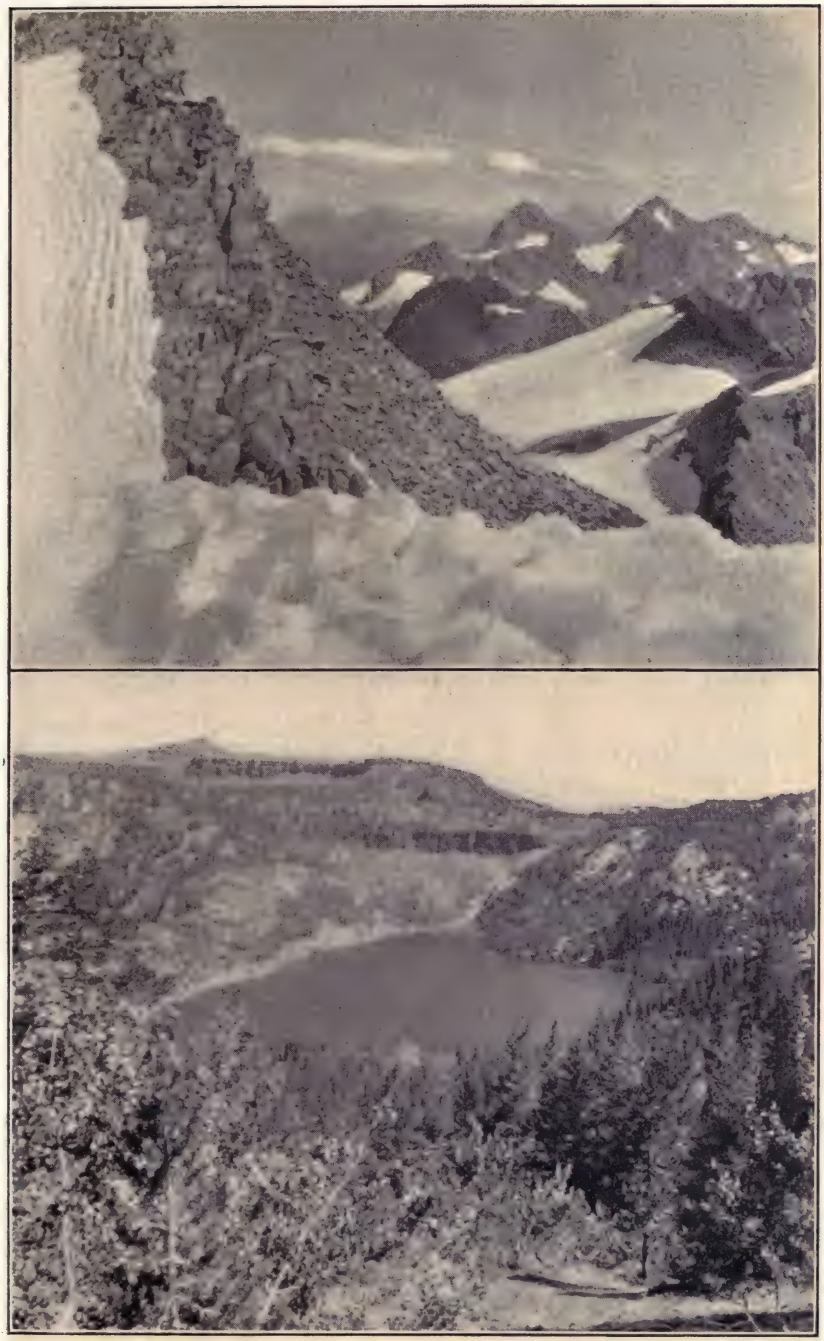
of it, hung over the range, adding wondrously to the beauty of the picture. So numerous were the summits and so distant from us that the whole scene resembled nothing so much as a great expanse of ocean upon which a cross wind heaps up pyramids of water and whitens every crest with foam. Never in our lives had we beheld a view so beautiful, so thrilling, so alluring in the mystery of its half veiled azure distances. In our hearts we echoed the Parson's sentiment, "This is the grandest day of my life."

We passed Gem Lake that afternoon and came into sight of Mt. Ritter. We camped on Rush Creek, and before noon of the next day crossed again to the western side of the range through Donohue Pass.

We found ourselves upon a small meadow in full view of the Lyell Glacier, which had been the goal of our journey. After a light lunch we started to ascend the noble peak which this ice mantle covers almost to its crest. We were wearing shoes without hobnails, could not find even an excuse for an alpenstock, and thoughtlessly neglected to take Patsey's pack rope along for emergencies. As none of us but the Professor had ever been on a glacier before, it looked as if we were attempting a good deal to essay a climb of almost 2,000 feet unequipped.

Since we knew nothing of how people had ascended the mountain previously, we started in the direction which seemed most promising, swinging around to the right before reaching the foot of the ice. A thousand feet up we discovered a glacier lake, whose bed had been chiseled out of the living rock by the ice river in former years, and whose water came from the glacier which formed its southeastern shore. Over its surface floated islands of ice and snow, apparently blocks broken from the slowly creeping glacier, and, if so, as truly icebergs as any which float in the oceans.

Leaving the lake, we ventured out upon the snow. It was pitted with holes about two feet deep, so close together that the surface resembled a choppy sea. It was very laborious



1. "Each stern and rigid summit silently defying the dark and silent sky."
2. Gem Lake.

to step from hole to hole, and almost equally hard to walk upon the wave crests themselves, for at every third step we slipped into the hollows, with considerable emphasis and wallowed out with difficulty.

Half-way up we were startled to find a narrow crevasse yawning before us. Though it was only a foot broad at the surface, there was no guarantee that it did not widen lower down. The entire glacier was covered by the pitted snow, the true ice nowhere visible, and our amateur imaginations found little difficulty in presenting life-size pictures of gaping cracks, abounding, hidden by a deceitful covering of melting snow. While the Parson and I were discussing this, the Professor, some distance in the rear, stepped into a soft place and sank suddenly to his armpits, so far down that he could not see us over the waves. Instinctively he threw his arms wide, and by pressing on the firmer snow, managed to flounder out of his predicament before we were aware of it.

At last we neared the black mass of granite which formed the main peak, and we hurried forward, eager to escape the treacherous glacier and to relieve our almost frozen feet. It was a vain hope; for we were confronted by a mighty gash which split the ice to an unknown depth within a hundred feet of the rock. This crack, which we later learned to call the "Bergschrund," extended right and left for hundreds of yards, and where it was not open we could see that it was bridged by only a shallow layer of snow. We dared not attempt to cross it, and worked around to the left, between it and a minor crest. Here we saw that the back of the central rock mass was almost a sheer precipice, and that the edge near us looked too rugged to be climbed.

Before us the snow sloped steeply down, then seemed to drop off into infinite space. Over the brink we gazed at a wonderful panorama. Granite mountain tops stretched away to the southeast, farther than the eye could follow, each stern and rigid summit silently defying the dark and silent sky. On their northern flanks lay snow banks and glaciers outstretched, outwardly calm and peaceful, yet invisibly grinding steadily downward, planing the slopes with resistless energy. The few gauzy clouds which floated leisurely in that dark sky would sometime add still more to the powers that were slowly and surely leveling the Sierra. And once we were startled to see a mass of granite detach itself from a crest nearby, and roll, thundering, down upon the ice beneath, torn from the living rock by the expanding force of the sun. Before our very eyes the Titan forces of the universe were at their endless work of destroying the pillars of the temple of out of doors.

Silently we turned away. Silently we walked down across the glacier and the naked rock to our little meadow. Gathering up our effects, we passed slowly down the canyon, turning ever and again to catch glimpses of the mountain, bathed in the glowing rays of the sinking sun. Still under the sobering influence of the revelation on the mountain top, we plunged into the forest and made our camp beneath the pines.



THE OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER PALACES

BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

IN THE YEARS before the practical-headed Leland Stanford conceived of and built the direct railroad line from Sacramento across Carquinez Strait to San Francisco, the River Sacramento was the grand highway of travel to the coast-metropolis; and the building, the launching and the running of a beautiful river steamer were the spectacular happenings of the old days; and enthusiasm, money and energy were abundant to carry out the transportation schemes.

The year 1860, when "The City of Gold," the Chrysopolis, was built, was the beginning of the attempt to perfect the steamer line. At the suggestion of Captain James Whitney, who had recently arrived from New York, Captain John G. North began plans to construct a boat which Mrs. Whitney, the young wife of the Captain, said she hoped would be as beautiful as a Hudson River steamboat. Capt. North himself headed a company of workmen, who went into the forests of Mendocino to secure the timber. The finest logs of this virgin forest were chosen, and after months of labor were taken to San Francisco. The timber was the best to be had on the Coast, and even before it was struck with an adze, hundreds came to see it at the Mechanics' Fair, where it was on exhibition. So bad were the streets of San Francisco then that a team of twelve horses was required to haul the lumber to the place of construction.



The Navajo on the willow bordered Sacramento River. An up-to-date freight and passenger carrier.



The ferryboat Oakland, now plying the bay of San Francisco, which was once the famous old Sacramento Rive boat, "Chrysopolis." She ran the distance from Sacramento to San Francisco in the record time of five hours and ten minutes. Years ago she was built over for ferry boat service.

There were many difficulties to be overcome in the construction of the Chrysopolis. The heavy machinery had to be brought by water from New York, and there were weeks of delay before it finally arrived. Labor, especially the skilled required, was scarce, for every able-bodied workman aimed to reach the Sierra mines as soon as he landed. Last of all, an impecunious real estate holder named Dewey demanded ten thousand dollars for the privilege of launching the steamer across two lots lying between the shipyard and the water. To outwit him, the course of the big boat had to be altered so as to miss the Dewey property. This took much time and labor, but at last the water was reached and the career of the new vessel begun.

The Chrysopolis was finished in all the splendor possible to command. She was painted inside in white and gold; and pictures from the brushes of famous painters hung in her cabins, Thomas Hill, William Keith, Bierstadt, Charles Nahl and Ariola being among the contributors. When she began her journeys up to the Capital City, she was by far the swiftest craft on the stream. She made the time from Benicia once in one hour and nineteen minutes, and from Sacramento City to the foot of Market street in five hours and ten minutes—an almost incredible record.

In 1875 the Chrysopolis was rebuilt from her hull up. Her lower deck was raised, and she was made longer and fitted for the heavy passenger traffic from Oakland to San Francisco. She was rechristened the Oakland, and of course now is a very familiar figure to the trans-bay commuter, who perhaps does not realize that he rides over the keel of the oldest existing Sacramento river-boat.

To the old resident on the banks of the Sacramento River the Chrysopolis was a joy. No experience was complete till a journey to San Francisco was made in her luxurious apartments. The conveyance of bridal parties was one of her specialties; and even today the most beautiful picture in the mind of the old, old river resident, when he is aroused from sleep at night by the siren of the modern steamer is the wraith of the old steamer flashing her myriad lights, her paddles swishing in the smooth stream.

As the acme of perfection for the river trade, the Chrysopolis was never equaled. Though her duplicate, the Yosemite, matched her in stately ap-



The Seminole, a modern Western river passenger steamer.

pearance, the latter never came near her in celerity and in popularity as a passenger carrier; and to-day the engineer of the Oakland will tell you that when plenty of steam is applied to the ancient engine she can make the trip from the foot of Market street across to the Oakland Mole along with the best of the more modern steamers of her type.

Captain North, builder of the Chrysopolis, may be looked upon as the central figure in early boat structure. According to Mrs. E. M. North-Whitcomb, he planned and built the little Contra Costa the first regular trans-bay ferry.

The inside work of the Contra Costa was hand-carved and hand-polished, and two paintings used in the decorations were by Virgil Williams. When the Contra Costa was afterwards taken to pieces to make way for larger boats, these pictures sold in New York for fifteen hundred dollars.

The first three-master made in San Francisco was named the "Susan and Kate Denin," after two popular actresses of the time. The first captain of this sailer eloped to Australia with a wealthy San Francisco merchant's wife, and there traded the "Denin" for a despatch boat. He then disappeared with the runaway wife, going, it was said, to South America; and Captain North was out both ship and money. A small schooner, the "John G. North," somewhat antiquated in appearance now, lies in the Oakland Creek, a mute reminder of the pioneer in ship building.

Another staunch vessel of the golden days, not so long lived, and not so romantic as the Chrysopolis, but quite as spectacular, is the Amador, the Lover. Many years ago this river boat and ferry went out of service, her machinery was removed, and what is left of her is anchored on the east side of the placid Oakland estuary, opposite to Lake Merritt, where she is easily seen from trains passing by way of First and Broadway, Oakland. The Amador clearly illustrates the old type of river-boat construction—large, high wheel houses and high pilot houses. She was not propelled by a walking-beam, but by a heavy piston and tremendous crank connected with her shaft, as in the present well-known steamer Piedmont. She was of the largest type of river-steamer; and her size during the low-water season was often against her, as she sometimes was compelled to remain for hours for a friendly smaller craft to help her over a sand-bar. For a time she carried a calliope, and on her trips echoed sweet tunes for miles on either side of the stream.

The shell of the Amador at present is the property of the University of

California, and is used by the University boat club. Stored on her lower deck are now a dozen or more of the odd-shaped racing boats used by the students in rowing contests. The upper deck is still seated with the long benches in use when the boat was a ferry, and is available as a chamber for social functions.

As the University men are busy the most of the week, only the aged watchman greets you as you balance over the narrow gang-plank onto the deck, together with his yapping little dog who snaps harmlessly at your heels. There are still traces of the care with which the old steamer was constructed. The hull is sound and the decks solid. The heavy removable rails to the right and left forward and backward lower deck proclaim her the ferry steamer she originally was; while the big golden eagles painted in the center of her paddle-houses indicate the qualities her builders wished her to possess.

In the days of wheat and gold, "the glorious sixties and seventies," things were never done half-heartedly, and small obstacles were brushed aside with ease. Once when there was to be a launching there was no supply of soft soap and grease to oil the ways for the slipping keel. The enterprising builder immediately bought seven hundred dollars worth of prime Castile, a druggist's entire supply of perfumed soap, which was melted, mixed with grease, and the launching proceeded. Those were days of days; every man who performed a feat in navigation or shipbuilding was a captain, and captains were then as thick as Kentucky colonels; and those intrepid, resourceful captains laid the foundation of San Francisco's commerce.

In 1879 the famous Solano, the largest ferry in the world, was constructed to convey the trains of the new Central Pacific Railroad across the Straits of Carquinez from Benicia to Port Costa. Since that time she has been in almost continuous service, making the trip with both freight and passenger trains at all times day and night. She is over four hundred and thirty feet long and a hundred and sixteen feet wide, having four tracks for the reception of cars running her entire length. Her four great funnels and immense walking-beam mark her as the most striking of the bay and river craft.

The heavy traffic she has been compelled to bear has grown to be more than she can manage, and her twin is now to be built; and while this second steamer is essentially the same in size as the Solano, the Contra Costa, as the new ferry will be called, is enough larger to take from the old steamer the title it has so long possessed, "the largest in the world."

An odd reminiscence of elder-year transportation from San Francisco to Stockton is the hulk of the Mary Garrett, now lying desolate, forsaken, the heart taken out of her, on the mud flat lining the ship canal leading out of Stockton. She was for a time owned and run by an "opposition" line, and carried passengers to San Francisco for the rate,—absolutely destructive to business—of ten cents each way. As meals and berths were correspondingly cheap, some travel lovers passed a good deal of their time on board. It was a striking journey that the Mary Garrett, with her twin, the Alice Garrett, made. Winding all a dreamy afternoon among the rich lowlands of the San Joaquin, with Mt. Diablo in ever-changing mood constantly in sight, she stopped at every little farm and hamlet for her cargo of vegetables consigned to San Francisco.

At evening the trip became a veritable party of merry-makers, and long into the night down the lower river and into the straits the fun went on. The Garretts, however, were of a new type the stern wheelers—"wheel barrows," contemptuously called by those who rode in the splendid side-wheel steamers of the sixties and seventies. Trim steamers of the stern wheel type have, however, now replaced all of the old-time river palaces, for the new boats thread the narrow sloughs where no



The Solano, the largest ferry boat in the world, used to carry passengers and a train of cars across Carquinez Strait, near San Francisco.

Chrysopolis or Amador captain would have dreamed of going.

The Sacramento River was a busy stream in the old days. It was a common thing for a freighter to trail two and three barges, laden with grain, down from the upper bay to Port Costa. Little steamers which were truly variety stores, "mosied" up and down, carrying everything from candy to kerosene to the river farmers, selling at reasonable rates. Excursion steamers from Sacramento with music and dancing drifted on moonlit nights down between the willow-lined banks. Two of the old-time steamers, the Chin Du Wan and the Whipple, carried calliopes as whistles, and every town and farm house where a landing was made was greeted by a tune on the steam piano. Numberless little ferries which crossed the river, using the current as a means of propulsion, dropped their chains at the note of the coming steamer whistle to make way for the large boat.

In those days, the splendid stream, unsoiled by the debris of the mines, was clear and shining like a midsummer Sierra trout stream. Its banks, as they are to-day, were lined with poplars and willows, to the very highest leaf buds of which climbed the wild grape. From this unbroken arbor on either side of the stream peeped every now and then flourishing hamlets and towns, and farm-houses set as it were in leafy frames. The long, swinging branches of the willow trailed in the water, and every inch of the sandy

bank was leaf-covered. This was long before the imp-like catfish had driven the schools of fat perch and chub away, and destroyed the golden sunfish, for the fisherman could recline on the leafy river edge and catch in an hour a creel full of fish dainty as ever come from a trout brook.

It is not a matter of surprise that the pioneer loved the journey down the "Sacred River." If, while the steamer boomed along, the scene was spectacular, when she was quietly fast to the bank at a landing for a half hour, perhaps taking on freight, the sylvan beauty of the landscape bordering the stream at once became apparent; and it was of no consequence in those dreamy days if an extra hour was expended in a ride which was an epitome of glory and ease. One who has made the Sacramento trip, both in the old and in the new day, has written:

Night on the Sacramento.

All the sweet voices of the field are here,
The curlew croon, the distant honker-call,
The whistle of the teal or quaint kildee;
And lo! the south wind murmurs rise and fall.

'Twas such an eve as this the gentle Ruth
Rested content among her garnered sheaves,
And thus she heard on Jordan's bank, forsooth,
The olives wave their plumy silver leaves.

'Twas such an eve as this Diana longed
For one faint glimpse of Cupid's magic smile;
But he, blind lad, ne'er guessed the thoughts that thronged
Her hungry soul, and moody stood the while.

'Twas such an eve as this the nightingale
Enraptured high-born Juliet's eager ear;
While love-lorn Romeo his matchless tale
Rehearsed till e'en the stars were mute to hear.

Listen again, beloved—the wild dove's note,
The far-off Northern sand-crane's lonely cry;
Yea, e'en to my dull ear, there seems to float
The wondrous olden music of the sky!

THE BEGGAR

BY ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM

Man's wealth is mine, and noble crests
I hold as my proud right.
Rare gems lie flashing in my chests,
And they are mine by might.

But—when men cease their daily task
And pause to rest the while,
A beggar at your gate, I ask
The largesse of your smile!

FOREIGNERS IN CALIFORNIA BEFORE 1842—II

BY CARDINAL GOODWIN, M. A.



THE years of 1840-1 furnished events both in California and in the United States to create uneasiness to the Mexican officials regarding the settlement of foreigners, especially Americans, on the Pacific Coast. These were the Graham affair and numerous reports published in American newspapers of preparations along the Western frontier for emigration to California.

Excitement Among Mexican Officials.

In eighteen forty, Isaac Graham, a native of Tennessee, was conducting a distillery in the vicinity of Monterey. In April of that year one of the band of lawless characters, who was associated with him, confessed to a priest at San Carlos that an uprising of American settlers was under contemplation. The priest notified the Governor, and the latter communicated the information to the prefect of the Northern district. By using threats, Castro secured confirmation of the report from another of Graham's followers, and a wholesale arrest of foreigners was immediately and secretly planned. Between the seventh of April and May eighth, about one hundred and twenty men were placed in confinement along the coast. Forty-six of them, securely bound and guarded by Castro in person, were sent to San Blas to be turned over to the authorities in Mexico. Through the influence of Thomas Farnham, an American traveler, the matter was taken up with the Mexican government by the British and American representatives, so that twenty-six of them were not only set at liberty, but procured damages from Mexico, and were conveyed back to Monterey at the expense of that government. They reached there in July, eighteen forty-one, about four months before the arrival of the Bartleson Company at Mt. Diablo, and of the Workman-Rowland Company at San Gabriel. (This was a company under the leadership of William Workman and John Rowland of New Mexico. It was organized in the latter place, and was composed of New Mexicans, Americans from New Mexico and a small division of Missourians that had arrived at the Kansas River camp too late to join the Bartleson Company. The expedition left Albiquiu in September, 1841, crossed the Grand, Green and Sevier Rivers, and then turned southward to the Virgin and the Mojave, coming to San Gabriel through the Cajon Pass. They drove a flock of sheep for food, and experienced practically no hardships on the journey. For the Bartleson Company see the preceding number of the Overland Monthly.) The remainder were banished from Mexican territory. Among those returning was Graham himself.

About the same time the Graham af-

fair was settled in Mexico, rumors came to Mexico City of the organization of an expedition along the Missouri border. The Mexican representatives in the United States received orders from President Bustamante "to give public notice that any person going to California without the consent in due form of Mexican diplomatic or consular agents, would do so at his own peril, the government incurring no responsibility for damages." And on May 18th, 1841, the same day that the Bartleson Company was organized in Kansas, Almonte, Minister of War in Mexico, sent orders to Vallejo to the effect that no foreign immigrant should be permitted to remain in the territory who was not provided with a legal passport. These orders had reached the officials in California when the Americans arrived. What was to be done? It seems that the Workman-Rowland Company in the South had little or no difficulty, and the attitude assumed by officials in the North toward the majority of the members of the Bartleson Company was not in keeping with the spirit of instructions received from Mexico. Charles Hopper said that when he, with several members of the company, appeared before Vallejo at San Jose Mission to procure passports, the General received them very cordially, explained the law to them, his own position in the matter, and suggested that one of their number should take Vallejo's horse and return to Mt. Diablo to get Dr. Marsh to go security for them. In the meantime the other members were requested to remain in the calaboose, the door to be left open, until their companion should return. On the other hand, when John Bidwell, another member of the same company, appeared alone before the prefect, he was unceremoniously arrested and thrown into confinement for being in the country without a passport.

There is little doubt that Vallejo would like to have carried out his instructions in full regarding foreigners, if he had been in a position to do so. There is no question of his loyalty to the Mexican government. In fact, Mexico probably had no more loyal official in 1841 than Vallejo. But he was in no position to act. There are indications that he could not depend on Alvarado for assistance. In fact, at about that same period, he seems to have been sending complaints to Mexico of the governor's lack of aggressiveness against foreigners—complaints which may have resulted in the latter's retirement from the governorship in the following year. According to Simpson, Alvarado had been "metamorphosed . . . from a thin and bare conspirator into a plump and paunchy lover of singing, dancing and feasting." In his report to the supreme government, Vallejo stated frankly what he had done. He stated further that he believed he "had employed the only means to reconcile justice with circumstances and duty with prudence, the country having the dire alternative of consenting to what it cannot prevent, or commanding without being able to enforce, for want of military strength." The foreign element, especially the American, had become too strong.

Foreigners in California in 1841.

There were in California, in 1841, about two thousand adult males, excluding the Indians. Of these about five hundred were foreigners, approximately two hundred and ninety of whom were Americans from the United States, eighty-two from England, twenty-nine each from France and Scotland, twenty-seven from Ireland, and thirteen from Germany. The others came from Portugal, Italy, Denmark, Canada, Russia, Norway, Austria and Greece. Of those from the United States, one hundred and twenty came from the northern States, and forty-six from the South, while the States of one hundred and twenty-four are not given. (These figures are taken from a chart which I recently made from the Pioneer Register and Index, showing the annual male foreign popu-



Camping at night on the old pioneer trail along the banks of the Platte.
(From an old print.)

lation in California by countries from 1814-1848.)

Many of those whose names appear as foreigners from other nations than the United States had lived for several years in the latter place and probably considered themselves citizens of the country. Of the entire foreign population some were deserters from ships, others came by water for the purpose of settling, many others were dropped by trapping expeditions that had begun to visit California in 1826, and, as we have already seen, a large number came overland in 1841 to establish homes. Perhaps half of them had become citizens. According to lists of naturalized foreigners made out by Mexican authorities in California in 1840, as a result of the Graham affair, there were seventeen at San Francisco, thirty-one at San Jose, ten at Branciforte, thirty each at Monterey and Santa Barbara, twenty-three at Los Angeles, and seven at San Diego.

Some Prominent Foreigners of Early Days.

They were scattered along the coast from Sonoma to San Diego, and a few had begun to occupy the interior valleys. To the north of the Bay of San Francisco, Cyrus Alexander had settled on Henry Fitch's Sotoyome rancho, now Healdsburg; George Yount had become the pioneer settler of what later became Napa County; James Black had located on the Jonive rancho; and in the same vicinity were settled Edward McIntosh, John Martin, Timothy Murphy and John Read. The last named was an Irish sailor who ran the first ferry boat between Sausalito and San Francisco. John Wolfskill was preparing to move north and become the pioneer of what later became Solano County, by occupying a grant on Putah Creek, which his brother had secured the year before. John Davis, W. A. Richardson, Nathan Spear and Jacob Leese were in San Francisco. Leese was the first American to settle in the town. He married a sister of General Vallejo, and in 1838 his wife gave birth to Rosalia Leese, the first child born in San Francisco. (The name at that time was Yerba Buena. The present name was not given to the city until after the period we are considering.) Leese was in business there in 1841 with Spear and William S. Hinckley.

At Monterey, Watson and Allen were the principal competitors of Thomas O. Larkin. The latter was conducting a general merchandise and lumber business, and in 1843 became United States Consul. Thomas Bowen, William Gulnac and James A. Forbes were living at San Jose. Forbes was agent for the Hudson Bay Company in 1841, and later became British vice-consul. Jose A. Bolcof, the earliest Russian settler, was a shoemaker at Branciforte. William G. Dana, Francis Branch, Lewis Burton, Robert Elwell, Daniel Hill, Isaac Sparks and Joseph Chapman were all in business of some kind at Santa Barbara. The last-named came in 1818, and was the first American to settle in California. He was a "jack-of-all-trades, who apparently could make or repair anything that was needed," and was quite popular in the community, especially with the friars.

At Los Angeles were Isaac Williams, who has been given the credit of being the first man in the territory to place goods on shelves and sell them over the counter; Benjamin Wilson, who later claimed the distinction of being the first Mayor of the city under the American government; William Wolfskill, the pioneer grower of oranges on a large scale, and owner of a large vineyard in what is now the heart of the city; and jovial, genial Abel Stearns, wizard of finance during that early period. J. J. Warner was also in Los Angeles at this time. Henry Fitch was without a rival in business at San Diego, and after his romantic elopement and marriage, was very prosperous. His trading interests extended all along the coast. John Gilroy, a Scotchman who came to California in 1814, was on a rancho southeast of San Jose, where the town named for him is now situated, and Robert Livermore was in Livermore Valley, northeast of the same place. Dr. John Marsh was living his solitary life at the foot of Mt. Diablo, where he had achieved distinction as a misanthrope and miser. On a little hill on the Sacramento River, near the mouth of the American fork, Sutter had begun to erect his fort, and with him, by the end of the year, were "James John," John Bidwell and Charles Webber, who came with the Bartleson Company, the last named becoming the founder of Stockton a few years later.

Analysis of Settlements.

There was no sectionalism in California among the Americans in 1841, so far as the race question was concerned, and the settlements did not confine themselves to parallels of latitude as they had in the region farther east between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. Of the forty-two settlers mentioned above, twenty-seven came from the United States. Of the twenty-seven, the native States of twenty-five are known. Nineteen of these came from the North and six from the South. Of the Southerners, two were located north of San Francisco Bay, one at Monterey, one at Santa Barbara, and two in or near Los Angeles. Of the nineteen Northerners, ten were in the southern and nine in the northern part of California. The oldest settlements were in the southern part of the territory, but by 1841 a few in that section had begun to turn their attention to the north. The density of population in the former as compared with the latter region affords one explanation for this, but doubtless the enterprising Southerner was not infrequently actuated by an awakening appreciation of the coming importance of the country around San Francisco Bay. We have seen already that Fitch of San Diego and Wolfskill of Los Angeles secured grants in the North before the date mentioned.

Commerce, Trade and Other Industries.

Trade and commerce were largely in the hands of the Americans. This began with the arrival of the "Sachem" in 1822, when a direct communication was opened with Boston which con-

tinued until long after 1842. During practically the entire period, Boston merchants held almost a complete monopoly of the United States trade with California. At the beginning, goods passed directly from the ships to the people. Ships with assorted cargoes of merchandise, principally groceries and rough cotton goods, would come to the Coast, and members of the crew would be sent out into the country to notify the people of their arrival. "Then," Robinson says, "a busy scene would commence. Launches laden with goods would pass to the beach and return with men, women and children, who would climb upon our decks and partake in the general excitement. On shore all was confusion. Cattle and carts laden with hides and tallow were moving to and fro, being urged forward by the 'Gente de razon' and the Indians, anxious to deliver their produce and receive in return its value in merchandise. Here and there could be seen scattered groups of individuals, clustered around bon-fires upon the ground, and still farther in the distance, horsemen racing over the plain in every direction."

It is difficult to determine the exact amount of this trade, because there was so much of it that never passed through the hands of the customs officers. In 1841, duties were paid on goods invoiced at about one hundred thousand dollars, but there was probably more than half as much more that did not pass through the customs houses. The Frenchman, Duflot de Mofras, estimates the import trade for the year beginning September, 1840, and ending September, 1841, at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this amount seventy thousand dollars' worth was imported by the United States, fifty thousand by Mexico, twenty thousand by England, and ten thousand by other nations. Of the export trade for this period, estimated at two hundred and eighty thousand dollars by the same authority, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it went to the United States, sixty-five thousand to Mexico, forty-five thousand to England and twenty thousand to France and other nations. There were forty-three ships that entered the ports of Monterey and San Francisco during the year. Bancroft gives the number as forty-six—of which twenty-four were American, ten were Mexican, five were English, one French and three from other nations. In other words, the United States handled more than forty-six per cent of the imports and more than fifty-three per cent of the exports, while more than fifty-five per cent of the vessels entering the two principal harbors of California came from that country.

Important Overland Trade.

There was also an important overland trade with New Mexico concerning which little is known. It seems to have begun from an expedition made by Ewing Young in 1831. Some of the members of his company returned to New Mexico from California with a drove of mules for which they had traded. The size and appearance of these animals and their comparative cheapness, led to a regular trade between the two territories which was carried on by caravans, according to Warner, for ten or twelve years. They made the round-trip annually, carrying blankets of various styles and other coarse woolen goods manufactured in New Mexico, and returning with Chinese silks, bleached grass cloth, and mules and horses. These caravans came by the northern or Green and Virgin River routes—the old Spanish trail—through the Cajon Pass to Los Angeles. Here they broke up into smaller groups and scattered along the Coast from San Diego to San Rafael, trading with the natives and reassembling a few months later at Los Angeles for the return to New Mexico. The trade was conducted by the New Mexicans, and resulted in the establishment of San Bernardino by them, sometime in the early thirties, although the beginning of that city is usually dated by its historians from the occupation and settlement by the Mormons

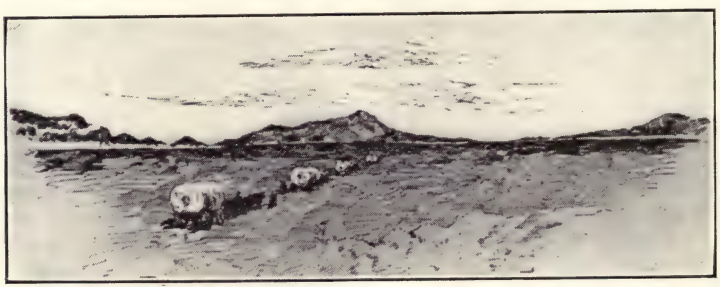
in 1851. Jacob Leese, John Marsh, John Wolfskill, and many other Americans came to California with these overland expeditions.

After the establishment of the Russian fort at Ross in 1812, otter hunting was practically monopolized by them for several years. They brought with them a number of Aleuts from the Aleutian Islands, whom they used for hunting otter, sometimes hiring them out to other nations for a similar purpose, receiving as compensation fifty per cent of the profits. As early as 1816 we hear of the Americans engaging these Eskimos and hunting in the vicinity of Monterey and San Francisco, and not infrequently paying the penalty for their disregard of Spanish regulations by serving terms of imprisonment. Upon his arrival in California in 1831, William Wolfskill joined Yount, Prentier, Pryor and Laughlin, built a schooner at San Pedro, and hunted otter up and down the Coast for more than a year. He was a citizen of New Mexico before he came to California, so he had very little trouble in procuring a hunting license in the latter territory. By 1842, however, the laws affecting this industry were not so well enforced as they had been under Spanish and early Mexican regime. Santa Barbara was the center, and Americans were the leaders of it, Fitch and Wilson being especially active participants.

Ten Cents an Acre for Land.

The ranchos were run by the natives to a very large extent because of the difficulty foreigners usually experienced in procuring grants of land, and because of the greater interest in trade. However, by 1842, several of the most desirable ranchos were in the hands of Americans, and negotiations were under way for many more. Mention has been made already of settlements on a few grants around San Francisco Bay. In 1841 Isaac Williams became the owner of Chino rancho, and a little later than the period under consideration, 1843, Benjamin Wilson paid ten cents an acre for thirty-five thousand acres of land—the Jurupa rancho—where Riverside is now. The Puente rancho was obtained by William Workman and John Rowland in 1842, but the grant was not confirmed by the government until three years later. In some places land was valued at less than one cent an acre, and between 1850-65 it was estimated at less than twenty-five cents an acre in Santa Barbara County. In 1864 a few fine ranchos sold there for less than ten cents an acre.

Perhaps there was no way in which the American gained greater popularity among the natives than in the performance of odd jobs. If there was a boat to be built, a house to be repaired, a tooth to be pulled or a pain to be relieved, usually some ingenious Yankee in the neighborhood was willing to undertake the task. James Pattie vaccinated a whole town to gain freedom for himself and his companions; Alfred Robinson, the sedate business man, won the esteem of his customers



O'Fallon's Bluffs, from near the forts of the Platte River.
(From an old print.)

by giving doses of laudanum on occasion for diseases concerning which he knew nothing; Daniel Hill was carpenter, mason, trader and all-round man at Santa Barbara; while Jos. Chapman built grist-mills and schooners, planted a vineyard and set broken limbs, did blacksmithing and repaired time-pieces, apparently performing each task with as much self-confidence as the most experienced professional could have shown in that particular field. "What a marvel," exclaimed Friar Sanchy, when Chapman renounced his Protestant faith and became a Catholic; "what a marvel that one so long in the darkness of Baptist faith could give such examples of true Catholic piety to older Christians!"



Early American fur-traders. (*From an old print.*)

Conclusion.

About fourteen and one-half per cent of the adult male population of California in 1841 was American, but in that small proportion were to be found many of the most active men in the territory. Some of them were endowed with more than average intelligence and discernment in political affairs, and others possessed a thrift and business ability that would have insured them financial success anywhere. Of those whose names have been given nearly all, except Larkin, had married into native families, and many had joined the Catholic Church. The oaths of Mexican citizenship and California matrimonial alliances, however, did not destroy their loyalty for the United States. There were Fourth of July celebrations held occasionally, and at least one of these was quite elaborate. Jacob Leese financed the affair, and an Englishman, some Americans and Californians took part in it. It began in the morning of the 4th, and lasted until late into the evening of the 5th. According to Bancroft, this was in 1836—Davis gives the date 1839—and was the beginning of annual celebrations which were held in San Francisco until after California was admitted into the Union.

The First Homeseekers.

Mr. Alexander Forbes, the British vice-consul at Monterey, in commenting upon the future of California in 1845 or 1846, said: "There is another restless and enterprising neighbor from whom they (the Californians) will soon have to defend themselves, or rather submit to. . . . Although the frontiers of North America are distant, yet to such men as the back settlers,

distance is of little moment, and they are already acquainted with the route. The American tide of population must roll on and overwhelm not only California but other important States. This latter event, however, is in the womb of Time."

This remark might have been made with equal certainty in 1842. Already the first van of the great overland immigration of home-seekers had arrived, and one of the party had returned East, coming to California again in 1843 as the leader of a second expedition. The conquest of California was well under way.

(The article in the next issue will narrate the remarkable experiences of the Chiles Walker party, the first pioneers to enter California with their wagons.)

THE SONG OF YOUTH

BY THOMAS D. LANDELS

The world is a mighty workshop,
With a thousand tasks to be done:
In the forge and the loom of the ages
There's a task for every one!

This world is no place for idlers,
But for men who will toil and strive,
For the men with brawn and muscle,
For men who are all alive!

I stand at the door of the workshop,
And I hear the whir of the wheels,
And I feel in my blood as I listen
The thrill that the soldier feels.

When the trumpet has sounded for battle,
And the troops are set in array,
And the word of command comes, "Forward!
We'll perish or win the day!"

Oh, brothers, this life is a battle,
A struggle 'twixt darkness and light;
For so long as the forces of evil
Are rampant, the brave must fight!

But ho, for the joy of the conflict!
And ho, for the triumph to be!
The coward and craven may falter—
The battle's for you and for me!

Then up! for the tools are ready—
Our fathers have fashioned them true—
And to seize on the tools and to wield them
Is the task for me and for you!

Then up! for the trumpet is sounding,
It rings thro' the morning air!
The battle has need of you, brother,
Your task is awaiting you there!

Seek not ease like a paltry coward,
But gird up your loins, a man!
There's joy in the toil and the battle—
Seize your weapons, and lead the van!

A new day dawns on the nations,
The day of the strong and the free!
And to hasten that day in its dawning
Is the task for you and for me!

ABSCONDED

BY R. O'GRADY

THE CONDUCTOR of the Northern Pacific, west bound, resumed his interrupted progress through the car, leaving the little woman sitting erect in one corner of her rattan seat, as prim and uncomfortable as a begging poodle, while she stared at the long, green ticket in her motionless hand.

But the ticket was not at all in the mind of the little passenger, nor any detail of her immediate surroundings. Indeed, she was scarcely conscious of having asked the conductor what State they were in. She still looked at the ticket, but her eyes were unseeing; they dwelt upon an inward vision—a picture which grew in distinctness as the train sped on, increasing the miles between her and a closed house with its pall-like stillness, a garden, deserted in its prime, flowers and fruit trees, and all the accessories of a humble home. She could not long endure the distressful contemplation. Her look, forcefully recalled, was directed upward at the sky, where small, white clouds of cameo distinctness, seemed floating midway of the earth, and a far, deep field of blue. Then her glance once more included the ticket, first as a greenish blur, and then as a definite object—an impetus to act.

Having put the ticket away in a black handbag, she opened the smaller and shabbier of her two grips and took out a bundle of letters from near the top. They were not difficult to find, for she had kept them there to read over and over during the journey, and now she slipped one from its envelope and unfolded it. As she read, there came into her face a half-scared determination. With quick, jerky movements she freed her work-roughened hands from their black cotton gloves. With the same breathless precipitancy she began tearing the written pages into minute bits that were caught from the open window by the swift current of the flying train.

A second communication she read, then another, and another, disposing of every one in the same manner as she had the first. There were five letters in all, addressed in various styles of chirography, to Miss Rebecca Johnson, Miledge, Ohio. When the last white particles had beaten themselves away against the onslaught of that whistling current, the destroyer's rigidity seemed to lose itself in the ebbing of her zeal. Her figure relaxed and settled limply, almost restfully, into the seat. The tense lines of her face assumed a gentler weariness.

And yet, the contents of those letters, with their words of advice, exhortation or reproach—as the case might be, or as it suited the temperaments of the respective writers—remained stubbornly fixed in her memory. It was the first time in many years that Rebecca Johnson had sat idly in a train, or anywhere, for that matter, with nothing to do but think. Possibly this outward inactivity had exaggerated the processes of her mind. With a start she looked from the window as if to catch back those flecks of paper left miles away; and lo, she saw the great, broad, fresh, open world passing by. In the foreground, vast fields of young grain; here and there farm machinery in operation, with men and four-horse teams; cattle pasturing, great red barns and comfortable white houses half-hidden by artificial groves —all within that limitless circle of

vision, beneath an almost indigo sky.

Change of scene, activity, contact with human beings other than one has always known, will frequently alleviate grief; it has been known to quiet a too-exacting conscience. A baby's fretful cry from the farther end of the car came now as a welcome distraction to Rebecca Johnson's harassed soul. As she went swaying down the cramped aisle of the tourist sleeper, steadying herself by the backs of seats, her gray eyes were widely compassionate. She stretched out her hands to coax the complaining child from the weary arms of its parent, and her voice held the yearning of a mother's.

While this action probably brought to Rebecca Johnson a pang of remembrance of duty neglected nearer home, it also encouraged that transient contentment which results from a kindness well bestowed. For she succeeded in restoring to the jaded mother a peacefully-sleeping babe; and, in the role of the tactful stranger who had charmed a fretful child, she won the gratitude of all the passengers on the car. Conversations ensued, resulting in those cordial acquaintanceships which are made doubly easy by the informal and humble conditions of tourist travel.

Thus began for Rebecca, who had undertaken this journey as one exiled, outcast by her own volition, that new life which kept broadening and deepening until she found that she could no longer put it off and on as a garment; it was becoming a part of herself—a competent rival of that other existence she had lately eschewed. Before she had traversed half the State of Montana, in her strange, new capacity of "commercial traveler," she had acquired a habitual ease in meeting strangers. And she was far more surprised at herself than at the unexpected cordiality of the people in this Western country. She had started out as a plain peddler, but her employment had been dignified by the euphemism of country newspapers. Frequently the editors gave her space in the local column and advised their subscribers to call at her headquarters where she had established herself, at the leading store. When Rebecca started out, she did not realize that she had chosen a strictly novel line of notions and a highly recommended grade of toilet articles as her stock in trade. She had taken up her business as one assumes a disguise, and without a definite hope of making it pay; that other sum—the money that should have been applied on a mortgage—was to meet her expenses.

At first she was scarcely able to obtain a respite from remorseful thoughts; and then, as time passed and her experience widened, she was subject to more infrequent, though no less severe attacks of self-reproach. These periods of active conscience came at last to be coincident with the receipt of a communication from east of the Mississippi—an occasional letter which would follow her about from place to place, and finally drop down in the general delivery of some little post office among the hills. Then would Rebecca put on sackcloth and ashes; literally, her old hat and her dingy black dress. For she had not been out a month before purchasing a light gray traveling suit and a turban of the same shade, with deep red roses. In this new guise, she was quite dismayed at her own jauntiness, noticing for the first time that her cheeks were rounding out, and that her hands had lost some of their ugliness. She had selected this outfit in an inconsiderate moment, regretting, almost as soon as it was done, the impulsive element of her nature which, of late, had come to rule her conduct. During her repentant intervals, her new clothes became the symbol of her false personality. So strongly did the idea beset her that she kept in reserve her old wardrobe, her tried and trusted Sunday hat and dress, as a concession to a fluctuant conscience.

And one day, or rather, one week or one month and more—for the influence was gradual—something occurred that made her realize the barbaric futility

of these spasmodic periods of repentance. She had been traveling continuously for some time, making small towns in the western part of the State. Sales were good, people cordial in their rough and ready hospitality. She had been invited to make a three-days' visit at a ranch. Now she was covering a twenty-mile journey by stage, up into a region of low, blue hills, thriving small farms, and racing, stone-bedded brooks.

There were three other passengers in the stage: a ranchman and his wife, going to Rock Cove, and a man with a big frame and discerning blue eyes, who was booked for the same town as Rebecca. For the first few miles conversation was general. Then the big man moved across to Rebecca's side of the stage to point out some special features of the country through which they were passing.

"Have you made use of your homestead right?" This question of the man's was the first that could have been considered personal. It was suggested by the sight of a feminine equestrian, whose small pony picked its way down a rocky hillside. At the top of the rise stood a cozy looking claim shack.

It was a casual question, but it struck Rebecca's mental vision like a flash of red fire, out of which came to her imagination a picture of a closed house, darkened within, rows of withered hollyhocks down the front path, pansies gone to seed, apples rotting on the ground. Home? Homestead right?

"I never—thought of it," she murmured. "No," she added, more positively. "I wouldn't use it if I could." And she felt the man looking at her with such intentness that she was constrained to enlarge: "I wouldn't care to be tied down to a place—to a piece of land."

The man laughed, a laugh of good-natured skepticism that put Rebecca on the defensive. The argument which ensued was cordial, but emphatic, continued not merely to pass the time, for soon both forgot how the hours were going. The man, always retaining the charm of a crude and spontaneous deference, was deeply interested, but, nevertheless, unconvinced. And when Rebecca finally declared that she hoped never again to be the proprietor of so much as a tea cup, his chuckle expressed a mingled protest and indulgence which seemed at once to deplore and condone her fanaticism.

Never had a stranger so successfully broken through Rebecca's reserve. She forgot her old self. In this man's presence she found a new and tangible satisfaction in her becoming turban, with its bunch of purple-red roses, and her fresh traveling suit. She took pleasure in the unwonted animation she felt, and in the spontaneity of her laugh. And yet she had never allowed herself any such exhibition of spirits in all the years since she had been a silly girl. It was not offensive to her—the knowledge that this companionship had awakened such feelings, but of course they must be suppressed. And in the days that followed, she came to look upon that stage journey from Pyramid to Boulder Heights as a mad, wild ride, for which she tried to atone by renewing her unhappy self-condemnation. True, she allowed the man, James Radd, to continue his friendliness. She could find nothing in his deportment to criticise; he was generous and sincere. If it had not been for the consciousness that she was living a two-faced existence in the presence of such manly virtue, this could easily have been the happiest period of her life.

She did not realize the deepest significance of their pleasure in each other's company, or she might have moved on sooner. But Boulder Heights and vicinity furnished a very good field, and for the first time in her business career the work began to appeal to her for its own sake. There were day trips and two-day trips by horseback to little towns and big ranches; and riding was an exercise which brought new health, new energy, to Rebecca, just as her engrossing devotion to business forced her thoughts

out of the old groove. James Radd, who was the store-keeper at Boulder Heights, deemed it essential that she spend three days each week at that place demonstrating her goods. His forceful advertising had created a demand for knitted collars and cold cream, even among ranchmen and Indians.

"If your goods don't just happen to suit your customers, you can trim your customers down to fit the goods," James Radd would say, with that big, soft chuckle of his. Then he would look at Rebecca with a glint in his blue eyes which seemed to add: "Just let me get hold of the Cherokee or the cow-puncher that thinks he don't need a pearl half-moon scarf-pin and a bottle of cologne!"

Those days held recklessly happy moments, belonging to that high, emotional plane in which one disregards the plunge. During one of them, Rebecca contracted for another new frock at the local dressmaker's. When it was finished, the reaction came. She lay awake all night tortured by the thought that the fund with which she had hoped to begin restitution had gone to meet this frivolous expense. Why could she not have thought of it sooner? Why is it that not until a thing is done past remedying, does one realize the enormity of the act? In this state of mind she should have donned the old black dress when morning came, but still she could not. That brown-checked brilliantine, set off by a deep lace collar from her own stock, made a sort of freshness of her pallor, even brought a faint color to her cheeks, for never had she seen herself in a garb so becoming.

This little touch of vanity did not allay her convictions. Nevertheless, she put on her pretty hat and left her lodgings, unaware that she was going out to meet that redoubled condemnation which should come with the knowledge that she had interfered with the happiness of another soul.

Of course, James Radd was not a man to reveal in every-day contact his inmost thoughts. Rebecca had felt his regard, but she had not foreseen the trend it would take. Indeed, she would not have understood it now from what he said. But she could read it in his look.

As he sat at his bookkeeping desk, with his strong legs entwined about the supports of the high stool, his gray felt hat pushed back from his forehead, he renewed for the first time their talk about permanent possessions. His voice pleaded guilty from the start, and Rebecca, for herself, being much embarrassed, felt a hot blush upon her cheeks. It was started by the quick throb of shyness, perhaps, but it flamed up into a consuming fire as of final judgment, and died out, leaving her white and trembling.

"Yes," she replied in a choked voice, to a pointed question of his, "it is the same with the—the affections—there can't be anything permanent, anywhere—for me."

And even as she said it she realized as never before that there was a breadth about this man which did not belong to his frame alone; a gentleness which not only shone in his blue eyes and lurked in the corners of his smile, but dwelt within his heart.

Rebecca could have cried out with the pity, the regret of her position; but she controlled herself, scarce able to say a word. He was puzzled, sorrowful at her confusion. Doubtless he had considered it a simple matter—this thing which needs not be made definite if two human souls are properly attuned. In anxious, embarrassed silence, he handed her a letter that had come for her in the morning's mail, and left her alone.

Like one in the clutch of retribution, Rebecca vividly reviewed the past few weeks, and she realized, with an avalanche of self-blame, that this thing had been preparing for many days.

But, before opening the letter, before deciding what to do, she walked to the front of the store and watched James Radd as far as she could see him down the street. He moved slowly, his drooping shoulders, all the outlines of his figure graphically por-

traying disappointment. When he had passed two blocks of low, weather-blackened business buildings and turned the corner at the more pretentious, painted edifice that held the city bank, Rebecca dropped her head upon a show case and stood there motionless until her heart might have tallied a score of beats.

She had made up her mind. The letter would not have counted. Before reading it, she had decided that she would pay the debt she owed James Radd by undeceiving him. That was the least she could do—the most. To know the truth about her would doubtless be a sufficient cure for the affections of an upright man. Then she would go back home, resume the old life, and suffer the consequences of her rashness.

Once her mind was made up, Rebecca never wavered; otherwise, she might not have started out as she had three months ago. Besides, there was no time now for reconsideration; James Radd soon returned, meditatively filling his pipe from a red tobacco pouch as he seated himself once more at his desk.

A yearning expectancy lighted his eyes when he saw Rebecca approaching him with the open letter in her hand; she was so little and her figure seemed so appealingly girlish in the neatly belted new frock. But a glance into her face made him sober again.

"Mr. Radd," she said in a small voice, "will you read this?—and then —I have something to tell you."

Wonderingly and more wonderingly, James Radd perused the letter to its close, which was written lengthwise on the back page, and the postscript, which stood on its head above the date —then he gave Rebecca a keen look, followed by an inquiring smile.

"You—don't—quite understand," choked Rebecca; and James Radd, seeing that it was so hard for her to talk, put in jocularly:

"What it says is plain enough: there has been a dry season back East; furthermore, the kids are all down with the measles, and your brother Henry hasn't been able to pull enough out of the dairy business this year to hire help in the house; and—and," he added, reluctantly, "you'll be as welcome as ever if you come home. Ain't that the gist of it?" He had been tracing imaginary figures on the desk with the bowl of his pipe while he spoke. When he looked up, the half-banter in his tone was lost in sullen distress. "Rebec—Miss Johnson—darn it all! I didn't mean to joke. You're sick, girl!"

"No, I'm not; no, I'm not sick," she motioned him away. "I—I've done wrong—I'm as bad as a thief, Mr. Radd; that's what I am!"

James Radd was regarding his boots with an incredulous stare, while Rebecca struggled for further utterance. But it was so hard to go through with it, once it was started. The man was a pretty intelligent listener, and he seemed to understand even more than she put into words.

Ten years nursing an invalid father, after her brothers and sisters were married; two years subsequent to her father's death, working alone on the little place which, by the terms of the will, would go to her younger brother, Henry, when she was through with it; and at intervals helping in her brother's family on a neighboring farm; this was the substance of her story. By hard work and saving she had succeeded in paying a hundred dollars of the mortgage that encumbered this home which she held in trust. Then, in a moment of queer and desperate aberration, she had resolved to cut loose from everything. She had sold the cow, closed the house, taken fifty dollars she was saving to apply on the mortgage, and ran away to a new world.

When she had finished this confession, James Radd looked at her as though he had just heard some astonishingly, unbelievably good news. Presently he broke into a laugh—a hearty, prolonged laugh in which there was something electrifying that set Rebecca's shuddering nerves to tingling with a new, strange message. But

even then, her awakening was gradual; slowly, dazedly coming to herself, she struggled to retain the old sensations as they faded out of her consciousness. And finally, she knew that she cared for nothing in the world but the man who was saying to her:

"Don't you think it would be different about having things—a piece of land, a tea cup, drinking gourd or some such trinkets, if—if there was somebody to look out for them and you?"

Rebecca had scarcely nodded her assent when the lingering, accusatory vision of her brother Henry's children —all down with measles—made a last appeal. It was transitory and ineffectual, for James Radd was whispering close to her ear:,

"Little woman, little woman, I don't care what queer freak sent you to me —now I've got you—got you for good."

FIRSTLINGS

BY HARRY COWELL

Fair with the first white rains of Spring,
 Blooms at my feet the year's first flow'r!
Who bided long its blossoming:
 Lo, now, mine hour!

Pure flower, ever first to blow!
 I take thee half-blown from thy nest,
To place thee, snow, on fairer snow:
 My first-love's breast.

Like snowdrops, fabulous, foot-free,
 Around their staid, half-rooted dams,
Dance to the Goddess Liberty
 The firstling lambs.

Word of unutterable things
 I waited all the Winter long;
And now o'erhead the first lark sings
 The first Spring-song.

Thou song, by heaven and earth adored!
 What art thou other than the token
Of pent-up love at length outpoured,
 Long silence broken?

Flow'rs, lambs, that live for living's sake!
 What are ye? Types of lovers' bliss!
What's Spring? A mood wherein to take
 First love's first kiss!

A LEAF FROM LIFE'S PAGES

BY MABEL LLOYD STEWART

"Life bears us on, like the current of a mighty river."

IT WAS the fall of 1905, six months before those memorable April days when San Francisco was left in ruins by the great fire. In a neat little home in the Mission a young mother was pondering, harassed by thoughts that she must give up her little ones, put her shoulder to the wheel, and force her way into that great throng of humanity that is perpetually struggling for the almighty dollar to maintain existence.

For ten years Dorothy Scott had patiently borne with the man she had chosen "for better, for worse." For him she had isolated herself from all her girlhood companions, a recluse in her home with her children.

It was the oft-told story: the father a self-made man, capable and bright, after advancing well along the ladder of prosperity, had met with reverses, become discouraged, and sought oblivion in drink.

When Dorothy realized the truth, it was a crushing blow, but she faced it bravely, and strove with sympathy and kindness to rekindle his inherent manhood.

She upheld and shielded him before those who discovered his weakness, hoping that he would eventually realize the folly of the life he was leading and turn back before it became too late.

But now, after years of drifting from one place to another, suffering poverty and humiliation, Dorothy resolved that *she* must become the head of the little family, and do for her little ones what the father was shirking.

On the day Dorothy reached this conclusion she received a communication from an acquaintance of her mother's, who was on the eve of an extended trip abroad. Mr. Barstow had just purchased a small island in San Francisco Bay, on which he planned to erect a beautiful home upon his return from Europe, and he was looking for a caretaker during his absence.

He made a proposition to Will Scott to make use of the old-fashioned farm house, plant a thousand eucalyptus trees, and take general care of the island, keeping off all hunters and poachers, in return for a small monthly salary.

Dorothy was delighted. She had always longed for country life, and she thought that the change of environment and different occupation would surely lead to a change in her husband. The locality would cut off opportunities to gratify his temptation, free him from the undesirable associations he had formed, and at the same time offered the prospect of getting a good position on the railroad after Mr. Barstow's return. With such prospects young Scott would have every encouragement to begin life anew.

On the heels of the storing of their furniture in a warehouse came the day for them to take their departure. The children, excited and eager to be off, and Dorothy keen with hopes and expectations concerning the new life awaiting them.

Two hours from the time they left their little cottage they were standing upon the cliffs of their new island home, breathing the fresh salt air from the ocean breezes.

Oh, the grand beauty of it all!

As long as she lives, Dorothy will

never forget the feeling of sublime content, the peace of mind that seemed to efface all the worrying, harassing thoughts that had darkened her life for years.

The island being quite elevated, commanded a glorious view of all the surrounding country. San Francisco appeared in the distance; Sausalito, on a point of land, with the railroad cars winding and curving in and out along the bay shore to picturesque Mill Valley, nestling peacefully in the shadow of old Mt. Tamalpais. The beautiful, glistening waters of the broad arm of the bay, with its ever ceaseless ebb and flow, possessed resistless fascination.

And she was to enjoy all this for one short, fleeting year. Would she ever be able to give it up? It was home! A real home, and she loved it already.

These were day dreams, and she felt there was no time for them. There were duties requiring her attention, and for several days she was so interested and occupied in arranging her new home that she had no time to make the trip of exploration she had promised the children.

One day, Harry, her little boy, came running excitedly to her, exclaiming that his papa was finding dead Indians down on the beach, and entreating her to come and see them.

Full of curiosity as to what the child could mean, she followed his eager footsteps, taking the trail leading to the lower part of the island. The little girls were standing awed and wondering about their father, who was carefully scrutinizing the bank just above the high-tide mark.

When Dorothy appeared, Will proceeded to show her the remnants of the skeleton of a man that was barely discernible among the shells littering the bank.

Scott very carefully attempted to uncover the bones, but was not able to preserve the skeleton intact. It was placed in a box and laid away to await Mr. Barstow's return, as he often expressed intense interest in such finds of an archaeological character.

Upon making further investigations it was discovered that the lower portion of the island consisted almost entirely of shells, showing that it had originally been an old burial ground of the Indians; the custom of some tribes being to bury their dead among shells.

* * * *

The days and the weeks passed quickly. Dorothy's newly formed hopes of her husband's reform diminished when she discovered that he inclined to spend much of his time at a neighboring inn on the nearby mainland. Every evening soon found him away from home. Dorothy would put the little ones to bed, and then sit quietly with her sewing through the long, lonesome hours, always listening expectantly for the familiar, unsteady step on the stair.

One night she waited long past the usual hour for his return, and was beginning to feel alarmed for his safety, as the wind was rough and boisterous. She strained her eyes at the window pane from which she could discern the lights of the inn in the distance. Uncertainty lent terror to her thoughts.

After long hours of vigil she imagined she heard a faint call above the noise of the wind; she hastened to the door and peered out. The light from the open doorway, streaming down the path, enabled her to perceive the figure of a man struggling towards her.

Could it be Will? Hatless, coatless, drenched, he staggered through the door, exclaiming: "I lost the boat and had to swim."

He was sober, but oh, so weak and exhausted. Dorothy did not wait for explanations. Hurriedly heating some water and warming his bed with hot jugs, she helped him to remove his cold, wave-soaked clothing and tumbled him into bed.

Warmed with hot ginger tea and wrapped in his blankets, Will explained the mishap which nearly cost him his life.

Under the influence of liquor he had foolishly unfastened the rope which held his boat to the wharf before stepping into the craft. The strong gale and the high, rolling waves proved so overpowering that in an instant the boat was tora from him and swept beyond reach.

Being an excellent swimmer, he confidently plunged into the water, hoping that a few strokes would enable him to grasp the boat's rail; but he underestimated the terrific power of the wind and waves, and in a few minutes the tossing boat disappeared over the crests of the furiously driving waves.

Completely sobered, Will realized that to reach his island home he must swim, and swim for his life.

It was a long, heart-breaking struggle with the waves, and when, gasping for breath, he touched the shore he was too exhausted to climb the pathway to the house. For fully an hour he lay in the cold, rolling surf, till strength returned to struggle up the pathway.

Dorothy listened to his story in silence. She would not reproach him, for his experience was sufficient warning. The lesson was a severe one, and she felt that it would be the means of impressing on him the folly of the life he was living.

The following morning Will was up at daybreak walking miles along the shore, seeking his lost boat. He knew from the direction of the wind and tide the course it would most likely follow, and fortunately found the yawl intact.

After this little escapade it was several weeks before he went back to the old habit of spending his evenings away from his family. But desire seemed too strong for him to resist, and once more Dorothy was left to maintain her lonely vigils. Now, however, it was different; her anxiety for her husband's personal safety was intensified a thousand fold.

Night after night, when she had tucked the little ones away in their beds, she would set the light in the window, and throwing a wrap around her shoulders, would go down to the cliffs above the boat landing and sit silently waiting, sometimes for hours, until he returned.

Then together they would walk to the house, he reproaching her for waiting up for him; she with her heart wrung with her misery.

The long winter months passed uneventfully. When the weather was fine, Dorothy would spend as much time as possible with the children out of doors. She had learned to handle the oars, and sometimes they would go for a row on the water, if the bay was smooth. Dorothy and the little girls were passionately fond of horses, and one of their greatest pleasures was to hitch up the mare and go for a drive over the countryside, or into the little town nestling in Mill Valley.

These little trips for household supplies and mail accomplished wonders in breaking the isolation of their island surroundings.

One bright morning in February, Will started off with a pick and shovel over his shoulder, intent on carrying out the instructions of his employer to open up an old grave of some long-forgotten owner of the island, remove the remains and cremate them.

The body had been interred for many years, and only a few remnants remained. While Will was engaged in digging, a stranger ran his boat on the beach, and walked slowly and unobserved in the direction of the grave on the hillside. He spoke in broken English, asking if he could obtain employment. Will hurriedly threw a few shovelfuls of earth back into the open grave, thus hiding from view portions of the wooden box which had been exposed.

Mr. Barstow had cautioned him not to make public this work, as he did not care to be questioned by neighbors curiously inclined. Will told the man he had no work at hand, and then walked down the path to the beach with his ill-timed visitor, and carefully saw him embark and pull for the shore. Then he returned to the task of

filling in the grave and obliterating all trace of his work. After cremating the remains, he thought the incident closed —but other developments were awaiting.

That night, as Dorothy sat on the cliffs, as usual, awaiting her husband's return, she heard the low splashing of oars, and peering around the sheltering bushes she saw a strange boat quietly creeping toward the shore.

Two figures were cautiously pulling the oars and closely examining the shore. As the boat grounded, both men, hurriedly stowing their oars, jumped out, and quickly pulled the boat alongside a large boulder, completely concealing it.

The men then slipped into a hiding place in a little cove below the bushes where Dorothy was ensconced.

Nearly every word they uttered was borne to her ears. They were foreigners, and for a moment it was hard for her to catch the drift of their words, but as the conversation continued she learned that one of the men was their visitor of the morning.

Their discussion developed that he was under the belief that the grave Will had opened contained a box of buried treasure, and he and his fellow were determined to secure it for themselves.

They planned to wait in concealment until the lights of the house were put out, showing the occupants had retired. Then they proposed to ransack the place until they had discovered the concealed treasure.

Dorothy, white and cold, listened, with fear. What should she do? She was alone, without protection, and she realized that the lives of herself and children were in danger. She was a brave little woman, ordinarily, but now she must think not only of the safety of herself and little ones, but of her husband, who might return any moment and be brought into a desperate encounter with the two strangers.

Thought rapidly followed thought in her excited mind. Should she waken and dress the children and seek a hiding place with them? No; she dared not leave her husband to an uncertain fate. She knew there was an old hunting gun of her husband's; so cautiously making her way up the trail, she entered the house unseen. Then hurriedly doffing her skirts, she put on a suit of her husband's, hat, coat and trousers.

She found the gun and the cartridges and after some difficulty succeeded in loading the weapon. Leaving the light still burning, and without awakening the children, she stole out into the darkness with the gun tucked beneath her right arm.

Cautiously she crept back to her former position. The men were still in the cove. Eagerly she scanned the wharf, but Will was not in sight.

Gaining courage in the thought of her sleeping little ones, Dorothy stepped to the edge of the cliff. Raising the gun to her shoulder, she covered the men below, and imitating the voice of a gruff man, she called out:

"Hands up, there! What are you fellows doing here?"

The astonished men looked up, and seeing in the dim light the barrel of a gun in the hands of a determined-looking man, their courage oozed fast, and they declared they would row away at once.

"Git! Hurry! Faster!" growled Dorothy.

In their fright and desperation they stumbled over the rocks to the boat, and quickly climbing in, they cast off and their frantic rowing quickly carried them out of sight in the darkness.

Then Dorothy's courage gave way, and she sank trembling to the ground.

In a few moments she recovered herself and hurried to the house, where she quickly slipped into her own clothes. She did not wish her husband to learn of her desperate adventure.

* * * *

During the early spring months the Barstows returned from abroad, and as they did not contemplate building until the fall, they desired Mr. Scott to remain and superintend the construction of the new road from the shore

landing to Mill Valley, some two miles away.

One day, after an interview with Mr. Barstow, Will came home and informed his wife that the Barstow girls and a young lady friend were coming over to spend the summer months at "Chiwalinee," the Indian isle. The girls had requested Mr. Scott to go in search of a house boat, and have it securely anchored on the beach, to be in readiness for their occupancy.

Will knew of a cozy little three-roomed ark that they could rent; so looking up the tide calendar, he found that the next big tide would occur on the evening of the seventeenth, which was the following day.

Early the next morning he started to get the ark, telling Dorothy that he would probably not be home until very late that night.

The day proved lonesome for Dorothy. Her niece had come from San Francisco during the morning, and taken her youngest daughter, a little one of five years, back to the city with her, to stay for several days.

As the night drew near, the mother almost regretted she had let her "baby" go; it was the first time in Elsa's short life that she had been away from home. Little did Dorothy realize what strange upheavals were to happen before she would see her child again!

Dorothy put the two children into their beds quite early, and then, turning out the light, she threw herself upon a couch, dressed as she was, for she expected Will might return at any moment.

She lay, hour after hour, until long past midnight; at last she fell into a heavy, dreamless slumber.

Of a sudden she started up, dazed. What was happening? She sprang from her couch to feel the house was shaking, the timbers creaking!

The mother seized a blanket, and throwing it over the two children, rushed them from the house, out into the field. Then for the first time she realized that an earthquake had come and gone. A little later, day was just breaking, she ventured back into the house and quickly dressed her children. Aside from demolishing the chimney, the shock had done no serious damage.

Dorothy felt quite concerned about the baby, but at that time she had no conception of the destruction being done in San Francisco by the leaping flames which sprang up in a dozen places where stoves and flaming gas jets had been wrecked by the quake. Soon these scattered smaller fires united, and within a few hours a wall of flame was rolling over the city.

Dorothy was to learn of this later.

After she had quietly fed the stock and milked the cow, she and the children made their breakfasts of fruit and bread and milk; then hitching up the horse, they drove into Mill Valley.

There they learned the stories of San Francisco's overpowering fire.

Dorothy was horror-stricken! Where was her child, little Elsa? Her first move was to attempt to board a train in order to reach the ferry to San Francisco, and in that awful inferno try to find her babe. The exhausted trainmen finally made her understand that no one was allowed to enter San Francisco; that panic-stricken people were trying to escape, and that she could not possibly find her child in the confusion.

Nearly frantic with anxiety, she turned the horse homeward. Her husband had arrived during her absence; together they made every effort to cross the bay to the stricken city, but all bars were up, every boat available was requisitioned to bring refugees from the city.

Night came, and the distracted mother had received no word of her loved one. All through the long, weary hours, she sat in the garden, watching the flames leap higher and spread, until the city seemed to be buried in them.

She felt as if she must do something, or go insane. The wild idea entered her head of taking the row boat and rowing across the bay to the burning city; but soon she realized how

futile this was. Early the next morning, the railroad men told the piteously importuning Dorothy that there was a possibility of her being able to cross the bay during the day, as the restrictions had been partially lifted. Leaving her two little ones with the inn-keeper's wife, she started on her hazardous journey alone.

Once landed in San Francisco, she tramped through the burning debris filling the streets out to the far Western Addition of the city. Excitement and anxiety kept up her courage.

At last she passed the zone of the ruins and reached the house, only to find that the little one had been taken to Berkeley, on the other bay shore, the home of Dorothy's aunt.

Weary and foot-sore, she once more made her way to another ferry, and, crossing over to the University town, she at last found her little one and all of her relatives unharmed.

Days later, when Dorothy returned to the island, she found that the Barstows, having been burned out, had chartered a launch, brought over a number of their friends, and taken complete possession of the little home. The house boat was brought into service, and Will and Dorothy, with the children, moved into it. After a few weeks, Mr. Barstow began the construction of the new road, leaving it almost entirely in the hands of Will, who proved an excellent road builder.

Will's great failing was known to the Barstows; but for the sake of Mrs. Scott and the children they were inclined to help him all they could. Still, Mr. Barstow had firmly informed Scott that he could not recommend him for any position with the railroad company unless he dropped drinking.

Within a week the old farm house on the hill was being torn down to make way for the beautiful new structure planned by the Barstows. That is, it was figuratively supposed to be torn down, but it was a standing jest among the workmen that a few timbers in the old milk room were to remain so that it might be termed a "remodeled" house. The Barstows had in mind the old superstition in regard to building a new house: if a person builds after they pass beyond a certain age they will never live in and enjoy their new home.

Soon everything about the island took on a new and strange look to Dorothy. The beautiful rustic summer arbors, seats and polished rustic tables, scattered in the orchard, the artistic little bath house down on the beach, where she and the children used to wade, the pretty redwood "rest room" on the cliffs above the little wharf—were scenes of a new transformation. Her very own cliffs where she had spent so many long evening hours, seemed part of a new world. And above all, the big mansion that now arose majestically in the place of the home-like, rambling old farmhouse.

They were strange, all so strange. And she came to feel that it would not be so hard for her to leave when the time came to go.

The months passed quickly. Fall had come again. At last the road was finished, and Will was out of employment, and they must needs turn their faces to the city once more.

"Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate,
As we voyage along through life."

And as Dorothy turned to give one last, long farewell look to the only home she had loved, oh, so fondly, she sadly wondered where the fitful, uncertain winds would carry her frail little barque and the bairns she carried in her yearning heart.

THE GRINGO

BY IRVING HARLOW HART

WELL, I hope they don't have to send those American troops across the border. It wouldn't be any holiday excursion. The water's bad, the climate's worse, and the Greaser's worst of all. Not that there would be any particular danger to the troops from this last-named evil." The speaker paused long enough to light his pipe. "A good half dozen American soldiers could round up an ordinary regiment of Mexicans in the daytime, but they'd have to be awful careful after dark, or some of them'd get hurt."

"You fellows can believe all that you want to," put in another of the group around the stove in the railway eating house. "Jim's prejudiced. He can't forget that he left Mexico on the jump with a Mexican sheriff about two jumps in the rear. How was it, Jim, that you came to leave there so sudden?"

"I don't know what you know about it, you greasy engine-wiper, but for fear that some of these other fellows'd think that I assassinated an official or looted the treasury, I'll explain that the engine I was running on the old Mexican-Pacific accidentally cut up a peon who was lying, drunk, on the track. According to Mexican law and custom, after such an occurrence the whole train crew is arrested and jailed and kept *incommunicado* until such time as their friends and relatives have filled the pockets of every interested government official.

"Then if by that time there are still any of the prisoners left alive, they are released. I saw the inside of a Mexican prison once, but I was on the outside looking in, thank the Lord. So, on the occasion of the accident, being by good luck within about thirty miles of the border, I just opened the throttle and let 'er go. The conductor was an American, too—Gringos, they call us down there—and when he had crawled up over the tender into the cab to find out whether I was really crazy or only drunk, he fully agreed with my program. We stopped when we ran out of steam on the Rio Grande bridge. For all I know that old train is standing there yet. I footed it over into Texas, and good-bye to Mexico for me."

"Why didn't you and your conductor friend take a track-wrench apiece and go after those heavy politicos you spoke of?" asked the engine-wiper.

"We could have done it alright, only we didn't want to stir up any international complications. But, just to show you fellows that I'm not altogether romancing, I'll just take time to tell you about another little incident that came under my observation when I was running an engine on a narrow gauge spur running up to the Orizaba Smelting Company's mines in Sonora.

"They'd had a week's fiesta in the village near the mines in honor of one or more of the numerous saints on the Mexican calendar, and all the greasers had got polluted on mescal and other villainous concoctions. Now, the Orizaba Smelting Company is supposed to be a soulless corporation in many senses. The superintendent of the mines, after striving in vain to round up enough sober greasers to start one shift to work gave it up as a bad job and telegraphed to a labor agent in Corozal for a new batch. The superintendent was a new man in the mines—a young fellow just from the States

—but whatever he may have lacked in experience, he more than made up in pure grit and backbone. He was a master of men if I ever saw one. Davis was his name.

"He had nary an illusion regarding the Mexican character. He hadn't been there a month when there was an explosion of fire-damp in one of the lower levels, and over a hundred men were caught by the cave-in. He led the rescue parties himself, and was brought up to the top unconscious twice, and insisted on going back down there to haul those greasers out of the debris and send their bodies back to daylight. The third time he came up limp and gasping, the company surgeon simply refused to let him go down again. But of the hundred caught by the explosion, he had rescued forty odd alive, sent up thirty bodies, and the rest, as they discovered later, were out of reach under the cave-in.

"It was shortly after he came up the last time that he got one of his eye-opening experiences of Mexican character. There was a bunch of women weeping and wailing around the entrance to the mine. Honest, you'd have thought they were really feeling as bad as they sounded. The bodies were all laid out on boards in a shed alongside the power-house. So far there'd been no one allowed to get near them except the American employees and a few Mexicans engaged in the rescue work. When the women saw the superintendent, as, weak and faint, he stepped out into the open air from his office, to which he had been carried when they brought him up from the mine, they redoubled their lamentations. Evidently they knew their man, for one old hag, old in wickedness if not in years, approached him as he leaned against the railing of the gallery, and begged on behalf of the women the privilege of claiming their dead. He granted the request, and with a rush the women threw themselves upon the bodies.

A few minutes later the grizzled old pump boss, MacFarland, came up to ask: 'Mr. Davis, do ye know what them female limbs of Satan are doing?'

" 'No, Mac.'

" 'They're usin' yeer permission to identify the dead to rifle their pockets.'

" 'Surely not that, Mac.'

"I was standing where I couldn't help overhearing this conversation.

" 'Come and see for yourself,' Mac answered. 'We've let 'em all in that wanted, but so far none have got out.'

"The two men passed around to the side of the power-house. Out of natural curiosity, I followed.

"Mac was right. A search of the pockets of the dead men revealed nothing, while on the persons of the harpies who had been shedding crocodile tears over their dear departed were found tokens, keepsakes, money and things of any value. And these were the people for whom three times Davis had risked his life. And this was the thanks he got. I thought, as I watched him, that a sicklier pallor overspread his already pale face, and that a bitter smile settled around his firm lips. He didn't say anything.

"Well, the morning after he'd telegraphed to Corozal for his new force, Davis came over to where I was bossing a couple of greasers who were wiping up the engine.

" 'Jim,' he says, 'run out No. 999 and hook up to all the empty ore cars you can find. We're going down to get a train load of peons from Corozal.'

" 'Alright, Mr. Davis,' I said.

"I got up steam, and, taking one of the engine-wipers for fireman and the other for brakeman, switchman and whatnot, managed in the course of an hour or so to have our train coupled up and ready to back down the mountain. We had to back down because there wasn't a turn table at either end of the line, and with the steep grade we had to climb on the upward pull, we had to have the engine on the head end.

"Mr. Davis was waiting for me with half a dozen of the company *rurales* who had sobered up over night. These

rurales were the least trifling of the native employees of the company, and were fairly faithful to their duties when too much was not expected of them. As a reward, they were given the privilege of wearing a uniform with a lot of gilt braid on it, and of carrying a carbine apiece, which in the hands of men who knew how to use them might have done considerable execution.

"We found the peon outfit waiting for us at the foot of the mountain where the spur track joined the main line. They had been dumped there by a train out of Corozal an hour or so earlier. It was the only time in my whole experience down there that I found a Mexican on time at an appointment. That bunch of peons was the wickedest looking outfit that I ever set my eyes on. They were in a vicious temper, partly because they had had no breakfast, and the hour's wait had not improved their tempers. It looked as if there was more than a possibility of trouble, for, as I watched them from my cab window, I saw a number of bottles pass surreptitiously from man to man. Now the only time when a greaser has any gumption is when he has a pint or so of mescal tucked beneath his belt. Then he gets "*muy malo*," and thinks he's a whole lot worse than he really is.

"The labor agent and his dozen or so henchmen were even wickeder-looking than the bunch whose services they were selling, and there was a gleam of satisfaction on each of their faces as they saw the company's check handed to the agent and knew that their responsibility was ended.

"Davis stationed his *rurales* around the lot, and came up ahead to speak to me before we started.

" 'Jim,' he said, with a quiet smile, 'this is a bad bunch of greasers, and the sooner we get them to the mines the better for all hands. Don't let anything short-stop you on the run home. Keep her going full speed. I don't want to lose any of this precious bunch.'

" 'Alright, Mr. Davis,' I said. Then, as he started to walk back, I called out after him:

" 'Mr. Davis, have you got a gun?'

" 'No, Jim,' he called back. 'I never carry one. I've never got into any place yet so tight that this wouldn't get me out,' and he held up a fist. Honest, it wasn't more than half as big as mine. Davis wasn't a large man.

"I watched him as he strode back along the track, calm and confident. 'Any man,' I said to myself, "who thinks that's a bluff—that fist talk—had better take a good long look at those steel blue eyes behind them before he starts anything. All the same, though, a fist's a mighty poor weapon against the man who stabs you in the back. But—so's a gun, too. Perhaps he's right, after all, but I wish he had one—and me, too.

"I watched him until he reached the mass of peons, and saw the sullen, angry looks that followed him as he passed, silent, through the crowd. A moment later the mass slowly broke into fragments and spread out along the train. Under Davis' eyes, the *rurales* saw to it that every man boarded the cars; then I got the signal to go ahead. Answering with two short blasts of the whistle I pulled the starting lever back. Slowly, then with gathering momentum, we forged ahead.

"For a ways the grade is slight, and on this we got up a good rate of speed. By the time we struck the ascent of the mountain proper, the little 'bull-gine' was doing its best. I fairly wore my throat out cussing my fireman, and had exhausted a somewhat ample vocabulary of Mexican cuss words by the time we reached the tunnel.

"I suppose there was some good reason why they laid that tunnel out on a curve, but I'd like to know what it was. It wasn't a long one—about five hundred yards—but it was about fourteen hundred yards too long that day. Of course, on account of the curve, I had to slow down on the way through; then, there was an occasional fall of rock to be reckoned with. It

wasn't any of the hostile forces of nature, however, that made us trouble that day. It was that load of human devils we were carrying.

"All at once, without a moment's warning, the air brakes clamped down on that train like a vise, and we were stopped dead still in the tunnel darkness with about three jerks. Someone had set the emergency brakes. I shut off steam, automatically lighted my lantern, and climbed down to investigate. The automatic part of my action ceased, though, about the time I struck the ground and realized that that bunch of hyenas was pouring off the cars like an avalanche.

"I heard first a composite hiss, louder than that of the steam escaping from the engine; then a mutter of Mexican curses that rose steadily until it became a shriek of rage; then the shriek began to resolve itself into a roar from that mob of drunken peons: "Los gringos! Los gringos! Kill the gringos!'

"There were but two gringos on that train. I was one of them; Davis was the other; and between us was that raging gang of shouting greasers. I confess I felt that flight was the only thing; but just as I turned toward the head of the engine, a gang of those frantic peons came rushing around in front of me. I turned back to the step, intending to jump up into the cab, and found myself cut off by another gang that had boarded the engine from the other side. I backed up against the drive wheel, and, swinging the lantern up, brought it down full force on the head of the nearest greaser. About one second later, a lump of coal thrown from the tender struck the side of my head, and I dropped beside the track.

"I was only momentarily stunned. The smashing of my lantern had left us in pitch darkness, so I thought it best to lie still and let them think I was dead. Snuggling up to that old engine I worked my feet in between the wheels and gradually slid under it. I wasn't afraid of any one starting the old beast; anyway, I'd preferred death that way to being torn to pieces by that bunch of jackals.

"I had just got myself fairly planted underneath the firebox when I thought I heard a lull in the turmoil. Cautiously peering out between the wheels I saw something that filled me with surprise, and, I confess, a little shame. Coming toward me with a lantern over his arm, as calm as ever, was Davis. If he was a bit worried he didn't show it. And the greasers were crowding back to make room for him just as if they had to. Every step I watched for the knife thrust that I was sure would come, but he reached the engine unharmed.

"'Jim,' he called, 'Jim, where are you?'

"'Here, Mr. Davis,' I answered, and, crestfallen, I crawled out from my hiding place.

"Davis looked at me as I struggled to my feet; he saw that I was hurt. I have always been thankful that that lump of coal, although it struck a glancing blow had cut a gash in my scalp that gave me an appearance bloody enough to justify in part my taking refuge under the engine and thus saved me Davis' good opinion.

"'We'll go back to the rear of the train. You go ahead,' was all he said.

"As we started, one ugly-mugged greaser hesitated a fraction of a second too long in getting out of our way. Like a flash, Davis' fist shot out, and Mr. Peon went down like a stuck hog. We had no more trouble, but I confess that as I eyed the evil looks from hundreds of eyes as we ran their gauntlet, I was mighty glad I wasn't bringing up the rear. We got there, though, at last, and found, to my surprise, the six *rurales* standing guard at the rear of the train. They said they had let no one past. Honest, that was all that seemed to worry Davis, fear that some of that gang might get away.

When we reached the *rurales* he passed the word on up ahead to strike out on foot.

"'And tell them,' he said, 'that the first man who makes a break after

we leave the tunnel gets a charge of buckshot in his hide.'

"This was rendered into the vernacular, and the procession started. There was really less danger of any one's getting away than might be thought, for at the further end of the tunnel there was a long cut with steep sides, extending almost to the mining camp itself. Not a man made a break. The outfit was reported without delay at the company's offices, registered, fed, and put to work. By afternoon the mines were running as usual, heaping up the customary dividends for the Orizaba Smelting Company.

"'All you've got to do in handling Mexicans is to keep a stiff upper lip and never let them think for a moment that you're afraid of them.' Davis told me this the next day while he was riding down with me in the cab and talking over the experiences of that strenuous trip. 'I might have run that bunch up through the tunnel without waiting to come up and find you, but I scented a bit of trouble, and I didn't want them to get their taste of blood. They're like wild animals when they're drunk, and sometimes when they get well started they're a little hard to manage.'

"Sounds awful easy and simple, doesn't it? All the same, I wouldn't have walked up through that gang in the tunnel alone for all the money the syndicate has made out of the Orizaba mines.

"But it all goes to show, as I said at first, that a handful of gringos are more than a match for hundreds of times their number of greasers. I hope the troops don't have to cross the border, though, for the water is fearful in some places. Then what do we want the country for, anyway? Remember what General Sherman said——"

The call-boy came just then. Jim left for his run, and what General Sherman said doesn't matter.

LIFE IN DEATH

BY P. ST. GEORGE BISSELL JR.

If you pass from the blare of the traveled way,
And quietly turn aside, you will find in a nook, half-hid away
By a high brick wall that shows decay,
The loves of a day that died.

Summer's sun, and rain, and snow
Fall alike on the dead below,
Forgotten they lie, as the living go.

And the pulsing beat of the hurrying feet
Of those who toil on that busy street
Resounds.—Yet the dead and the living meet.

For the hopes and tears of those by-gone years
And the love that vanquished and calmed old fears
Rises again, like an old refrain:—
Hope overcometh; ever the same.

THE RETURN OF THE COLONEL

BY FLORENCE LANDOR

ROGEY O'DELL had fallen on evil times: He had always contemplated a short life and a merry one, but somehow the span had outlived his expectation. It had been merry, indeed, but longer than he imagined was coming to him. Gone was the famous saloon of old Chinatown; likewise his ranch at Sausalito; also his big red car, and The Viper, swiftest thing on the bay. Remained the old folk, the Colonel and Little Dick. The former had been well provided for during the term of their natural existence: this being one of the really fine points in Rogey's character, his care of, and devotion to, the old people. When he was wealthy, beyond the aspirations of bartenders and poker players, when he was satiated with the inflow of easy money, he had set aside a goodly portion for Dad and Mom. Now he shared their home with the Colonel and Little Dick, his cheerful canary.

Rogey was actually short of pocket money, and time and again the Colonel had been called upon to play a sad and degrading role, to wit, that of the dog who was often sold and always came back. His canine sagacity had enabled Rogey to pocket on several occasions, seventy-five, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty dollars for himself. As the astute O'Dell consigned him to a new master and a distant home, it was rumored that he whispered in the dog's ear the date of his return, for locks, chains and long journeys had never yet been found to hold him. Invariably, one week from the day of his sad departure the Colonel pulled the latchstring on the front door and walked into the kitchen, and armfuls of hugs and kisses from all at home. That same evening down the gay, illumined length of Fillmore street came the excellent Rogey, in a state of blessed illusion, followed by the proud and stately Colonel, whose attitude of fond protection was a silent warning to all and sundry that he would stand no interference with his master's pursuit of the fleeting goddess of Joy.

On one such occasion I met him on the threshold of the home. He was loaded down with good things for the old people. In his right hand was a large, juicy ham, over his left shoulder were three feet of polonies, scarlet of complexion and a right rotundity of bearing. In his left hand was a gunnysack, profound and mysterious, from the depths of which he produced for my enlightenment a porterhouse steak, a bottle of olives, one bottle of Rye, and one of Scotch. Some French bread, pastries and three quart cartons of delicatessen vegetables. A box of Juan de Fucas for the old man and a packet of snuff for the old lady. As we parted, he stammered: "Colonel come home, yer see; made a hundred —little jollification to commemorate the occasion."

And now the Colonel had been away a month, and his master was stricken with terror and remorse. As we discussed the possibility of his whereabouts, O'Dell assured me with tears standing in the corners of his big, whimsical green eyes that he had sold the Colonel for a hundred dollar bill to a man who lived in Berkeley. "You sold him?" I exclaimed, with the proper inflection for a spasm of righteous indignation. "Well, I should say," Rogey responded mournfully, "but this time he don't come back."

The days grew into weeks, and the laggard weeks into a drowsy month of waiting for the Colonel. Every friend and official of the city's administration, from a Supervisor to a new policeman, had been bullied, exhorted and cajoled into the search, by the remorseful Rogey. All the information pointed to the fact that the gentleman who had purchased the animal for a second time with a hundred dollar bill had sold his property in Berkeley and left the same evening, with the Colonel in a perforated iron fronted cage, for Seattle, on the fast steamer Governor.

As we were in the know all the time, let us keep the repentant Rogey a little longer in sackcloth and ashes, while we follow the strange adventures of the St. Bernard. He followed his new master willingly, without so much as a look from the corner of his fine eyes toward his astute trainer. He recognized the purchaser, a tall, red-faced, burly individual, whose particular odor was a combination of beer, tobacco and butcher shop, easily analyzed and detected by the sensitive nostrils of the Colonel. For many years a successful butcher in Oakland, he had sold his business and his home in Berkeley, invested in a stock ranch on the outskirts of Seattle. The rapidly rising values of acreage near The Queen of the Sound, a boyhood's desire for a farm and live-stock, and last, and almost all-powerful, was the desire to purchase the Colonel and detain him forever and forever. He had been bitten for a hundred dollar bill over him twelve months previous, and the journey and the change of home and business were small items to him when compared with the desire to have and hold the cunning St. Bernard, and get even with his utterly unscrupulous owner.

The iron-fronted cage, the steamer and the extra fondling of the ex-butcher caused the dog to wonder, but he accepted the inevitable without raising a whimper or a single hair, but was slightly surprised when his purchaser, having led and pushed him into the cage and fastened the heavy door carefully, did a wild dance of triumph over the deck, and yelled: "I have you safe this time, you old robber. I don't mind the two hundred you've cost me to get you here, so I have you safe." Somewhere in the back of the Colonel's head was a flitting notion that he was facing trouble of some kind, but when the week of absence was up, it would be time enough to investigate and face it out.

It was mid-summertime, and the vast ocean was as smooth as a pond, alternately reflecting the glory of sun and moon. Twice daily, the proud owner of the Colonel walked the after-deck with him, and fed him liberally on choice scraps from the first-cabin table.

They made Seattle on time, the cage was swung ashore on the end of a wire rope and landed in a heavy wagon, which hauled the dog and the steamer trunks out to the ranch beyond the environs of Georgetown and The Race-course.

Mr. William Danby, the new owner of the Colonel, was a very prudent and cautious man, where a large and powerful animal like the St. Bernard was concerned. Two weeks after he arrived at the ranch, he came to the conclusion that it might be safe to let the dog out of his exceedingly uncomfortable and unsanitary pen.

The eye of the Colonel surveyed this cause of all his misery, with a savage, sideways glance which wrinkled the haws till they looked like long slits of red flesh. This unexpected confinement had made him savage, a smouldering, pent-up fire lay in his big heart, and only wanted the lifting of that iron portal to show itself in all the primitive fury of his canine soul. Some dull inkling of the real state of things with his late successful purchase must have awakened in the rather beefy head of Mr. Danby, for his procedure on this occasion was remarkable, to say the least. He ordered a farm-hand to release the bolt at the top of the huge pen, which allowed the iron door to fall flat before its cap-

tive. He stationed himself, revolver in hand, some ten paces before the pen and awaited results, determined to end the Colonel should he try to decamp. When the door went down the dog roused himself leisurely, shook his hide free from sawdust and dirt, rubbed himself against the edges of the pen, and ambled forth into the light and the presence of his new master. Without raising his great muzzle, he strolled straight toward him. Mr. Danby, a little nervous, called to him in a quavering tone: "Hello, Colonel, me old boy. How d'y feel? A little cramped, eh?"

The dog was a little more than his own length away. He raised his brown, pathetic eyes, now red with that somnolent fire, saw the revolver, and sprang at the throat of the man in the same second. Mr. Danby went down as though floored by a Bengal tiger; the revolver exploded harmlessly, the farm hand yelled and danced panic-stricken, the family ran to the yard door, as the savage St. Bernard cleared the gate at a bound, and was off down the road at a gallop. Danby was knocked senseless, and awoke to find himself surrounded by his family and minus his purchase and six strips of ruddy skin, three inches on each side of his globular countenance. "Well, I'll be goldinged!" was the best he could do by way of a big swear in the presence of his family, who were as thoroughly scared as he was genuinely hurt.

That same evening, Mr. Danby managed to crawl over to the phone, and very soon after, every patrolman on the Seattle force had orders to snoot or capture a half-mad St. Bernard. But a sense of impending trouble after what he had done to Mr. Danby caused the dog to steer clear of the city. On reaching the turn on the trestles which leads to Youngstown and West Seattle, the animal swung round and went off behind an outbound Fauntelroy Park car. The people aboard admired him hugely, and patted him on the head while he waited at the rear of the car, thinking him the property of some lady or gentleman aboard.

When the car came to its terminus, the dog ambled on, and several hours later found shelter in a farmhouse. The people took a fancy to the splendid animal, fed him, groomed him, coaxed him, and allowed him to play with the children. They felt he was a precious find, indeed. On the evening of the third day he bade them a sad, canine farewell, licking their hands, pushing his big muzzle into them, and putting up his right paw for them to shake. They knew he was going. "Come back, old fellow, whenever you want a home," the farmer said, with pretended cheerfulness, while the children cried till the St. Bernard was out of sight, going at a steady trot toward the cars. The hue and cry was over. The police thought their informer, Mr. Danby, to put it mildly, was St. Bernard bugs, and gave up all idea and thought of the dog after the first twenty-four hours, with no report of the animal in from any quarter.

Meeting the car again at the terminus, he jogged on behind it, catching up to it at long stops, panting behind it up the slopes, and charging madly down hill. Once in the city, he picked up the trail to the waterfront with that strange, dog instinct which seems like magic to the uninitiated. Half an hour from midnight, the swift steamer "President" left for San Francisco on her southern trip. The captain was an old friend of O'Dell's, and was amazed to bump into the dog nosing round the door of his stateroom. "Well, I'm blessed! Here's the Colonel booking his passage back to San Francisco. Why, you lovable old scoundrel, how much did that green-eyed rogue make on you this time? Come in. Make yourself at home. I don't know anybody as handsome, as welcome, as will say as little and do so much if I should need you. Come in. By the looks of you, you've had another escape from some poor sucker who thought he could buy San Francisco's Colonel for a hundred dollar bill." The dog licked his hands, pushed his deep muzzle into him, reached up his massive paw a

dozen times to shake hands, then lay down, tired and panting, on the rug before the captain's table.

* * * *

When the Colonel arrived home, he pushed Rogey down, kissed him, fondled him, gamboled over him on the kitchen floor for one hour, like a big, happy child returning to the home of his heart. In the small hours of the morning, when the mauve and saffron fires of the dawn lit the gray and silent streets, O'Dell, followed by the stately Colonel, emerged from the saloon of one Tim McGraw on the Rue de Fillmore, and his load of liquid joy was appreciated and guarded by the canine individual whose return it celebrated.

CALLING

BY ROSE M. DE VAUX-ROYER

Can I call you, soul of mine,
From the woodland of the Pine?
Will you come to claim your own?
Shadow-mate to shadow grown!

For I see your face to-night—
Feel you in the pale moonlight;
In the tender, voiceless air,
In the silence—everywhere!

If I turn, you fill my thought,
In my prayer your image's wrought;
Like the waves upon the beach
In their wash and endless reach;

With their ripple or their moan,
Calling, calling for their own!
Thus my soul is like the sea,
Calling home, eternally!



HOW SHE SAVED THE OLD RANCH

BY EDITH ELLIOTT

San Francisco, Cal., 6-22-11.

MISS Dorothy Devoe—Dear Lady: If you desire my assistance in securing a position you must be in San Francisco on or before the 15th of July, as I sail for Europe the following day.

Yours for business,

J. J. DEVOE.

"Short, but sweet! The very idea! I will starve before I accept any of his assistance."

There was an angry flush on the face of the speaker, a beautiful girl of twenty-two years of age, as drawn to her full height and a look of determination in the lovely violet eyes, she confronted her mother, a sweet-looking lady attired in deep mourning.

Tears arose in the eyes of Mrs. Devoe, but she hastily brushed them aside in order that her only and idolized daughter, Dolly, might not observe them and be discouraged, but Dolly's quick eye, which nothing escaped, perceived it and in a second she was all contrition. Placing her arms around her mother's neck, she said:

"Don't worry, mother, I shall be able to earn enough for our support, and what more could we ask?"

"John has evidently forgotten that it was through your father's aid and material assistance that he was able to obtain a start in San Francisco. This letter is very different from the one he wrote three months ago inducing your father to mortgage his ranch and stock and invest the money in that mine. After the failure of the mine and your father's death, he has shown no sympathy, only one short business letter stating that we were paupers if we had no other money than that invested in the mine.

"Never mind, mother mine. There is room for a dozen Johns like him and us, too, in this world," said Dolly comfortingly.

"There! James has the carriage ready and I must go to town to finish up the business with the lawyer. I will not be back until late, so don't worry," and hastily kissing her daughter, Mrs. Devoe left the room.

After Mrs. Devoe had gone, Dolly sat thinking.

"I do believe since we received this letter from papa's brother, which plainly shows his hostile attitude toward us, that there may be a fraud in this mine business. I hope that we may have sufficient means to investigate after the first settlements are made, but I am afraid that there will not be enough left to buy provisions."

Dolly sat with these thoughts whirling through her brain, but could come to no conclusion as to what was best to do.

Mrs. Devoe waved a good-bye to Dolly as she was driven from the barnyard. Little did she dream of the dangers to which her beloved daughter would be exposed ere she would see her again.

Dolly left the room, and seeing Molly, the maid, in the hall, told her that she was going for a ride on Queen.

"You may look for me back when you see me coming," she said with a lightness that she was far from feeling.

Dolly did not wait for assistance, but donning her long blue riding skirt and broad sombrero, she hastened to

the barn, and quickly had the intelligent little pony saddled and bridled.

Dolly was soon riding over the wild range, not paying any attention to the direction she took; any place, anywhere to forget the doubts, suspicions and plans that were besieging her brain. She rode on and on, thinking of the dear place that had been hers since childhood, and the familiar hills that she had ridden over time and again.

"And to think that all I shall gain will be a little old crowded-up house and a dirty office that is filled with cigar smoke and grumblings because I cannot do more. The idea of someone ordering me around! A boss for me!" Here Dolly's nose went a trifle higher than was customary. "Or, cruel fate!" moaned Dolly. "Why must I leave my dear home and all that makes life worth living?"

Throwing Queen's bridle reins on the ground, she sat down and cried as though her heart would break.

"Oh, Queenie! You will be sold, and some dumb cowboy will buy you and ride you day and night, and spur and beat you. Oh, I'll never consent to sell you. Never! Never Never!"

Dolly sat nearly an hour absorbed in such gloomy thoughts, and having viewed the very darkest side of the situation, found it was not so bad as it might be. She arose with a determined look on her face, and hastily looking around for Queen, saw her just around a curve of the hill, and was soon at her pet's side. Throwing her arms around Queen's neck she exclaimed:

"I ought to be thankful that I have mother and a good education, which, with a little energy, I hope to have sense enough to use instead of sitting around grumbling because I cannot have everything my way. After I have made my fortune in the great city, the first thing that I will do will be to buy the old place where we have been since we were little, and you will be waiting, Queenie."

Queen rubbed her nose on Dolly's shoulder and told plainly by her looks that she would be waiting, and Dolly felt comforted.

Dolly placed the rein over Queen's head and glanced around. She saw a little valley that she had never observed before.

"Why, Queen, where are we?" Going to the top of the hill she looked around and located the direction of her home, but had lost sight of the little valley. "Well, that's strange," mused Dolly, as she again returned to the place where she had found Queen, and again saw the little valley.

It was surrounded by hills in such a way that it could be seen from only one point of view. The grass was growing on either side of a slender stream of water that sparkled and glistened in the sunlight.

"I'm going down and see what's there."

With Dolly, to think was to act, and soon she was on her way down. On reaching the bottom she was surprised to see an opening in the cliff on her right. A half dozen fierce dogs bounded from the opening, followed by a man dressed in a suit of yellow cloth about the color of the cliff.

A huge pair of revolvers were strapped to his waist; he kept one hand on them, while with the other he carried a pair of field glasses. His features were regular, and he would have been a handsome man but for the villainous expression of his face.

The sight of this man in such a covert place and the fierce dogs cowering at his feet were enough to have frightened an ordinary girl. Dolly recognized the face as the one she had seen pictured in a recent newspaper. Without doubt, the man was Blue Mack, the horse-thief.

Blue Mack had killed the sheriff and deputy while they were attempting to capture him on the charge of horse-stealing. Dolly readily guessed that she had stumbled upon one of those horse-thief stations that extended over the Western States and into Canada.

The plan of these outlaws was to

transfer the stolen horses from one station to another, and so on until they reached Canada, where it was impossible to recover them.

Dolly's senses did not desert her. Realizing that this outlaw would stop at nothing if he imagined that she recognized him, she resolved that her only salvation would be to "know nothing."

She nodded her head. "Afternoon, mister! Seen some water and 'lowed I'd let the nag have some, if ye ain't arter keerin'."

"Not at all," answered the man in an ungracious tone, furtively examining her. "Are you acquainted around here?"

"Nope. I live further up in the mountains. Powerful lonesome up thar. Don't see no sight ner sound o' humans for months."

"Get any newspapers?"

"Noospapers?" Dolly's expression of bewilderment was complete. "Oh! I hern ma tell about 'em. My ma uster live back East. Get lots o' them noospapers back East."

By this time Queen had taken a long drink of spring water.

"Well, reckon I got to hike along, er I won't get to ther camp. We're goin' up ter the mountains agin. So long." And Dolly rode leisurely up the trail.

The man watched her as long as she was in sight. When she reached the top she drew a breath of relief.

"Well, if that was not a narrow escape. Now I must notify the new sheriff."

Giving Queen the rein, she fairly flew over the rolling land. Her blue eyes danced with excitement when she gave an imperative ring at the sheriff's door just after dark.

"Is this the home of Mr. Macy, the sheriff?" she inquired of the tall young man staring almost rudely at her from the door.

"I am Mr. Macy," he replied.

"I have located Blue Mack, the outlaw who killed your predecessor."

"What!" exclaimed the sheriff incredulously. "Where?"

"Just above a turn in Snake River."

"It seems impossible," began the sheriff.

"Impossible nothing," said Dolly. "He's there hidden in a canyon. I saw him myself."

"Did he see you?"

Dolly nodded. "I talked with him."

"Nonsense! Had it been Blue Mack you would not be here to tell the story. Tell me how you came to find this man you saw."

Dorothy told him of her adventures of the forenoon. When she had concluded her story, the sheriff said: "I want to shake hands with the pluckiest girl I have ever seen. The more I think of your story, Miss Devoe, the more likely it appears. In the morning I will take a posse and investigate your find."

"If you wait until to-morrow you will never capture him. He can see you when you start down the trail. It is so narrow that only one horse can pass at a time. Why, one man could pick off your posse from a hidden place on the opposite side. If you mean business, you must take him to-night."

"If I can get my men together to-night that would be best. How about locating the place in the dark? Give me the locating points of this concealed little valley."

"I will guide you to it," said Dolly, quietly.

"But," expostulated Mr. Macy, "after your long ride of to-day you must be too tired."

"I often ride much farther for pleasure, and I'm not a bit tired."

"You're a wonder. But how about the dogs. They'll give warning of our approach."

"I had not thought of that. What shall we do?"

"I have one of this same band of horse rustlers in the jail. The dogs must know him, as he was caught near the place where you say Blue Mack is located. I guess we can use him to stalk the dogs. I will send my mother in and you will get a little rest before we start, while I round up the posse."

Mrs. Macy quickly appeared. "Lawrence has been telling me something of your adventure. You have acted very bravely, but I am sorry that you have found Blue Mack. Your escape was miraculous, for he is a very bad man. I'm afraid that someone will be hurt in taking him. He is so desperate that I wish he had left the country or died a natural death. You must lie on the lounge while I make you a cup of hot coffee. Try to get a little sleep."

Two hours later the horses were heard approaching. Mr. Macy came in, and Dolly was soon ready.

"Now, Lawrence, do be careful; do not attempt anything rash. You always forget risks when trying to arrest outlaws. Wait until I get a heavier wrap for Miss Devoe."

Mrs. Macy left the room, returning with a fur jacket which she slipped over Dolly, and they were off, Dolly and Mr. Macy leading.

It was a half moonlight night, and objects were visible as they rode slowly along, not wishing to tire their horses unless necessary, Dolly and Lawrence Macy in the meantime discussing the best approach in order to capture the thief and murderer. It was well that Dolly did not see the glance of admiration that followed her clear explanation of the exact location of the secret camp. From this discussion they gradually drifted to more personal subjects, and Dolly found herself confiding plans and her present situation to a very interested listener as she had never done before excepting to Queen.

"But I ought not to be troubling you with my growling and troubles, especially now when you have such a desperate situation of your own to attack."

"Your welfare does interest me, and I thank you for your confidence. I have a plan that I believe will be more desirable than applying to your uncle for assistance. But there is the outline of Wild Dog Cliffs. We're getting near our quarry's hiding place."

"Yes. Off on the left near that cluster of yellow pines is the thin trail that leads to the bottom of the canyon."

The sheriff called a halt for a powwow, and explained the location as best he could to his men. Warning them to be very careful and make as little noise as possible, the men left their tethered horses, and after carefully examining their guns, stole slowly in line along the trail dipping among the trees into the dark canyons.

The sheriff had taken the lead followed by an old frontiersman who had fought the Indians in early days. Dolly, who had insisted on going down in order that the men would not be led into the natural ambuscade, was with an old man, Knox, who had been a friend of her father's.

Two picked men, with the sheriff, were to rush the cave, while the others stationed themselves outside to pick off any rustlers that might be with Blue Mack in the cave.

In the very front of the line marched Texas Trip, the member of the gang being used to placate the dogs. Against the small of his back was pressed a loaded revolver in the hand of the sheriff, who threatened to blow him into eternity at the first sign of trickery. Luckily for the party, the current of air was blowing from the cave up the canyon, and the hounds did not wind the approaching man-hunters. From behind the bushes the men saw the forms of three of the hounds stretched asleep in the open before the cave. The sheriff ordered Texas Trip to advance and placate the hounds, while he, the while, kept the outlaw covered with his gun.

As Texas Trip advanced, the hounds jumped up, growling ominously. In a low, quiet tone, the outlaw spoke to them, and recognizing him, they advanced, wagging their tails.

The sheriff and his two picked men, with ready weapons, then started quickly towards the cave. At sight of them, the hair on the hounds' backs

began to rise, and again they growled threateningly. While Texas Trip was trying to quiet them, the sheriff and his two lieutenants got within reaching distance of the cave. "Jump him," exclaimed the sheriff sharply. In a flash he and his men were inside the cave, and had flung themselves on the outlaw rising hastily from his blankets. In the snap of a whip it was all over, and Blue Mack was securely pinioned despite his struggles and blasphemy. While he was being bound three shots outside settled the fate of the three hounds.

When Blue Mack was brought out of the cave, his quick look around fell on Dolly among the surrounding group of armed men.

"You damned little spy! I'll teach you a lesson," and before his guards could divine his intention he had snatched the pistol from his left guard with his handcuffed hands and fired straight at Dolly.

The sheriff saw the action, and jumped to knock the pistol from Blue Mack's hand, but he was too late. The bullet lodged in his left shoulder. and the blood gushed from the wound as he turned to see if Dolly was injured.

Dolly darted forward as he fell in a pool of blood. A hasty examination showed Dolly that a vein was cut. No one present seemed to know what to do, and Dolly assumed charge of the case.

When the sheriff revived, the first thing he saw was Dolly applying a cold bandage to his head.

"I am alright," Dolly answered to the unspoken question in his eyes, "but you have a bad wound that must be attended to at once. You must have a doctor before you are moved. Some one had better ride on ahead and get one." These directions were followed, and the injured man was soon resting on the more comfortable robber's bunk.

About noon the doctor arrived, and commended the efforts of Dolly to stop the flow of blood. The doctor dressed the wound, and Dolly remained to nurse the wounded man until his mother arrived a few hours later.

Nothing would have induced Mrs. Macy to ride down that awful hill but the thought of her injured son at the bottom. Dolly was completely worn out, but insisted on seeing her mother before taking a much-needed rest.

Fortunately, Mrs. Devoe had been detained in town, and was spared the worry that Dolly's message would have caused her. Dolly reached home about an hour before her mother arrived. Molly told Mrs. Devoe about Dolly's adventure, and Mrs. Devoe did not disturb her until evening.

It was late that evening when Dolly learned from her mother that they were paupers. There was not enough money left to take them to San Francisco.

The next morning Dolly and her mother rode over to the canyon to inquire after Mr. Macy. They found him improving. His men had discovered a way into the canyon for a light wagon, and they planned to move him the following day.

Mrs. Devoe thanked Mr. Macy warmly for the part he had played in saving her daughter, and added: "I know that girl will never die a natural death. She is always in some mischief or other, and never realizes her danger."

"You have a daughter to be proud of, Mrs. Devoe," answered the sheriff warmly. "I have never seen a more clear-headed girl in time of danger."

After offering their assistance if needed, Dolly and her mother left for their home. Imagine their surprise when, on reaching home, they were informed that a caller wished to see Miss Devoe. He told her that there was five thousand dollars in the bank to her credit as a reward for her part in capturing the criminal.

Dolly's old home and a portion of the ranch was saved. Mr. Macy entirely recovered from his wound, and is a frequent visitor at the Devoe ranch, and—but that is another part of the story that you may guess.

THE ABERRATION OF LUCIA

BY BARBARA FORREST

In a land where "the rivers run upside down"—
A topsy-turvy way of doing—
An intelligent man should smile, not frown,
To see the woman do the wooing.

MY SECOND cousin, Edward, being in San Francisco on business, and I on a visit to some of our common relatives, he came out on a little tour of inspection.

"Hoyden still! Remember how you used to climb trees in Jim's clothes, and scamper on the barn roof as though it were a dancing floor, to your good mother's horror?"

"Teddy," as we children called him, though he was as old as our mother, and presumably entitled to respect, stopped to chuckle.

"Remember how you taught school in the little summer house? Something displeased you. You threw out the children, the books flew after, the furniture followed, and you came last of all, ruffling like a mad turkey-cock. I will not let you escape visiting my ranch, Tommy."

"The minister christened me Elizabeth. But, Cousin Ted, I thought you were an old—ahem—a bachelor."

"And so I am, pussy, and I've a dear old lady living with me. She may look half-blind to you, though she is really very wide-awake. She's a regular 'possum, is old Aunty Graves."

I inspected Cousin Ted critically, and, in the end, approvingly. He hung in my memory's picture gallery a thin, sallow-faced man, sandy and scant of hair, wiry and angular in build; his redeeming point, handsome hands, with tapering, aristocratic fingers, on one of them a large seal ring, which had always loomed disproportionately large in my recollection. I glanced covertly at his hands. The ring was still there, and exercised its old fascination. For the rest, his face was round and rosy as a winter apple, his blue eyes twinkled merrily, and what hair he had left was gray. He was well set up and energetic looking. Gazing on that picture, and then on this, I gratefully allowed the later one to blot out the former. Of old, his voice had rasped disagreeably, but time had mellowed it to a deeper and more genial tone, and he still told stories in an inimitably funny way. His speech was slow, and had a peculiar rolling drawl, the more comical that it appeared unintentional.

"If you come, Tommy," he continued, "I think you will find some congenial people at my place. There are two lovely girls—sort of wards of mine. Aunty Graves is their great-aunt. I think you will like them."

And I did like them. Jessica was tall and bonnie and round and fair, with blue eyes and dimples and little, tangling curls. Laughter dwelt in her eyes and lurked in the corners of her mouth. Marie might have been called more regularly pretty, with her heavy black hair, straight, narrow eyebrows, large, mournful dark eyes and red mouth, drooping a trifle wistfully at the corners. She was a slender and willowy girl, of a fragility which appealed both to admiration and pity—meaning the pity which melts to love. She had a sweeter and more yielding disposition than Jessica; in fact, I believe her disposition excelled my own on these points.

Aunty Graves proved to be a de-

lightful, jolly old lady of eighty. In my cousin's house she was waited on hand and foot, dressed in soft silks, and looked the image of propriety.

From detached bits of information I soon pieced out the history of this happy, strangely-assorted menage. Jessica and Marie were daughters of a woman Ted had adored and lost. This woman had died still in her beautiful youth, before "the grace of the fashion of her" had perished, and though my cousin had worshiped at other shrines, his first love's was the enduring image. Not long after her death the two little girls and a baby brother came under the reign of a stepmother, a masterful woman, who insisted upon her husband leaving San Jose, where a law practice yielded him a comfortable income, for San Francisco. His impressive exterior, which had atoned for other deficiencies in the town, failed to dazzle the city. Had the family been dependent on him, it would have had indeed a precarious livelihood. But madame was the real breadwinner and head of the family—a buxom, fine-looking dame, whom Nature had provided with quite a musical talent and powerful fingers and wrists, which she exercised masterfully upon the piano. Her art had received recognition in London and New York, and in San Francisco. She commanded lucrative concert engagements and was much sought after as a teacher. Her family lived in luxurious apartments and was most bountifully provided for, and she was not ungenerous, only she never lost an opportunity to rub the fact of this bounty into them. As Cousin Ted expressed it, it was the case of the cow who gave the good milk and then kicked over the bucket. The girls were girls of spirit, and one day they walked out from under her roof and sent a telegram to "Uncle Ted," as they called their unfailing refuge in times of trouble. The answer that flashed back to them was "Home with me waiting for you," and they had taken the next train for the Southland of oranges and palms.

For two years the girls had been with Cousin Edward, and it seemed that the stepmother was anxious for a reconciliation. In her way she loved these children she had brought up. And the girls, too, nourished secret longings, if not for her, for the city and the little world of musicians, writers and artists who made their home a rendezvous.

I had happened upon Cousin Ted's household at a crucial moment. The father descended the day after me, and though he protested the only object of his visit was to see his dear children, it was plain to be seen that he bore an olive branch. His visit was untimely cut off by an imperative telegram from the madame to come and help settle new apartments. Upon this I felt sure not of the olive branch only, but that the lady had counted upon his overtures being successful, and was preparing a nest for the recreants.

"She keeps that man dancing like a bear on a hot plate," growled Ted. I was neither glad nor sorry to see the household so soon quit of "papa." He was like a big drum, empty, ponderous and sonorous, with no bad intentions and no good ones, and so I told my cousin, to which he responded:

"How unworthy of those lovely children that man is. He is a great, lazy, self-satisfied wind-bag under petticoat government. If those were mine, what a proud man I should be. I would work my fingers off to put them where they should be. They have brains as well as beauty—you have found that out, Tommy"

"They did not get the first from their father," said I, and was ace-high in my cousin's favor. Above all things, he relishes approval of his antipathies. Cousin Ted and I discussed our relatives in amiable style, and not until Cousin Geoffrey was mentioned did I sniff danger. It had reached my ears that the family dandy was Cousin Ted's *bete noir*, yet he had been kind to me, though, truth told, I had no liking for him. He was not brilliant, quite the reverse. His older

brothers had died at college, and his father thought Geoffrey would better wag through the world with a little learning than not wag at all. He dressed far too well, to my taste, and was, besides, stingy, pompous and fearful of his dignity.

"Yes, I met Cousin Geoffrey," said I gingerly. "He took me riding in an auto one afternoon, and to the opera and to dinner one evening."

"Hm-m, very generous."

"Yes, so the others said. They were surprised."

"I'm not. I see you."

"It wounded Cousin Geoffrey's feelings that you didn't look him up. He said when 'fawther' was alive and rich you came often to the house."

"So I did, for Aunt Mary's sake. Say, the old man was out for the coin, but he wasn't the—the curiosity Geoffrey is. Reminds me of a story:

"Geoffrey took me once to one of those men's singing societies—I've forgotten the name—and after each—er—selection he would say, 'Now, Edward, what do you think of that?' 'Very fine,' I would reply, and then it was not bad. 'Oh, fair, just fair,' he would say. 'Not like the Apollo Club—you know the Apollo of Bawston, Edward. Fawther was one of the directors. Why, do you know, Mr. Apollo, Mr. Apollo thought so much of the club that he presented it with a bust of himself.' I could hardly wait until we got home to pass that on to 'fawther.' He glared at Geoffrey, and said, very short and sharp: 'Geoffrey, Geoffrey, you're an ass,' while I rolled around on the floor. I almost loved the old man for that word."

We all laughed, and my cousin was threatened with an apoplectic fit. There was always merriment at his table. I think the very uncertainty and instability of that household made them all disposed to make the most of it while it lasted.

The situation as I then saw it was by no means simple, but it was not until after "papa's" departure that I found I had struck what the best magazines call a psychological situation.

On coming down the first morning after my arrival, I had noticed on the library table a magnificent bunch of Oriental poppies.

"How superb!" I had exclaimed.

"Yes," said Aunty Baer. "Miss Charlton brought them over."

"The assiduity of that woman," Cousin Ted had growled.

I paid no attention to this little incident at the time, and it was not until the girls' ponderous, handsome papa had hied himself back to the city that I met the lady in the case.

Gillian, Ted's old partner in the wagon factory back in Illinois, owns the ranch adjoining. Neither house is far from the dividing line, and the families were continually running back and forth. They took me over after seeing "papa" off, and Miss Gillian, Jessica, Marie and I had a bout at tennis. Cousin Ted lolled on the grass, and cast toward the house glances in which apprehension and anticipation were curiously mingled.

Finally he asked Miss Gillian why "the Charlton" did not appear.

Miss Gillian shot off like an arrow, and presently reappeared with a handsome woman of forty or thereabouts, of a fine, full form and peculiarly beautiful carriage. I was greatly surprised to find out afterward that she was a teacher of physical culture, for her grace was not of the conscious order. In her decidedly handsome face were set a pair of uncommonly beautiful eyes, black, large, glowing, at times snapping with fire.

"How are you, Lucia?"

"Well, Ted." He was about to offer her a seat next him, but she dropped into it without waiting for the invitation.

After being introduced to Miss Lucia Charlton, I returned to the tennis. At the end of the set, Ted removed himself from that lady's side and called to me to come and sit with him under the tree.

When we reached home, the girls invited me into secret session in Jessica's boudoir at the top of the house.

"Marie and I have thought the situa-

tion over," she preambled, "and have concluded to take you into our counsels. In short, Miss Charlton wants to marry our 'Teddy,' and we do not desire it."

"Ah!" said I, sagely. "I didn't know until I came here that Cousin Ted was so rich. So the lady is after his broad lands?"

"No, indeed," cried Marie, in a horrified tone. "It's for himself alone. She loves him madly." Jessica frowned at her, for she had discovered and feared my sympathetic nature.

"Then why—what—who? You cannot sit there and tell me that he does not want that magnificent creature?"

"He might," responded Jessica, coolly and deliberately, "if she would not run after him so fiercely. In her sight we are two mercenary creatures who do everything possible to separate true lovers, and she is one of the kind bolts and bars will not hold. We take delight in plaguing her. It affords us an occupation!—here where you can see our regular ones are gone. She is visiting the Gillians now. I think Mrs. Gillian is sorry for her. You see, Miss Charlton's been coming here for years, and in the beginning, mind you, the very beginning, I think Uncle Ted did make some mild sort of love to her."

The boldness and ingenuousness of the girls' confidences carried me from my feet for a few moments. When I was alone I put the bits together into a coherent whole, and tried to regard it in the light of Ted's interests. Just now the household was idyllic. But here were two girls, young, beautiful, amiable, and just a trifle selfish, as is natural to girls young and beautiful. I knew they would go back to San Francisco shortly, and yet they wished to keep their adopted uncle all for their own. The daughters of an old love might come first with an old bachelor, but hardly with a married man. Dear old Aunty Graves might slip away from him any time farther than San Francisco, and to a place from which she would not return; the girls would inevitably marry, and then I could picture him a solitary man, sitting alone and brooding.

I had also noticed that though those girls' bright presence filled the house with light, and Aunty Graves' benignancy warmed, the entire care of the household devolved upon Ted. "They don't even know where the napkins are," he once whimsically complained to me.

The fat, comfortable cook and the housemaids all took their orders from Ted. Everything ran like clockwork. He saw to every little detail: that each person's room was provided with washrags for the face and other washrags for the hands, with sponges and bath towels and hand towels and face towels, with a variety of soaps, with face powder, even—that a man should think of that! In his way, he was a paragon. He saw to it that there were fresh flowers in the house every day; that the white curtains always were white; that the windows were kept open wide, and the house sweet and fresh with the odor of all outdoors. When I was there, orange blossom, jasmine and honeysuckle vied for ascendancy. He saw that the linen was of the finest; that the silver and glass were kept polished; that all this was done without fuss or friction.

"The Castle of Indolence" Cousin Ted had dubbed his house, and it was a misnomer for nobody but himself. When we were unusually lazy, we would lie for hours in the steamer chairs on the varanda, or the hammocks suspended from its roof, and watch through the clambering vines of wisteria and Reine Marie Henriette roses the children of the gardener at play. Ted liked it that his gardener had half-a-dozen children—he said it gave him a comfortable proprietary feeling, like the owner of a feudal estate.

Cousin Ted bought his beautiful ranch for a retreat. That it has proved a profitable investment does not keep it from being a paradise. Back of the house he has his little private garden of grapes, apples, plums, peaches, pears and apricots, English walnuts,

and most beautiful of all to my eyes, dark green, slender leafed olive trees. The country road that runs by the house is shaded by eucalyptus and pepper. Nestling close to the banks of the little mountain stream which flows through Ted's place in the rainy season, are spreading sycamore trees, some of them covered with clematis, which grows wild there in profusion. It was pleasant to lie under one of these trees and trace the pattern of the golden sunset made through the large, sparse leaves. One looked to the distant prospect of snow-crowned purple mountains across great golden fields of poppy and wild mustard—Old Baldy, Grayback and San Jacinto piercing the cerulean sky with their hoary heads.

Looking on all this beauty, and thinking that it stood for nothing to Miss Charlton beside my middle-aged, good-natured, unromantic cousin, I could not but hope that one day she would become mistress of it all.

A light mist the next morning veiled the country to a filmy indistinctness. Looking down the road, there appeared to be a great feathery bunch of flowers floating towards the house. As they emerged from the mist, I saw the face of Miss Lucia Charlton beaming above them. The appearance of floating was given by that extreme grace I had remarked in her before. Her matutinal offering this time was a spreading bunch of pink and white cosmos.

Ted came up and gazed with me from the study window. He turned a quizzical regard upon me, pursing his lips.

"Perhaps you have observed that I am—pursued," said he, in his indefinably comical way.

"I think you enjoy it," was my reply. "She is a very handsome woman."

"There is a suavity of contour there, since you mention it," he admitted. "I'm off for the orchard."

When Miss Charlton arrived, it was Jessica who met her at the door with sugary sweetness.

"The cosmos was so beautiful I had to bring you some. But where is Ted?"

"He went out to superintend some work in the orchard."

"Indeed! I could have sworn——" There she stopped short.

I ran to the side window and looked across to the Gillian's. Miss Charlton's window, surrounded by clambering Gold of Ophir roses, commanded a clear view through the trees to our library. Would a desperate lady in love use a field glass on her beloved's house? questioned I to myself.

Miss Charlton glanced around to see what direction the recreant Ted had taken.

"He isn't under the sofa," said Jessica sweetly, and lifted the cover. I have noticed that Jessica is sometimes catty—a quality I despise. Now I fancy I run on rather a broad gauge, and my resolution to help that lovelorn creature was strengthened.

Plainly those girls had her at a cruel disadvantage. It seemed hard that the very excess of her love should be the stumbling block to its attainment.

Jessica's remark must have cut the poor thing. For two days she did not show herself. Cousin Ted began to get so crochety and uneasy that I was persuaded that all Miss Charlton need give him was absent treatment. I was not surprised when he asked me to go with him to the Gillians' after dinner. We slipped away like thieves while the girls were upstairs. Ted and Miss Charlton sat at one end of the great porch; Mr. and Mrs. Gillian, who were tremendously interested in each other —she was a bride, a second wife—on the other side, and between the two couples, I, pretending to find all the amusement possible in Marion Gillian, a kitten, and a piece of Chinese punk which I twirled around in an attempt to make the initials of Ted's and Lucia's names, while the kitten made desperate snatches at it, but in reality watching the two with all the interest of the incipient matchmaker. Their rocking chairs hitched and edged and rocked until finally they landed side by side.

She laid a hand on the arm of his chair and he was just taking the hand in his, when the cold, bell-like voice of Jessica cut the air with a shiver.

"Oh, here you are. We looked everywhere for you—and then it occurred to us you two might have come over here. Fritz has come down from San Francisco."

The spell was broken for the evening. Fritz, the girls' younger brother, proved a handsome youth, a year or two older than I. Marie had settled herself beside Miss Charlton on a divan. I noticed that she had thrown Cousin Ted's light overcoat over her white gown.

"Oh, Marie," gurgled Miss Charlton, "are you wearing Ted's coat?" and as Marie owned the soft impeachment, the handsome Lucia's head sank on the girl's shoulder. "I love this coat," she said, and fondled it. That woman worshipped the ground he walked on, and the socks he wore: at least, Auntie Graves had told me that she had several times asked the privilege of darning them. Miss Charlton even forgave and yearned toward those girls, because he loved them.

On the way home Ted said to me: "Did you see her—did you see her with my coat? It's positively—it's positively shameless. And did you notice those glowing eyes of hers? What's a man to do when lamps like that are turned on him? I felt melted like metal in a furnace. It's—it's embarrassing. How can she be so lost to feminine modesty?"

"How can she be so lost to reason as to dote on you?" I queried. "But then," answering my own question, "our doctor says that every one at some time or other of his life is mad on some subject or other, and I can only marvel at the form hers has taken."

"Indeed!" miffed. "I did not know I was so frightful."

"You are an Adonis," I cried. "Go and look in the glass. She is indeed mad."

When we got into the house I could see that Ted's face was very red and he forgot to kiss me good-night. Sometimes he seems not to like me. He thought better of me after a night's reflection, and took me, with Jessica and Marie to the Los Angeles and Pasadena country clubs We played at Pasadena all the morning, lunched at the Green, took in the Los Angeles Club in the afternoon, and came back weary. Jessica made another conquest and turned it into a Roman holiday. She didn't exactly bring him bound to her chariot wheels, but sitting beside her in his auto, while we came back on the electric cars, which landed us at the back of the orchard. .

We found that Fritz had arranged for a little party to the theatre and supper, with me as the guest of honor. I was dead fagged after the links and the cold that had been hanging over me had taken a fresh grip. However, I was prepared to go, when Cousin Ted, who had refused to make one of us, surprised me by saying: "Little girl, I'm afraid you don't feel well enough to go. Would you like me to take your place?"

"He can't do that," said Fritz, gallantly—"but don't go, if you feel ill. Though the play will be like Hamlet with the Dane left out."

The clang of the electric car as it sped through the night had barely ceased and I was sitting with Aunty Graves in the big hall, gazing through the French windows at the sky, which was hued more deeply azure than by day. It really seemed like day subdued, the moonlight was so brilliant. A mocking bird in the magnolia tree was voicing its ecstatic pleasure in the night.

"On such a night as this did Jessica——"

I started to quote to myself, when I was aroused by the tap-tap of high-heeled boots on the gravel walk. It was not "Jessica," but Mrs. Gillian and Miss Charlton. They appeared surprised to see me—said they had run over to comfort Aunty Graves in her solitude, but the way Miss Charlton glanced around led me to think she missed some one.

"Where is Mr. Elliott?" she asked, finally.

I explained the situation.

"He came while we were at dinner and said he was not going."

I blushed for my cousin. I saw why he had been so eager to go in my place —just to chagrin her—he loved the excitement of the chase—to elude the pursuit he drew her on by a false scent.

He told me the next day that Aunty Graves had asked Miss Charlton to visit them for a week, and that *he* was going to Mexico. Then he asked me if Miss Charlton had not been over the night before, and upon my answer, pursed his lips with satisfied vanity, saying, "Um-m-m, I thought she would."

Then I told him, calmly, what I thought of him, and ended with something about pearls and porkers, and had my ears boxed good and hard.

My ruffled feelings and the beauty of the morning led me to take a stroll. I encountered Miss Charlton, moving with the victorious tread of a goddess. She turned and walked with me down a lane shaded by pepper trees.

"I love this road," she cried, ecstatically, and, turning, I saw that her face was all aglow with feeling. Thought I to myself: He must have walked here with her some time. "Why?" I said aloud.

"For its name. Didn't you notice the sign back there?"

"No."

"Llewellyn," said she, and stopped short, as though I would understand.

"Llewellyn!" echoed I, feebly.

"His middle name. You didn't know His middle name was Llewellyn?"

"No, I didn't know His name was. Whom do you mean by Him? There, I know—and I have something serious to say to you."

"Yes?" and she turned her brilliant orbs upon me. I saw that she loved me as well as the road, and for the same reason—that I was in some way connected with Him.

"You need a guardian," said I, brutally, and then more ingratiatingly, "and I think Nature cut me out for the place. My mother wants me to study music in San Francisco and get some of the Arizona accent rubbed off my French, and she thinks I need a guardian. Now, do you see how the two things dovetail. If you will come, I will go north day after to-morrow. Cousin Ted will write to mother that you are an eminently proper person to be my duenna—though sometimes I think you are quite improper. To correct that is my part of the bargain. And if there is one thing you want more than anything else, Cousin Tommie will get it if you will follow her directions."

"You are not my Cousin Tommie, but, oh, if you ever could be!"

"Oh, joy; oh, rapture!" said I. "I see the point." I saw I should often have to be sarcastic.

I could not have endured her if she had been abject or shamefaced in her love, but it walked erect, with shining face, and glorying in itself. Even with that, there were times such as this when it went against the grain.

I left Ted's little Paradise with regret, and I think he felt some too. The girls were going the week after, and he would be lonely.

"Tommy," he said, as he watched me pack, "I'm sorry to see you go, but you're doing a fairy godmother act in carrying away the Charlton. However, I exchange one form of misery for another. Now I shall be assailed with missives instead of gou—"

Sometimes Ted approaches vulgarity. I stopped that little speech with a well-directed boot. "I'll bombard you," I cried, savagely.

And I did. I became a Constant Letter Writer. I allowed Miss Charlton to pen one politely friendly note to him, which I censored, folded, sealed and posted.

In my first letters I never mentioned Miss Charlton. They were full of myself, my lessons and my music teacher, whom I described as middle-aged, but most fascinating. Later I indulged in a little sentimental gush and repeated

some flattering things he had said of my temperament. I got a solemn letter from Ted about school girls being carried away with musicians, but he knew I had too old and sensible a head on my young shoulders, etc. I saw that my ground was prepared, and that it was time to sow the seed. I told him not to fear, that my teacher had a sense of the fitness of things if I had not, and admired my duenna ten times more than me. I managed in all my letters to keep to the literal truth, though my sins of omission were countless. I forgot to mention that my teacher was married and that his wife and Miss Charlton were old friends. When the time came for the plot to thicken, I had her beginning to take notice. I acknowledged that that was sinful of me. I also incidentally mentioned that Cousin Geoffrey—his detested Cousin Geoffrey—was paying most devoted attention to Jessica. I did not mention that Jessica despised him.

Suddenly I ceased being a Constant Correspondent. My cousin came to San Francisco, ostensibly to look after Jessica, but before he saw her, like a whirlwind or Young Lochinvar out of the West, he married Miss Charlton. Just how it came about I am unaware, but I knew there must come a time when I would be compelled to cease my machinations and trust to Providence, which doeth all things well. I also found out in the course of this affair which had terminated so much sooner than I could reasonably have expected, that I was of too frank and honest a nature to indulge much in diplomacy, so I have sworn off forever.

As Marie and Jessica became reconciled to step-mamma, they were also reconciled to their "Teddy's" marriage. They have never discovered my fine Italian hand in the matter. That is the beauty of lying low. Even Ted has barely an inkling. The girls are both engaged, and in a sweet frame of mind. Still, I would just as soon they would never know of my work as a matrimonial bureau, as, when he is grown, I mean to marry Fritz. Though I am sure he desires it, he is not aware of my intentions. I remember Miss Charlton, and am wise. Providence and some good-looking schemer might not interfere in my case. Meanwhile the top of the cream is mine at Cousin Lucia's.



THE TRAIL IS CALLING

Far away from strife of cities and the voice of mart and traffic, In a land that only nature's children know, We may build our evening campfire; we may sleep beneath the starlight; And there's health in every breath the four winds blow.

Lying on a bed of balsam whose sweet scent has made us drowsy, While we watch the glowing embers as they die, We are glad there's all around us, in the gloom of gathering darkness, Only God's own living wilderness - and sky.

We can hear the big buck crashing through the thickets to the water; We can hear the splash of fishes as they break; We can hear the night birds twitter and the owls far in the forest, And the lone loon flying swift across the lake



True, the trail was hard to follow, and our feet were very weary, And our shoulders ached beneath the heavy pack; True we would have had no supper if we had not caught and cooked it, Yet we wish that we were never going back.

And we long to travel onward over mountain, stream and valley Learning ever something new of woodland lore, With the fresh wind in our faces and the sun and stars to guide us; For the trails are calling to us, Come, explore!

SARA B·MAINS

THE INFORMAL OPENING OF PEARL HARBOR

BY MARGARET L. HOLBROOK SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. PERKINS.

WHEN THE cruiser California, the flagship of the Pacific fleet, dropped her anchor in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 14th it was demonstrated to all the world that this magnificent naval station was available as a home port for our navy, and that already its channel was open to our great warships.

It was half-past nine o'clock when the big cruiser California left Honolulu with her flags and pennants flying, convoyed by many small craft. Upon the bridge with Captain Harlow of the ship were Admiral Thomas, Admiral Southerland, Admiral Cowles, General Macomb, department commander, Engineer Gayler of the naval station, and Navigating Officer Lieut.-Commander McDowell. Below on her decks was a large assemblage, representatives of the army and navy, and many prominent citizens of Honolulu, people who had been long identified with Hawaiian history. Among them were the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, and President Dole who succeeded her. There also was a representative of the Emperor of Japan and a representative of the youthful Emperor of China, that was, and oddly enough, not far away, stood Sun Jo, son of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the present rebellion against the Manchus, who, as it happens, was born in Honolulu.

When the ship turned in from the sea and steamed toward the channel, the entire assemblage of over two hundred and fifty people crowded close to the rails. Across the channel entrance a ribbon had been stretched from a scow to one of the dredges—a yellow ribbon, that being the Hawaiian color, and also that of the California poppy. Nearer and nearer the huge war vessel approached, and then, just a few minutes after eleven o'clock, her cleaving bow struck the fragile barrier, broke it, and the superb cruiser swept on without diminishing her speed.

As she proceeded up the harbor, the



The cruiser California "dressed" and awaiting the signal to formally open Pearl Harbor, H. I.



The cruiser California, formally entering Pearl Harbor during the official ceremonies.

ready marines, encamped on the shore, were drawn up in battalion front, and presented arms, and a salute of thirteen guns was given for the Admiral. The flagship returned the salute, gun for gun. All the dredges and scows, bravely decorated with bunting, added with their whistles and bombs to the general rejoicing, while crowds of school children of all nationalities, standing knee-deep in water, on a near-by coral reef, cheered lustily and waved small American flags.

An official inspection of the great drydock followed, and then all the guests were invited on shore to partake of the Hawaiian *luau*, or native feast. This consisted of *poi*, chicken cooked with cocoanuts, *opihis*, pig in *ti* leaves, and other dainties. Toasts and speeches were then in order—and there were many—and at their close the guests departed for Honolulu by special train.

It is over ten years since the work was begun at Pearl Harbor, and it will be many more years before it can be finished. But when it is completed, it will be (so those in authority declare) *the* greatest naval station in the world. As a strategic point, it has no equal, lying as it does in the mid-Pacific, between the East and the West. And because of its great isolation it has the advantage over Toulon or Malta, or even the "Rock"—as an Englishman calls his Gibraltar.

As some one wisely expresses it, "Hawaii has no back door, no side entrance, no front yard." The splendid isolation of these islands makes them, from the scientific military and naval points of view, the ideal stronghold upon the seas. The government of the United States appreciates this wonderful strategical advantage, and is vigorously prosecuting the work of constructing a fortification from which the flag, unfurled in 1898, may never be driven by foreign foe.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS OF THE WORLD

BY NEVIN O. WINTER

Author of "Mexico and Her People of To-Day"



The Whitefriars prize brigade of London.

UGLY LIFE? Well, it's not so bad as you think. You get used to the stench of smoke. You soon have the trick of hanging together with the other boys. You learn to keep your mouth glued shut, and then there's always a bit of breathin' close to the ground near the wall."

This is the reply of an American fire-fighter to a friend who expressed his horror at the dangers incurred. It was the answer of a brave man who realized all the dangers of his calling, but was willing to take the risk.

"Think?" said a fireman. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to think. No, I don't think of danger. If it's anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it."

In the United States the fighting of fire has been developed to its highest degree of efficiency. It has probably been a case of necessity mothering the inventions; it may be only the natural bent of the American mind to develop the new and practical. The buildings erected here, up to within a decade or two, were built of inflammable material, in which a conflagration was easily started. At an international exhibition held in Paris a few years ago, an American company ran to a supposed burning building, laid 350 feet of hose, threw a stream of water to the fourth story, climbed to the seventh story with scaling ladders, "rescued" three persons, took down ladders, life lines, etc., shut off the water and saluted the jury in less than four minutes. The next best time was the Milan (Italy) team which did the work in a little over ten

minutes. The Constantinople company, whose entire equipment consisted of a small pump of poles carried on the shoulders of four men, and which threw a quarter inch stream of water, won the booby prize. Their equipment was almost the same as that of New York sixty years previous. In most parts of the Old World, and even in the Spanish New World, less timber was used in construction, and a chance fire is less likely to become a conflagration. One might live in a large European city for months and not see a fire brigade at work. Careful building has its reward in the rareness of the scars of fire. How much we in America owe to the firemen one can readily understand by reflecting for a moment upon what dangers in loss of property and life we would be exposed to were fire departments to be abolished entirely.

The idea of a body of men trained and disciplined to fight fire is a comparatively modern one, and found no place in the governments of antiquity, with one single exception. In Rome, where the first police department was organized, the policemen were equipped with buckets of rope made waterproof with tar. It was a part of their duty to put out fires. As this was considered a menial form of service, the populace called them in derision "squirts" and "bucket-boys." These men, whose proper name was *vigiles*, or watchmen, did not appreciate this nickname in the least.

The American colonists early began to provide some means for fighting fire. Each resident in old Boston was required to keep a leathern bucket, filled with water, hung or setting on his gatepost. If a fire broke out, the people in the neighborhood ran out, and a number of buckets of water would thus be near at hand ready for such an emergency. The duty of keeping these buckets full was strictly enforced, and they no doubt aided in preventing some serious conflagrations. One will occasionally find these buckets preserved in families or museums, and they are interesting souvenirs of the olden days in the Hub.

It is very interesting for a traveler to observe the fire departments in various parts of the world. Some of the fire brigades and their equipment are so crude as to be really amusing. Many even laugh at the brass-helmeted crews of the London fire-trucks, with their hoarse shouts when at work. In a Spanish town of thirty or forty thousand people the writer saw a primitive fire department at work. A fire had broken out, and a volunteer fire company responded to a call. The only equipment they had were the heavy jars such as are used by the water-carriers, with which water is brought from a nearby fountain. As the fire was on the second floor, a ladder had been set up, and these jars, filled with water, were handed from one man to another, who were stationed on the ladder, until they reached the top. There



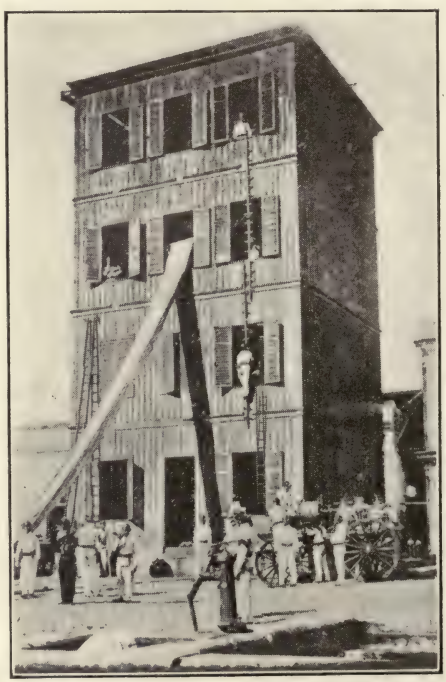
A firebell in St. Petersburg.

a fireman received them and poured the contents on the flames. Luckily, the building was one of those substantial structures about which there was little wood, and the fire did not do much damage. It was really laughable to see the little Spaniards hustle around, each one gesticulating excitedly and giving orders to the other.

It might be thought that such an exciting thing as a fire would startle the Mexicans out of their habitual indolence, but such is not the case. The alarm of a fire at Matamoros, Coahuila, Mexico, is given by the discharge of numerous pistols and guns. After a long interval, succeeding the alarm, during which the people watch the fire with interest, chattering among themselves meanwhile, there appears, placidly trundling along the road, the Matamoran equipment of a fire engine, a barrel rolling along the ground. A swivel pin in each end of the keg permits it to roll freely, and ropes attach it to the animal. Behind walks the fire brigade, a solitary peon, bearing a bucket. Arrived at the scene of the conflagration, the water in the barrel is poured into buckets and carried by volunteers to the roof of an adjacent house, whence it is flung onto the flames.

Excessive red tape ofttimes hampers the otherwise good work that a fire department might do. In the United States this has been almost entirely abolished, and the fire department of one city is always ready to respond to an emergency call from a neighboring municipality. The city departments freely serve suburban towns which do not contribute to their support. In Germany, for instance, where official red tape has reached its highest development, inflexible rules often work hardships both upon people and department. Rules are there made inelastic, and are intended to be obeyed to the letter. An incident is told of an American who lived in Berlin, but the street on which he lived was the dividing line between that city and a suburban town. A fire broke out in his house, and he rushed across the street where a fire alarm box was located. This was in the other municipality, and the fire-brigade responded promptly. When the chief saw where the fire was he indignantly refused to do anything, but called up a Berlin Department. The latter department came too late to do any good in saving the American's property, but put out the last embers of the fire. After the excitement was over, the American was arrested by the officers of the suburban town for turning in a false alarm.

A fire broke out in an Austrian village near the Bavarian frontier. A Bavarian brigade, which was stationed in a town only three miles away, hurried to the scene. The Austrian customs officials, however, refused to permit the fire engines to cross the frontier unless the regular duty on engines and machinery was paid. As a result, a large part of the town was destroyed before an Austrian department reached the village. Akin to this is the exces-



A Polynesian fire department at rescue practice. Note the slide for life from an upper window.

sive demand of etiquette among the Rio de Janeiro fire-fighters. This department is provided with up-to-date equipment, including an auto truck and horseless fire-engine, and is housed in a magnificent building. During the writer's visit, a fire broke out just opposite the hotel at which he was staying. The brigade arrived in fairly good time. Nevertheless, although the flames were sizzling and shooting from the windows, not a hose was attached or a single thing done until all the men had been drawn up in a line and had saluted the fire chief. Then this official issued orders, and the men began work with a will. In some German cities it is customary for the chief to assemble his men and call the roll, after arriving at a fire and before beginning work. An instance is likewise told in Berlin where a department refused to go through private apartments to the upper floors, or allow any one else to do so, without orders from a superior officer, because the rules contained such an inhibition, although entreated to do so, and told that people were probably perishing there. By the time the officer arrived, several persons had been suffocated by the flames. Had the firemen been less subject to official red tape a number of lives would have been saved.

Etiquette is a queer thing at times, and people of the Orient have what seem to us extremely odd rules of etiquette. One amusing example of this is the rule that requires all friends of a person whose house is burning to present themselves, lantern in hand, and offer any assistance during or immediately after the fire. Of course, the result is that thousands of people turn out to the fire, and with their lanterns do much to hinder the firemen and prevent the putting out of the blaze. The lanterns are all made of paper and carried on the end of long bamboo poles high above the heads of the crowds, even the firemen carrying lanterns in one hand while directing a stream of water through a few lengths of bamboo poles that serve as hose. The lanterns vary greatly in size, some of them being four or five feet in length, and barrel-shaped, while all are handsomely decorated.

An American at a fire in an old city of Japan would find himself witnessing this unique spectacle: He would see thousands of Japanese running to and fro, every one carrying a lantern, the firemen themselves also carrying lanterns, and the crowd of people, also, all seemingly trying to assist the inmates of the burning building. Suddenly one's attention is attracted by extraordinary shouts, and jinrikisha coolies are seen trying to force their way through the crowd so that the people riding may be carried to the scene of the conflagration. It is a weird panorama, and the stranger wonders why all this confusion and hustling about. The truth of the matter is that according to Japanese etiquette, all friends within half a mile must come either during the fire or immediately afterward to offer assistance. The same peculiar etiquette re-



A Japanese fire squad in some of their spectacular feats.

quires that all calls must be acknowledged by a card of thanks, published in the papers the next day.

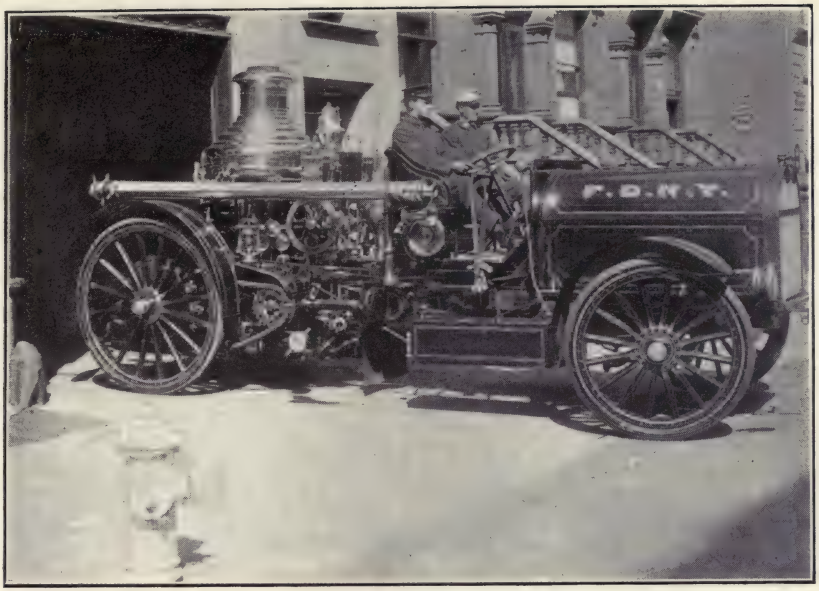
In the great empire of China, with its hundreds of years of history, there has been little development of a fire-fighting system. And yet the outlying residence districts are built of the most inflammable material. A fire once started will oftentimes devastate whole villages, or large sections of the congested cities. China is a country of guilds. There is the rice guild, the cotton guild, the tea guild, the silver guild and scores of others. These are associations of those engaged in the same line of business, and they provide their own fire protection. The cotton guild, for instance, in a particular city, will sometimes have their own volunteer fire brigade. It is a bucket brigade, as a rule, and if a fire occurs, there will oftentimes be hundreds of pig-tailed coolies pattering back and forth between the fire and water supply.

One peculiar feature of the fire in China is the superstition with which it is regarded. It is supposed to be caused by an evil spirit. For that reason the debris of a burned tract is always piled on the site of the building where the fire originated. In that way the evil spirit is confined to the place where he began his depredations. One will frequently see a large burned-over space with the embers and debris piled up in the center, or in one corner on a small space. This heaped-up pile will sometimes remain for years, as the owner hesitates to rebuild on an accursed spot, and no one cares to buy a site where dwells a fire-demon.

In Korea, in front of one of the royal palaces are some curious stone figures which, for want of a better name, are called the "fire-dogs." The palace had burned several times, so the Koreans say, and they did not know what to do to keep away the fire-demon. A ferocious dragon was secured in China and placed on guard, but it was finally poisoned and the palace again set on fire. Some one carved these grotesque figures and set them up to guard the palace. Since then no fire has occurred, and the "fire-dogs" cannot be poisoned, as was the dragon.

Volunteer fire departments used to be very popular, and are still in some places. There is a fascination about the fireman's life that appeals to many. Thousands of people never hear a fire alarm without rushing to the scene of fire. A young man of the writer's acquaintance would rather spend his vacation at a fire department than at any resort, although he has the means to go anywhere that fancy may lead him. Paid departments have succeeded the volunteer brigades in most American cities and towns of any size. But they have not entirely disappeared, and the old, hand-worked pumps may still be found in many villages.

The London Fire Brigade is an old organization, and has had enrolled on its roster many noted names. The most noted was the late King Edward, who, in his younger days, was said to be an active amateur fireman. There are those still living who remember the youthful prince all smoky and begrimed after assisting at a fire. It was seldom indeed that he or his aristocratic associates missed a fire back in the sixties, if it was possible for them to be present. In many English towns a volunteer fire organization works in conjunction with the paid department and renders almost as valuable service as the latter. There is in England a national organization, the National Fire Brigades' Union of Great Britain, which embraces many companies. It includes in its list of members many princely and noble names. It was originally organized entirely as an active organization, but its work is now generally taken up by paid municipal departments. At the present time it is partly a social organization in some cities, to which none but those with social connections can belong, but also aids in promoting many good measures for the benefit of regular firemen.



The latest pattern fire auto engine of the New York Fire Department

The same system will be found in most of the colonies of Great Britain. It will be seen in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, in India and Hongkong, and in the British section of Shanghai. Proud indeed is the young man who has sufficient social standing to gain admittance to one of the volunteer fire brigades. In Germany the Turn-Vereins in small towns add fire-fighting to their gymnastic exercises and games. In a certain village of Sweden all the "firemen" are women. The department is made up of 150 women volunteers. Their principal duty consists in keeping the four big water-tubs, which are scattered over the city, full of water. They are said to make good "firemen."

In Valparaiso, Chile, the glorious privilege of fighting a fire is appropriated by the *elite*. They have organized clubs, with much the same social functions as the Seventh Regiment and Squadron in New York, wear ponderous helmets and march in procession in great style whenever they get a chance. One comes upon these *bomberos* practicing in the evening in store clothes and absent-mindedly puffing cigarettes, directing a stream of water on an imaginary blaze. In emergencies such as during the late earthquake, they perform much the same duties as our militia. It is the delightful privilege of the *bombero* to drop his work whenever the alarm is given, dash from his office or club to the blaze, and there man hose lines, smash windows, chop down partitions and indulge to the fullest one of the keenest primordial emotions of man. As the buildings are seldom more than two or three stories in height, and built of masonry, there is comparatively little danger of a large conflagration. Their principal unhappiness is, that there are fifteen hundred firemen in town, and, as one expressed it, "they are getting so expert that a really 'good' fire is almost unknown." This volunteer department is hardly so picturesque as one at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where the volunteer department is made up of newsboys, ragamuffins and almost any riffraff that can be enrolled.

In Paris the *Sapeurs-Pompiers*, as the fire brigades are called, are partly under the control of the Prefect of



A crack company of fire-fighters, Buenos Ayres, said to be the finest city in South America.

police, and partly under the Minister of War. The chief is always an experienced soldier, but not always a skilled fireman. These *Pompiers* have a splendid dash as they rush through the streets to the piping toot of their toy trumpets. Most of the firemen are regular soldiers, which accounts for their smart appearance. In Russia and Germany, likewise, every fireman has been a soldier first. One advantage is that they take more kindly to discipline, but on the other hand they lack the resourcefulness and initiation of the American fire-fighter. Nimbleness, activity and bravery are three essential elements of the fireman. He must be considerable of an athlete to be able to meet every emergency. A nimble fireman will run up a tall ladder in record time. In this respect the Jap can probably beat any other nationality. It is a popular and favorite fad with them to give exhibitions of climbing perpendicular ladders. The little Jap will run up a lofty ladder with almost incredible swiftness, and then perform on the top round for the amusement of the crowd which always gathers. They do not look half so picturesque in modern habiliments, however, as in the loose, flowing garments that have been the national costume for centuries.

There used to be many forms of signals to notify the firemen and the public as well. Now the telephone and electric alarm boxes are generally used, and the firemen are always on duty. In St. Petersburg a man is stationed at all times in the tower of the City Hall and watches for fires. If one is discovered, he runs up black balls on the flagstaff as signals, and at night red lanterns are used. The number of balls or lanterns indicate the district in which the fire is located. When the signal is seen by the man on duty in that district, he steps outside and rings a bell, which calls the men together, for they might be scattered over several blocks. The service is not very quick under this method, and a half hour often elapses from the time the signal is first given upon the City Hall until the first fire brigade arrives on the scene of the fire. Practically the same system of



The leading fire engine company of Manila, P. I.

fire-towers was in use in New York prior to 1873. Some of the "fire towers" in Japan consist simply of a ladder on which a bell is hung. The ladder serves as an observation place from which the fire may be located.

It is obvious that, as the public thoroughfares of Venice are canals, instead of streets, motor-driven or horse-drawn fire apparatus on wheels has no place, and as yet the government of that Italian city has not seen the necessity for such up-to-date equipment as the American type of fire-boat. Consequently the Venetian fire department is composed in the main of gondolas, provided with hand-pumps. The gondolas are driven through the water by means of long oars or sweeps, operated by the firemen. When the fire is reached, two of the crew work the pump, which draws the water up from under the boat, and the third member holds the nozzle and directs the stream. The water can be thrown as high as the second story of a building. Fires in Venice, however, are few and far between, owing to the stone construction of the buildings.

The fire-fighting force of the United States is four times that of Germany and France, and three times that of England, in proportion to the population. Glasgow, Scotland, has one of the very finest buildings for its force, but it is generally conceded that New York has the finest fire department of any city in the world. A visit to the headquarters of the New York department is of great interest. There one will at all times find a man in charge, who keeps his eyes upon the delicate instruments which are the termination of thousands of miles of copper wire that stretch across the city and over which come the reports of fires. As soon as the signal indicates the district of the fire, a message is immediately sent by another instrument to the departments which are compelled to respond, and those that must be in readiness. It usually takes not more than from twelve to fifteen seconds after the first stroke of the gong in the department, for an active company to be out of the quarters on its way to the fire. Tests have shown that horses can leave their stalls and be hitched to an apparatus in less than



A Japanese "fire tower" and bell, used to sight distant fires and sound an alarm.

six seconds, which is a remarkable showing. It is probable that the time will be lessened more as the horseless equipment becomes more generally used.

"Carelessness with matches," "children playing with fire," "cigar and cigarette ends falling through gratings," "religious tapers"—these and other similar expressions cover the causes of most of the fires. Few people think when they do these thoughtless things that it may be the cause of a fire that will bring death to some brave fire-fighter. The old tenements of New York used to be the most fertile source of fires, because they were occupied by a class of people who filled their rooms from basement to attic with all sorts of inflammable material, which had been collected from all over the city. These fires, which are fed by barrels of rags and refuse, make a dense smoke that is very overpowering. When arriving at such a fire, the fireman who understands his duty will fling himself upon his hands and knees, and crawl through the blinding smoke with his face close to the floor, where there is a half inch or more of air, which remains fresher than in any other part of the room. In this way he seeks to discover what kind of a fire it is, and the source of it. The multiplicity of gas pipes, electric wires and other sorts of plumbing in the modern house are always a source of peril to firemen, because of the danger of touching exposed wires or a leak from gas pipes. Water tanks add an element of danger, for their supports are likely to be burned out; air shafts, which are great aids to ventilation, act as huge chimneys to draw the flames in times of fire; the "back-draft," which is made up of inflammable gases generated by the heat, is another danger, for it may explode with destructive force.

There is probably no part of modern municipal government where there have been greater examples of heroism and self sacrifice than in the fire departments. When visiting an engine house one is sometimes inclined to think a fireman's life is a lazy one, as he sees the men lounging around or indulging in some form of recreation. Ten minutes later these men may be exposed to the greatest danger, and a few of them may either lose their lives or be injured for life. The nervous strain of waiting develops the idea that the first duty of life is the killing of time. Keyed up as the fireman is, ready for adventurous deeds at a moment's notice, but not knowing when that moment will come, whether to-day or three months from now, time hangs heavy on his hands. He sometimes falls to grumbling and quarreling. "They nag like a lot of old women," said a department chief, "and the best at a fire are often the worst in the house."

THE INDIANS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

BY HARRY T. FEE

THE INDIAN of Yosemite has become a curious mixture of tradition and civilization. He still gathers his winter store of acorns in the autumn, and builds his "chuck-ah" in which to preserve them. But while he is thus engaged, his squaw is placidly washing and ironing the stage driver's clothes in the shade of the pines, and his daughter is industriously weaving baskets to sell to the tourists.

True, his son still follows the habits of his progenitors and spends the greater part of his time in roaming the mountain trails and in fishing. But the fish thus caught make no rude feast for the native red man. They are sold to the hotel and camps for the delectation of his white brother, the tourist.

Some of the younger boys turn an honest penny by performing the office of water boy for the stage company They are stationed at various intervals along the road and their duty is to dip in buckets the clear, cool water from the streams and water the tired and thirsty stage horses. One of these boys was in the habit of caching his lunch in an old cabin near the road. But one day last summer as the boy was about to enter the cabin a huge black bear flashed by him from the open doorway, and scrambled up the mountain side. And the lunch was gone. The historic ancestors of the lad would no doubt have had their lunch of bear. But times have changed. The Indian is becoming civilized.

Yosemite Mary is quite one of the objects of interest of the valley. She has a camp in a rude shack on the banks of a stream just below Camp Ahwahnee. We called to see her one morning ere the breakfast things had been removed, if they ever are. On the table, which was littered with all kinds of things, was a huge bowl full of a pasty substance which the Indians



Indian Mary, an old crone, in her cabin.



"The widow," an old basket weaver; her wares are snapped up at good prices by visiting tourists.

make from the ground acorn, and beside it an up-to-date frying pan full of cold fried potatoes and bacon. Beside a beautiful Indian basket on the table stood a salt shaker and a can of pepper, a curious mixture of the past and the present.

The old squaw had a piece of rough sack tied around one of her feet, while the other was bare. Upon being questioned, she said she had cut it. Of course the sack was no protection whatever as she walked around, for the dust was filling both the sack and the wound. But she cheerfully remarked, "He well sometime," thus flouting completely the germ theory, and adding the crude testimony of her faith in the ultimate good.

She willingly vouchsafed the information that she was a "Digger Indian," and that her boy was away catching fish for the hotel. But she very strenuously objected to having her picture taken until fifty cents had been slipped into her hand, when she became most docile and consented to pose in any position and for any length of time.

Another camp just beyond the little cemetery in the valley is made up of a similar dilapidated shack, some rude canvas shelters and bundles of rags where the old squaws sleep in the open. Here, hanging from the limb of a tree, were countless strings of jerked meat, on which the flies and yellow-jackets were swarming and feasting, while beneath, a squaw was calmly ironing the shirt of some stage-driver.

We were unable to get the fair lady to speak, either because she could not understand or because she thought herself too busy to reply. A short distance away an old squaw with gray hair cut quite short—the sign of widowhood—was seated in the midst of a huge pile of rags munching a crust of bread. To our questions in regard to her age she replied: "Heap old. Long time."

Inside the old shack a young squaw was combing the hair of her papoose, while a noble brave lay snoring in the corner. This young squaw is called "Irene," and the papoose, a little girl, has been named "Alice Roosevelt." Upon offering Irene fifty cents to take



Irene and her papoose,
"Alice Roosevelt."

the baby's picture she protested: "No, no; take papoose picture one dollar." So you see there is something in a name after all. Here in this dirty and dilapidated hut we discovered very many beautiful Indian baskets, and we found also that the "fair" Irene was fully alive to the propensities of the tourist in such matters, and had fixed her prices accordingly.

We also obtained here our first view of a real Indian "Chuck-ah," which is built a short height from the ground and thatched with pine branches, points downward to keep mice and squirrels from getting the acorns.

Of course, this valley is full of Indian legends, Ahwahnee, meaning "deep and grassy valley," being the original name of the place. In the remote history of the valley, Chief Teneiya, who claimed to be a descendant of the Ahwahneechees, became the founder of a new tribe which inhabited this spot, and they were called the Yosemites. Hence the name of the valley.

But it is a far cry to the glory of the noble red man of that day, and while civilization and its associations have wrought changes in the Indian, the descendants of the famous Yosemite tribe still dwell in the valley, whose peaks and trails still bear the names left them by the legends of his ancestors, and whose wondrous beauty is redolent with the memories and traditions of the past.



"A native wood-gatherer."

THE PET OF AVALON BEACH

BY FELIX J. KOCH

NEXT TIME you're at Avalon, off the coast of California, and hear the fishermen looking seaward and calling, "Here, Ben! Here, Ben!" don't think them superstitious and calling some merman from his haunts in the deep. Stand by, and you will be rewarded, for Ben is the leader of a great herd of seals inhabiting these waters, and he has long ago learned that when the fishermen call there is food at hand, and he leads his colony out to the beaches to gorge on the heads of fish. This beach is notable for its animal and fish life. Each morning the fishermen come in, and, instead of resting content with exposing their catch in the hold of their dories, they set each individual fish upon a hook, on frames rigged up on the beach, and there let them hang for inspection, until a buyer appears. Now and then the fish remain unsold, or there are specimens which will not tempt the buyer, and it is these fish that go to the seals. Tourists delight in watching the big, beautiful animals, and often a fisherman makes more from tips for feeding old fish to the seals than he would by selling the same fish, when fresh, in the regular way to the markets in towns and cities.



"Big Ben," the Pet of Avalon Beach.

"CONSERVATION" AND THE FARMER

BY CHAS. B. LIPMAN

EVERY PHASE of human endeavor which had in view the common weal, has been marred by the radical opinions and efforts of the extremist, and the cause of Conservation of our natural resources and material wealth, than which none is more praiseworthy or important, has, in common with the others, suffered from the baneful effects which follow in the devastated tracks of the fanatic.

My intention here is to present briefly a few of the points at which the subject under consideration touches the farmer of the present and the future, indicating the practical phases of the subject as they appear to be intimately connected with not merely our agricultural, but our national prosperity. In this intention I shall not assume the position of the extremists on either side of the subject of Conservation, with neither of whom I am in sympathy, but shall endeavor to show how, in my opinion, agricultural prosperity and integrity may be preserved without resort to impractical principles and methods to accomplish the desired end.

Since soil fertility is admittedly at the basis of all life, let us first consider its status as related to our well-being. While, beyond any possible cavil, the prosperity of a commonwealth in both its industrial and agricultural aspects is intimately and indissolubly linked with the proper maintenance of the fertility of its soils no one of our natural resources has been so ruthlessly handled and so deliberately pillaged as that most priceless heritage of Nature—the soil. The sad history of the world's soils is replete with examples of a wanton squandering of its natural fertility, beside which the burning of forests and wasteful misuse of mines fades into utter insignificance. In all times and all climes man has deemed it his unlimited prerogative to deplete the natural wealth of the soil, and there was never a hand uplifted to stay his avarice and his insatiable appetite. The time has come, however, in man's development when the warning finger of posterity cannot be ignored.

The once beautiful plain of ancient Latium, dotted with smiling fields and thriving villages, now bears mute evidence by its old ruins, devastated fields and relics of its former sumptuous irrigation ditches, of the rack and ruin which can be accomplished through the ignorance of the wanton despoiler of the soil's fertility. The bare grain fields, vineyards and orchards of Egypt, Palestine, Babylon and Syria are but the shadow of "lands that once flowed with milk and honey." The poorly yielding acres of Ireland's farms point a gaunt, accusing finger at the ghosts of former generations who heeded not posterity and cropped to death their only great source of income—their soils. But need we look for examples of the soil's wasted fertility to other countries and other ages to note the havoc which injudicious cropping of soils is bound to accomplish? Have you seen the deserted homesteads of New York, right in the shadow of its agricultural college, where once fertile acres now do not even bring a simple living? Have you ever observed the bleak and stony farms of New England, whose dilapidated buildings and abandoned appearance bear witness to the non-productivity of soils which once sup-

ported prosperous families? Have you ever traveled through that land of fable and romance, the well beloved Dixie, without noting in the gullied commons, waving with broomedge, in Mississippi and other States, the frightful waste of a part of this country's richest heritage?

Sad and humiliating in the extreme to the man of sense and conscience is this sombre retrospect. All these soils cultivated in ancient and modern times were once producing large crops and supporting thriving villages and prosperous people. Now they all bear the marks of desolation resulting, in most cases, from loss by emigration of the most vigorous portion of their population which could not gain sustenance from an impoverished soil. And when we speak of an impoverished soil, what do we mean? Not necessarily, as some would have us believe, that merely the important elements of plant food are insufficient for normal plant nutrition, nor yet as others would have us believe that the change in the physical condition or texture of the soil is responsible, through the change wrought in its water and air holding power, for the poor crop producing power of the soil. I may even forestall the fanatic of the future by stating that the change alone in the biological condition of the soil, including its bacterial and fungal flora, is powerless to make infertile a soil otherwise well constituted. The term soil fertility signifies the crop producing power of a soil under given climatic conditions. In this broad sense, then, the definition precludes an interpretation based upon merely one of its contributory factors, and renders necessary for an intelligent comprehension of the subject a knowledge of those essential facts and factors all of which are necessary and indispensable agents in the production and maintenance of soil fertility, hence permanent agriculture and undiminished prosperity.

I speak these words advisedly and with no intention to depart from the subject of Conservation. They are necessary for an adequate understanding of the basal principles underlying the conservation of the soil's natural resources. In one case a soil's fertility may be diminished through a change in its texture by constant cropping without rotation, owing to the disappearance of humus. In another soil, whose initial wealth or store of plant food was small, infertility, after some years of cropping, is to be ascribed to a lack of plant food. In a third case, soils may become infertile through the injurious products produced by an inimical bacterial and fungal flora. In each of these cases, measures for the amelioration of existing conditions must be taken which are based on widely different principles. In the first case, the texture of the soil may be improved by physical means, such as thorough tillage, liming and plowing in of cover crops; in the second case, fertilization or a chemical means is resorted to; in the third case, disinfection, or disinfection and tillage, or fertilization, may be needed to remedy the evil. It follows from these principles, the superficial phases of which only can be touched on here, that conservation of our soils' resources means far more than the replacement of a certain number of pounds of plant food removed per acre with every crop. It signifies something which is based on vastly broader lines than the chemical phase of soil fertility. It involves the conservation of a soil's texture, and hence means tillage, cultivation and incorporation or organic matter; it means the conservation of the soil's water holding and its air holding power; it means a conservation of the soil's power to receive, retain and conduct heat; it means the proper maintenance of a deep, friable soil; in a word, it signifies first and foremost the conservation of the physical characters of a soil which make it a wholesome medium for the development of a plant's root system and a powerful support for the plant. When that is assured, we can turn to a conservation of the store of plant food in the soil

by judicious rotation of crops, by replacement, through fertilizers, of the materials which, through cropping, are irretrievably lost to the land, by a wise choice of fertilizers which will insure a constant supply of available plant food and by preventing excessive leaching and loss of plant food through the country drainage. When both the texture and chemical composition of the soil are handled so as to insure their conservation, we can next turn to the other phases of the question, such as the biological, so that we may learn to practice a control of the biological activities in the soil, through inoculation, through liming, through green manuring, fertilization, tillage, irrigation, disinfection, and so forth.

The practices which have obtained in soil management in the past, and which to a large extent prevail to-day, include measures which are distinctly opposed to the interests of a permanent agriculture, and which have descended through tradition from the earliest and most primitive types of farming. How clearly, indeed, history repeats itself in this respect is evidenced by the statement made in an old edition of an illustrated volume, published in 1800 and entitled the Compagna di Roma, to the effect that the grain stubble is regularly burnt off after the harvest, a practice which is, as many of my readers are doubtless aware, a common one in the grain sections of this State. We have no evidence, further than that given in the work mentioned, of fertility destroying practices along this line on the Roman Campagna, a practice, by the way, which was considered by the inhabitants of ancient Latium as beneficial to their soils. But we have practices in California which, in sheer waste of soil fertility, far outstrip the loss occasioned through the burning of stubble. For not merely the latter, but all the straw from the grain is very commonly burnt, because that seems to be the simplest method of disposing of it. This is an example of a source of tremendous waste in the management of our soils, which must be stopped in order to maintain, from the point of view of the physical condition of our soils, permanent fertility. The stubble must be plowed under to add to the humus supply of the soil. The straw should be made into manure or compost, or plowed under, so that, while important elements of fertility are being removed in the grain, we may, at least in part, return some of the valuable material in the form of organic matter, produced on the soil, to the land from which it came. Again we have been responsible for an enormous waste in fertility by practicing shallow tillage. A mere scratching of the surface soil in the preparation of land for grain has been the bane of the grain grower and the cause of the constant decrease year by year in the grain yield. It has not merely served to deplete the upper or surface soil of its humus supply, and of much of the mineral elements of importance to plants, but has in most cases produced a *plowsole* at several inches from the surface, which has made difficult the penetration of water and the penetration of air to the lower layers of the soil, therefore tending to produce a shallow soil from one that naturally should be deep. This means a smaller feeding surface for roots and a smaller amount of soluble plant food, for the agencies producing available plant food are not active in a poorly aerated, shallow soil. Then again, experiment has proven, beyond any possible cavil, that continuous cropping to grain is a type of farming which is the most wasteful of humus and nitrogen of any that we have, and it therefore follows that such systems of farming cannot, by the old methods, be continued with impunity if posterity and the maintenance of permanent soil fertility be kept in mind. We cannot too emphatically urge the use of green manure crops to serve in part as a rotation, and in part as a means of adding fertility, including humus, to the grain lands.

Injudicious tillage, and the burning of straw and stubble are but slight ex-

amples of the serious wasteful practices which obtain on our farms, and which contribute largely to the failures of some in practical farming, and to the loss, more or less permanently, of the fertility of our soils. Some of the most apparent, but important, of such practices, however, cannot be passed over without some comment. Water, owing to its prime importance in the life of the plant, should be considered first. By our methods of shallow tillage, in both grain field and orchard, by our lack of persistent cultivation in the orchard, by our failure to maintain a good humus supply in the soil, tons and tons of water per acre are constantly being lost to the soil. If there is anything that the farmer needs to conserve, it is his water supply, and yet practices of the day allow perfectly astounding tonnages of water to disappear from every acre through surface flow, through percolation and through evaporation. With deep tillage, constant cultivation and a good humus supply, in accordance with the gospel of soil physics, as it is being preached to-day, much of the enormous losses of water on the farm may be prevented.

In the direction of fertilizing constituents we find need for conservation which cannot be too strongly emphasized. Barnyard manure, as it is produced on the farm, is allowed to lie out in the open, where the rainfall through the season can leach away a large portion of its valuable plant food constituents, and where at other times it is rapidly being oxidized away, especially under our climatic conditions, and some of the greatest value which it contains disappears in the atmosphere. It is high time that not only measures be urged for conserving the barnyard manures of our farms, so that only small losses will follow, but that demonstrations of such saving of valuable soil constituents be given to make the practice of conservation and care of manures as common as the growing of vetch for cover crops has come to be in the citrus groves of Southern California. Manures made on the farm should be kept in cement pits, under shelter, kept constantly moist to save 90 per cent, at least, of the material which they contain.

Again, in the field of commercial fertilizers, we note a waste in present-day farming which is perfectly astounding. With all the teaching on the subject of commercial fertilizers which such men as the late Dr. E. B. Voorhees, of the New Jersey Experiment Station, aimed to do, and with all the publications on the subject, farmers, taken by and large, continue in the practice of purchasing complete fertilizers containing in many cases plant food materials which their soils and their crops do not need, and paying not only for these, but for the sacking, mixing and shipping of a great amount of "filler." This purchase of complete fertilizers of either the "general" or "special" type is a practice which not only wastes a farmer's time and energy, but usually ready cash, which must come from some farm crop which to that extent is made less profitable. Here, again, it is high time that farmers everywhere be made clearly to understand the tremendous waste involved in the purchase of fertilizers which only in part, and sometimes not at all, serve their purposes. It would be hard to over-emphasize this most important matter, and the need for explaining the judicious use of the "simple" fertilizer and for pointing out the enormous advantages to be gained, when mixed fertilizers are necessary, in the "home mixing" of fertilizers.

In the choice and feeding of farm animals we are confronted again by enormous waste. Dairy cows and draft horses are chosen, not because of their ability to produce profits on the feed and care which is given them, but simply because they can be easily obtained, or cheaply obtained. The number of dairies in this country which are running at a small margin of profit or loss, because there are many unprofitable cows to be paid for by the good ones, is perfectly astounding. The type of farm horses, which

are returning in vigor only half of what they should for the feed and care given them, is very large. The number of hens not paying for their keep is enormous, and all of these remarks apply just as well to sheep and hogs and other farm animals. Moreover, in the choice of feeds for these various forms of farm stock, and in the compounding of rations, the average farmer of to-day has much to learn which, if mastered, will insure a real and very substantial conservation of his material resources, and which in itself may turn loss to profit on the farm.

It is indeed surprising to find, on a little reflection, what a large number and variety of avenues for waste are open to the farmer in the management of his ranch, and, to make matters worse, the manufacturer of fertilizers wastes so much valuable material that his prices must be higher to make up for the loss, not to mention the loss directly to the soil of so much fertility; the shipper and vender of products wastes materials which detract from the farmer's profits, and so on at every point where the farmer comes in contact with the outside world. Along these lines we have much to learn from the Germans and the Danes. Necessity has forced them to conserve their resources, to use every possible part of the raw materials employed in the manufacture of fertilizer, to eliminate the middleman, and, through cooperative purchasing and selling, to accomplish the saving which turns loss into profit on the farm and makes possible agricultural prosperity.

Oh, what a waste there has been! What a waste! The soil impoverished, stubble, straw and manure burnt, the farmer has wasted his time and his energy on worthless horses, cows, hogs, sheep, hens, etc., has wasted his cash on worthless or useless fertilizers, on implements that didn't work, on hired help which was worthless, on varieties of farm plants which would not produce. He has wasted rainfall and irrigation water through poor tillage and fertilization, and has only recently, in the South Atlantic States, stopped dumping valuable cotton seed into the rivers and bayous. Indeed, on every hand, at every point in our activity on the farm we have *wasted, wasted, wasted,* time, energy, money, natural resources —and have failed to learn the lesson of conservation, of saving, which in such professions as farming is often the all-important factor for success.

And now, how are we going to prevent these tremendous losses; how are we going to put into active operation the methods of tillage, fertilization, irrigation, of choice of breeds and varieties of plants, of markets and purchases; how are we going to solve the problem of conservation on the farm? *My* answer here consists of one word —*Education.* Not specialized and vocational education, but general education for the farmer of the future. Vocational education is good, very good, but only as a supplementary measure. First, give the boys and girls on the farm a good general education, one which will sharpen their wits, develop their reasoning powers, make them alive to the possibilities around them, make them able, in a word, to *think, to think deeply and broadly.* Such education, such culture, will equip them for the battles of life by making them able to reason out a line of action; it will kindle their imaginations, give them souls as well as minds, and make less prosaic the duties of life. It will make them capable, if they should not be able to pay for a vocational education, to acquire one readily by themselves, and you need but look to some of the most successful growers and farmers of this State to find a confirmation of this statement. We want a system of general education for the rural boys and girls that will prevent them from stooping to narrow views and paltry methods; we want them to walk along the mountain ranges of thought instead of stagnating in the marshes of narrowness, superstition and disaffection. With eye undimmed by bias, with

spirit free, they will look out on the broad horizon, and find hope and strength by virtue of their wholesome minds, their vigorous reason, their ability to cope with the difficulties which must present themselves in their own, unexpected forms to each one of us.

When we have realized such a training for the children of our public schools, we have solved the problem of conservation on the farm by making it possible for the thinking, working farmer to reason clearly what should constitute his correct methods of working, buying, selling and *living*. For such a system of education I would bespeak the sympathy and efforts of all good citizens of this country's most beautiful commonwealth, for it is such as will inure to the untold benefit of its recipients and redound to the everlasting credit of its authors.

IN A DAY

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

In a day
All Life's beauty went away;
My spirit died, I was but clay.

A day is short;
Yet in that time the winds that sport
Lost their power to blow me joy:
Now the north-winds chill me, the scented south winds cloy.

In a day
All bright colors died to grey:
 Blue, scarlet, silver sheen,
 Glowing gold, mellow green—
Grey, grey!

A day is brief;
Yet in a day the strains of grief
Grew loud and hushed the notes of gladness;
Ah, my lute, tuned now to songs of sadness!

A day goes fast;
Yet ere the hours of one had passed
Life's meaning altered, and instead
Of hope and faith came fear and dread.

In a day
She who had loved me turned away—
Whom more I love than song can say,
Would not stay;

Would not stay!
Turned away,
Joy and beauty taking—nay,
Leaving me but soulless clay,
In a day!

THE REIGN OF THE MESSIAH

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, as it is done in Heaven."—Matthew 6:10.

MANILA, P. I.—Many of us have learned to appreciate a republican form of government as the very highest type of civil administration. I trust I am not one whit behind the most patriotic of my countrymen in my appreciation of the great government of the United States, which many of us believe is the noblest that has yet risen amongst men. Nevertheless, the Bible teaches that Messiah's reign will be that of a Monarchy; not only so, it will be a very exclusive and aristocratic Monarchy. Additionally, it will be most autocratic—theocratic; the will of its subjects will not be consulted in the slightest particular.

The Fifth Universal Empire.

At first, in alarm, many are ready to say, Would not that be a most dangerous condition of things? Could any royal family, however noble and generous, be entrusted with such autocratic power without fear of its being misused for the enslavement of the people, for the aggrandizement of the rulers? Have we not learned this in the history of the past six thousand years? Do we not see the necessity for curtailing and controlling the powers of kings and governors? Are we not more and more brought to realize the necessity that the people shall rule, whether in Congress or in Parliament, in Doumas or in Chambers of Deputies?

Yes, yes, I heartily accede to all this; but when I shall describe the nature of the Kingdom that is to be established, and its personnel, all fears will assuredly flee, and all will rejoice exceedingly that the Divine arrangement is what it is in respect to the theocratic Kingdom shortly to be established and to take over the government of the world.

Scripturally, it is described as the Fifth Universal Empire on earth. I remind you of the Divinely inspired dream of King Nebuchadnezzar as interpreted by the Prophet Daniel. It was of an image, majestic, grand. The head of the image was Nebuchadnezzar's own kingdom at Babylon, the first to rule over the earth. Next, represented in the breast and the arms of silver, came Medo-Persia, the second Universal Empire of earth, the conqueror of Babylon. Next, represented in the belly and thighs of the image, came Grecia, the third Universal Empire of earth, which conquered Medo-Persia. Next, represented in the legs of iron, came Rome, the Fourth Universal Empire, conqueror of Greece. There are to be no more till Messiah's Kingdom: It will be the Fifth. Meantime, we have had two attempts at a fifth monarchy, both unsuccessful. One of these attempts was by Napoleon I, the other was that of the Papacy. During this time the present divisions, which resulted from the breaking up of the Roman Empire, are represented by the feet of the image, with their ten toes.

Smiting the Image's Feet.

The prophecy declares (Daniel 2:44) that in the days of these kings, represented by the toes of the image, the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom, whlch shall subdue all kingdoms and which shall never be overcome. It shall "be given to the people, the saints, of the Most High God, and they shall take the Kingdom and possess it forever, even forever and ever." (Daniel 7:18, 27.) In the picture, God's Kingdom is symbolically represented as a great Stone, hewn from the mountain without hands—supernaturally. It shall smite the image in its feet; and forthwith "the iron, the brass, the silver and the gold" shall become "like the chaff of a summer threshing floor," and the wind shall carry it away; but the

mountain shall increase until it shall "fill the whole earth."

Thus, in a figure, or symbol, God pictures things now shortly to come to pass. I know not how much to expect from the war between Italy and Turkey, but Rome and Constantinople stand for, represent, the two legs of the image, for be it remembered that each in turn was the Roman capital. We are certainly justified in watching with considerable interest the present war and what it may be leading to in the way of involving all the ten kingdoms represented in this prophecy.

But that is not the special point of interest in my subject; rather, I am discussing the character of Messiah's Kingdom, which is to rule the world, overthrow sin and death, and uplift humanity from ignorance, superstition, sin, weakness and death. The declaration is that Messiah shall reign until He shall have put down all insubordination, and that the last enemy to be destroyed will be death. —1 Cor. 15:25, 26.

This is the Kingdom for which the Master Himself taught His followers to pray. Nothing slight or insignificant will be the outcome of that glorious, Messianic reign of a thousand years. At its very beginning Satan will be bound, with all that this signifies—the repression of evil and darkness. For a thousand years the Sun of Righteousness shall pour forth the light of truth and grace upon our poor, fallen race, until the knowledge of God's glory shall fill the whole earth, as the waters cover the great deep. (Habakkuk 2:14.) Eventually, all wilful opponents of that Kingdom shall die the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption, no recovery. But, meantime, all the willing and obedient will be rising, not only from the tomb, but also out of all the weaknesses and frailties of the present time, up, up, up to the fulness of perfection of life, although they will not live again in this perfect sense until the thousand years shall be finished. With the close of that reign of righteousness, after it shall have accomplished its work of delivering the groaning creation from the bondage of corruption, sin and death, Messiah will abdicate the Throne, as it is written, "He shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father" . . . "that God may be all in all."—1 Cor. 15:24, 28.

No More Sighing, Crying, Dying.

What a glorious triumph that will be, when "every creature in heaven and earth and under the earth shall be heard saying, 'Praise, glory, honor, dominion and might be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, forever.'" (Revelation 5:13.) What a glorious condition will then obtain, when there shall be no more crying, no more sighing, no more dying, for all the former things of sin and death shall have passed away! Ah! He that sitteth upon the Throne said, "Behold, I make all things new!" Glad we are that our great Messiah is about to overthrow sin and evil, about to establish righteousness on a permanent and everlasting foundation, which will insure that to all eternity God's will shall be done as perfectly on this earth as it is now done in Heaven!

I ask you to consider candidly—Is there a kingdom in the world to-day that in your judgment fitly represents a Divine government amongst men? Is there a perfect government? Is there a single spot in all the earth where God's will is done as it is done in Heaven? You are conversant with history. You know the bloody record which marks its pages. You know that so-called Christian Europe has been drenched with blood more than any other part of the world. You know that the cause of wrong has triumphed as often or oftener than the cause of right. You know that to-day these kingdoms of Europe, styled kingdoms of God, are threatening one another as they have done in the past. You know that great guns, great battleships, monster torpedoes, such as the world has never known before, are being prepared by these various

nations for use, either aggressively or defensively, against one another, while they all claim to be Christ's kingdoms. Is this logical? Is this rational? Most assuredly not!

We must go to the Bible for true information on this subject. It tells us that these kingdoms are not the kingdoms of God, but "kingdoms of this world." It tells us that Satan is the Prince of this world (John 14:30; Ephesians 2:2); that he is "the god of this world; that now "worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience"—so much more numerous than the children of obedience that he, through them, holds the world's control. But with equal clearness the Bible declares the Divine Power and mastery over Satan, and that he and his reign of sin and death are permitted of God for a limited time and for a special purpose. The testimony tells us that when the due time shall come, Messiah will take His great power and reign. Then Satan shall be bound, and all the forces of sin and darkness be restrained. Then the Sun of Righteousness will arise with healing in its beams, to flood the earth with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

The Election Hath Obtained It.

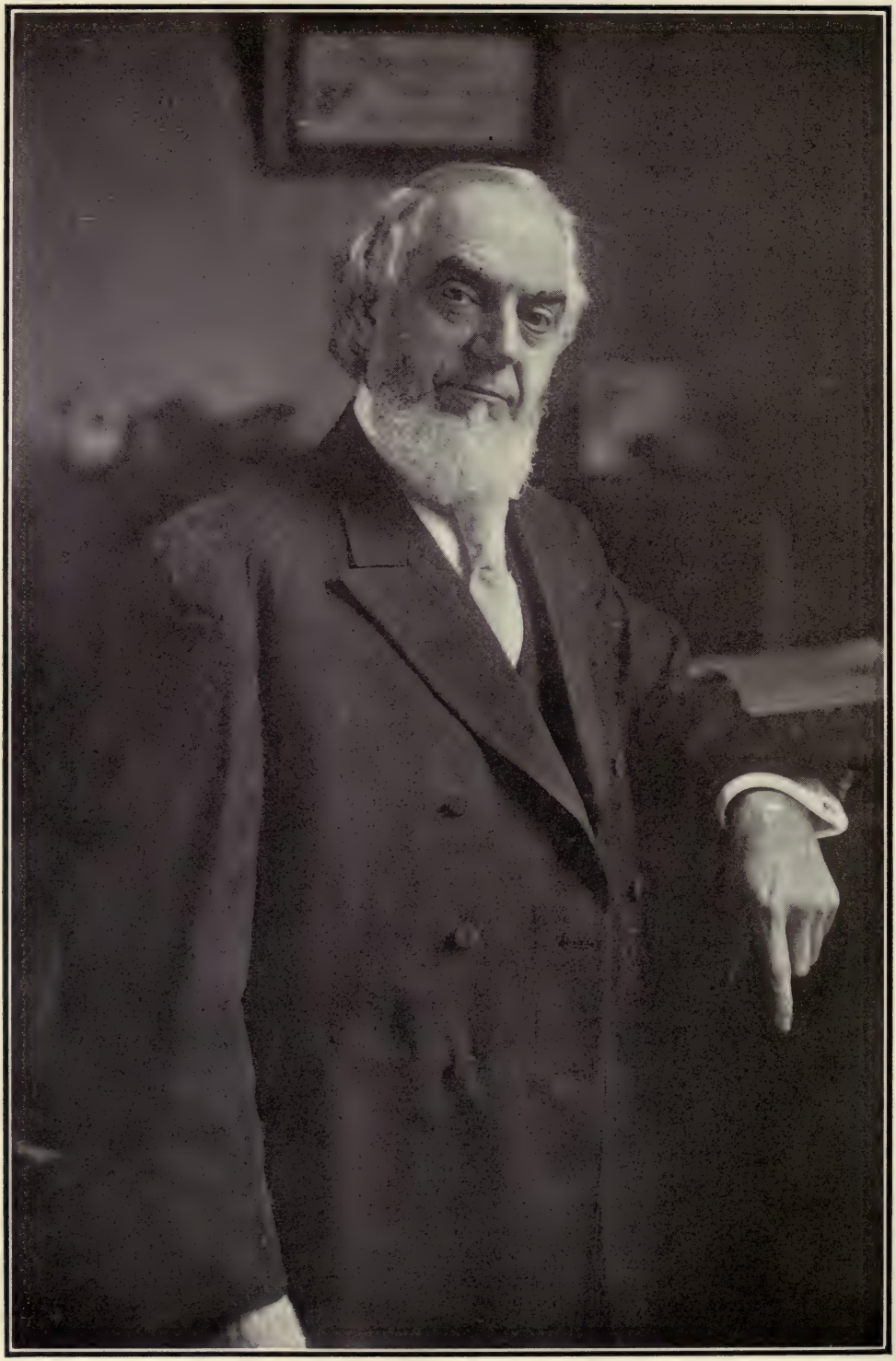
Come with me and take a cursory view of God's great work thus far accomplished. For more than two thousand years God gave no clear intimation of what He intended to do for the fallen race. Then He made a statement to Abraham, so clear, so explicit, that St. Paul declares it was a statement of the Gospel in advance. God said to Abraham, I intend to bless the world—which could only mean, I intend to relieve them of the curse of death which came upon them through Adam's sin. God added to Abraham, This blessing which I will bring to all the families of the earth will come through your posterity—"In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."—Genesis 12:3, 26:4.

God's due time for bringing this blessing was still future; the blessing intended could not come until Messiah should come; but meantime God gave to the natural seed of Abraham, through Moses, the Law Covenant, which offered them eternal life and an inheritance in the Kingdom if they could keep the Law. Of course, they could not keep the Law, because it was the measure of a perfect man's ability, and alas! like the remainder of the world, the Israelites were imperfect—sinners. Nevertheless, the offer, and their attempt to keep the Law, brought them great uplift of heart, so that when Jesus came to them, a considerable number were ready to receive Him, did receive Him, and He received them. They became sons of God, through the begetting of the Holy Spirit, at Pentecost and afterwards. These were the Spiritual Seed of Abraham, begotten of the Holy Spirit, Jesus Himself being the Head, or First; the others were counted in as members of His Body.

Israel had been hoping for a share in Messiah's Kingdom, and St. Paul explains, "Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for, but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." The blinded Israelites are still cast aside, but not forever. The Divine blessing shall come to natural Israel just as soon as spiritual Israel shall be completed.—Romans 11:25-34.

The Kingdom Suffereth Violence.

What did the "election" obtain? Of what did the faithful "Israelites indeed" become heirs by accepting Jesus and by the Pentecostal blessing? We answer that they became identified with Messiah's Kingdom, and heirs or inheritors of the glorious promise made to Abraham, that in this Kingdom all the families of the earth should be blessed. But now note that there were not a sufficient number of Jews found worthy to complete the Kingdom class. The Kingdom, there-



Pastor C. T. Russell.

fore, could not be inaugurated then. God had foreseen this, and through the Prophet had promised that some would be gathered from the Gentiles to complete this Kingdom class. The entire work of this Gospel Age has been the calling of this "elect" class for the Kingdom. If we have rightly viewed the matter, the foreordained number will soon have been found, the election will be at an end, the accepted will be glorified as the Kingdom, and Messiah's reign of righteousness will begin.

But notice now the course of all belonging to the Kingdom class, throughout this Age. They are not reigning with Christ, but suffering with Christ. And Jesus explained this; they are indeed of the Royal Family, because begotten of the Holy Spirit; they are indeed the Kingdom class, because they are affiliated with the great King; but they have not yet entered into their glory. They will do so only by the power of the First Resurrection. Thus it is written: "We must all be changed," because "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God."

Our Lord Himself was the Pattern, the Forerunner of all these. After His consecration and His begetting of the Holy Spirit, He was tested even unto death, even the death of the Cross, before He experienced His glorious resurrection change and ascended up and sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on High. Similarly, all of His followers, after consecration, must be tested, their loyalty must be proven, before they can share with Him in "His Resurrection."

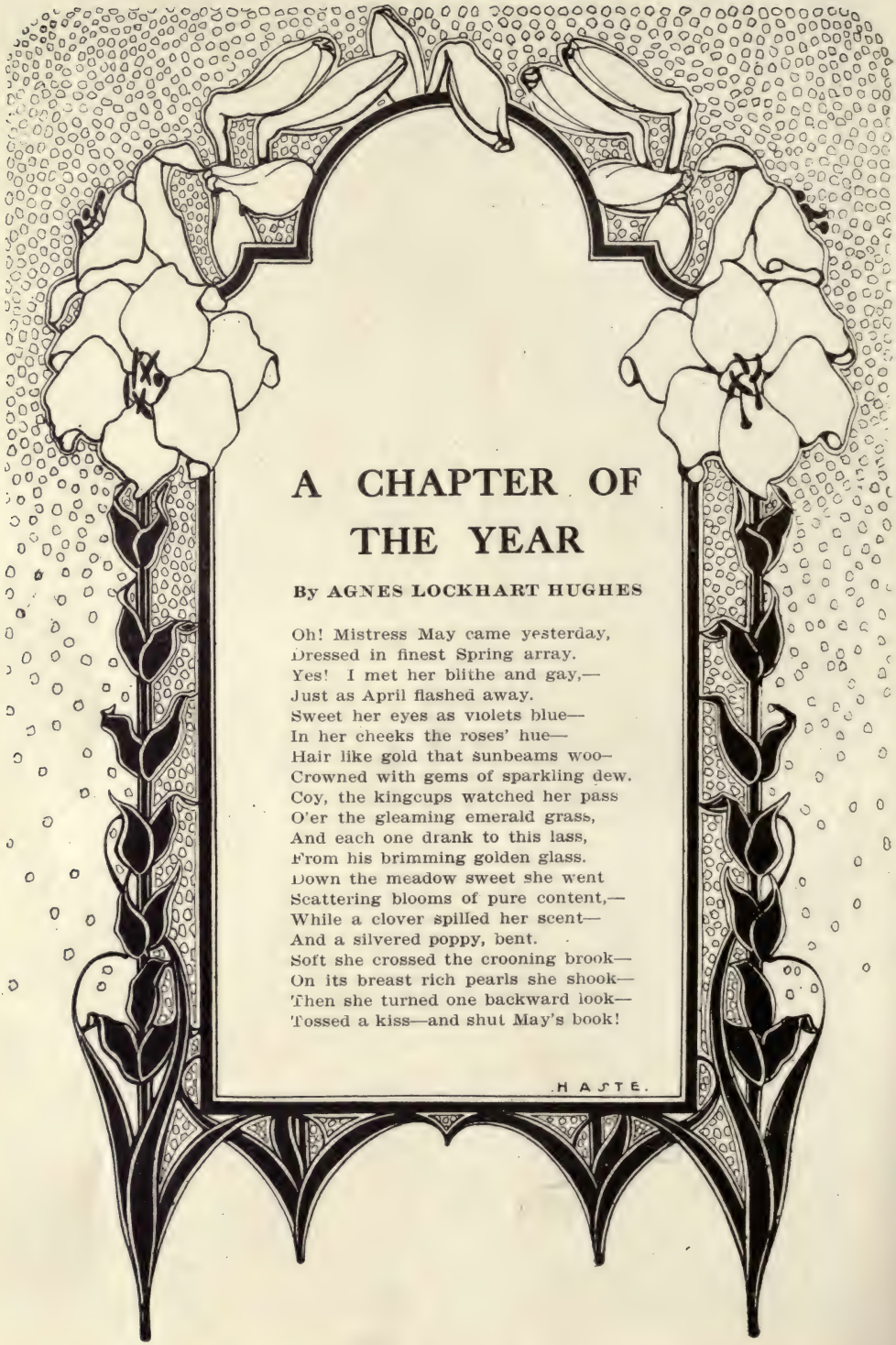
Partly for the testing of these, their development takes place in a time when Satan is the Prince of this world, and when his power is permitted to be exercised against them as it was exercised against their Lord. The message to these is: "The Kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." As our Lord suffered violence from the Prince of this world, so will His followers, for "The disciple is not above his Lord." His promise to His followers is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Revelation 2:10.

"The World Knoweth Us Not."

So, then, we perceive that God's Kingdom class, the followers of Jesus, have been suffering violence, just as did their Leader, for righteousness' sake. That the persecutors had not known and done their evil work intentionally, St. Peter intimates when he says to the Jews: "I wot that in ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers, for if they had known they would not have crucified the Prince of Life." Hence, in due time their blindness shall be turned away, and "they shall look upon Him Whom they pierced and mourn" (Zechariah 12:10), and God "will pour upon them the spirit of prayer and supplication," and forgive them and make the experience profitable to as many as shall prove willing.

Meantime, for eighteen centuries, the Scriptures declare, "The world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not." God's saintly ones have not been generally the great, the influential, either in Church or State, just as Jesus and the Apostles were not in their day. Nevertheless, the Lord knoweth them that are His. Scattered here and there, during the past eighteen centuries, He has been dealing with them, preparing them, polishing them, fitting them as jewels. And He tells us that at our Lord's second coming He will make up His jewels—they will constitute the Kingdom class, for "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

I am sure you will agree with me that those whom the Lord has been so carefully selecting, instructing and polishing in the School of Christ, who have been so effectively polished with the trials and disciplines of evil, will be the very class above all others to whom the glorious dominion of earth may well be entrusted without fear. Only those thoroughly loyal to God and to principle will be in that Kingdom class.



A CHAPTER OF THE YEAR

By AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Oh! Mistress May came yesterday,
Dressed in finest Spring array.
Yes! I met her blithe and gay,—
Just as April flashed away.
Sweet her eyes as violets blue—
In her cheeks the roses' hue—
Hair like gold that sunbeams woo—
Crowned with gems of sparkling dew.
Coy, the kingcups watched her pass
O'er the gleaming emerald grass,
And each one drank to this lass,
From his brimming golden glass.
Down the meadow sweet she went
Scattering blooms of pure content,—
While a clover spilled her scent—
And a silvered poppy, bent.
Soft she crossed the crooning brook—
On its breast rich pearls she shook—
Then she turned one backward look—
Tossed a kiss—and shut May's book!

HASTE.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"The Life of Nietzsche," Vol. I.—"The Young Nietzsche," by Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

All sources of information regarding her gifted brother were open to Frau Foerster-Nietzsche when she wrote the "Life of Nietzsche," the first volume of which will be published this spring by Sturgis & Walton Company, under the title "The Young Nietzsche." One of the exclusive sources is indicated in the following words of Mrs. Nietzsche, as quoted by her publishers:

"From the days of my earliest childhood I always regarded my brother as the highest authority. . . . But this reverence which I showed for Fritz, and which throughout my childhood and youth brought me a lot of teasing and chaff—for at heart I am not a believer in authority—certainly had one excellent practical result in the shape of the Nietzsche archives, the extraordinarily rich contents of which have been collected by myself alone. From a very early age I have always kept a treasure drawer in which I preserved whatever I could get hold of that happened to come from my brother's pen, and had been discarded by him. And if from the first he had not been so fond of burning things, and had not occasionally made search raids upon my precious hoard, not one of his compositions, from the time he was eight years old, would now be missing; for when I was only six, though I attached but slight importance to my own things, I had already started this collection of my brother's productions."

Birth of the Grail Pictures is Revealed.

J. Henry Harper, author of the just-published book, "The House of Harper," attributes to Mrs. Edwin A. Abbey's co-operation much of her husband's success. Her suggestions as to costumes, and the actual preparation of them in the great work-room at the studio in Gloucestershire, built by Abbey and Sargent for their Boston Library paintings, was acknowledged by both these artists to have been of the greatest service. In a letter written at this time to Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Abbey says:

"The Boston work goes on apace, and will, I think, before long be finished, and thankful I am, for Ned has so many things in his head that he wants to do that I shall be glad when the great pictures are out of the way, although it has been an intensely interesting thing to live in the midst of this work. I think the last part will be fully up to the first—ahead of it, I hope.

"The first scene is where Galahad on his horse meets the 'Loathly Damsel' sitting on the edge of the wood with a dead knight in her lap. The next is where he fights the seven knights in front of the Castle of the Maidens. These maidens—the virtues—hundreds of them, have been shut up in the castle by the seven knights, brothers, the children of darkness, vices. The garments and armor of the knights are all dark, suited to their character, and Galahad, clothed in red, like a child of the light is overcoming them. I think this will be fine. The next is the Castle of the Maidens—the 'virtues.' Here quantities of charming creatures—nineteen feet of them—knowing Galahad for their deliverer, hold out their hands for him to kiss. Of course, this idea of overcoming the vices and setting the virtues free is not in any version of the legend, is simply Ned's interpretation. But I am afraid you are being bored with all these descriptions."

Mr. Harper also states that when Abbey was making the illustrations for his "Shakespeare's Comedies" it was not unusual for him to spend as much in costumes and accessories as he re-

ceived for the drawings themselves, and that he was not content with even the hinge of a door or the smallest detail unless he had verified its historical accuracy. The London "Spectator" once said of Abbey, when commenting on his drawings for Herrick's Poems, that he had "taken the utmost pains to reproduce Devonshire scenery and rural life by studying it, and has made himself master of the Stuart period. . . . It may be questioned if there is any living artist who could have given such sketches at once faithful and beautiful."

During the same year in which Abbey began his "Shakespeare's Comedies" he wrote to Mr. Harper: "If I am only well, and unburdened of mind as to other things, I should dig away straight off at all sorts of things. I have so many good and appreciative friends that I hate to go on year after year not quite doing the things they think I am going to do. But I hope I'm not very old yet, and I am trying to drop the habits of time and brain wasting into which I have carelessly drifted. . . . The faculty of knowing —after a thing has been carried on a long way toward perfection—just what it is that is going to make it better still —is given to few, but that is not a reason why the wheels should be reversed. Most of the very best and greatest work has been unconsciously arrived at—by the workers—and I believe that few of the producers of masterpieces—I fancy none—could say just how the result had been achieved. Still it is the thing to study and discover, isn't it?"

Socialism As It Is.

William English Walling, whose new book on socialism, entitled "Socialism As It Is," was published in April, is of the opinion that we are just entering upon a new era in the socialist movement. He holds to this because he believes that the prominent opponents of socialism—the capitalists—are gradually adopting the idea of government ownership, and are becoming what he terms pseudo-socialists. "With such a policy triumphant, either the struggle against capitalism," Mr. Walling says, "will become far more acute than ever and will manifest itself in more stupendous strikes, or else socialism will force the reformers to a more radical policy than any of them will willingly adopt, because it will compel business interests to reforms which are unprofitable to the capitalists." Some interesting phases of the movement, and particularly of this side of it, are presented by Mr. Walling in his book.

An Old Controversy.

During the past ten years there has been a great deal of controversy as to the precise method in which the currency plank of the Republican National platform of 1896 was written. A number of claimants have appeared, all of whom contend that their contribution to the insertion of the word "gold" in the plank was decisive. The matter is fully discussed in Mark Hanna's biography, which Herbert Croly has written and which was published early in April. Mr. Croly has obtained statements from everybody who had any official and unofficial connection with the matter, and he has made the attempt to place the responsibility where it belongs. In relation to this, Mr. Hanna's correspondence afforded a valuable clue in the absence of which it would have been difficult to tell a complete story.

"Ancient Types of Man," by Arthur Keith. Published by Harper & Brothers.

"Ancient Types of Man," by Arthur Keith, is to be added immediately to Harper's Library of Living Thought. The author describes and discusses the specimens recently excavated in both America and Europe, notably the Galley Hill man. He traces backward the various discoveries made in England and on the Continent, and compares the different variants of the Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal types.

FARMING WITH DYNAMITE

BY A. W. STIBICH

DYNAMITE, as a factor in scientific farming, has now passed the experimental stage, and but one obstacle seems to stand in the way of its general adoption by the farmers of the United States for shattering compact soils, planting trees, and blasting stumps and boulders, and that is the fear that it is dangerous. While it must be remembered that dynamite is nothing but concentrated power, and if handled carelessly it might do great damage, there is as much chance of being injured while handling a shotgun, gasoline or coal oil; all of these commodities are handled daily by thousands of people without accident occurring, and this can also be applied to dynamite. An occurrence is only made prominent by its infrequency; and it is for this reason that considerable hue and cry is made over an accident with dynamite. It is simply necessary to treat dynamite with care, and the hazard is reduced to a minimum, and if a person before using dynamite would apply to the manufacturers of explosives for their printed instructions, and follow them carefully, danger of accident will be entirely eliminated.

The correct explosive to use and the method is as follows: Secure a low-grade explosive, say 25 per cent strength, and get it packed in 1¼x8 inch cartridges. Another feature that is very essential is to secure a low-freezing explosive. This will obviate the necessity of thawing the dynamite on a cold morning. Never use any cap less than a No. 6, which contains a charge of one gramme of fulminate of mercury. It is very essential that a strong cap be used, or full force will not be developed by the explosive.

Wherever you intend to set a tree, bore a hole with a 2-inch dirt auger, making the hole from 3 to 3½ ft. deep. Into this hole load one stick of dynamite, to which previously has been "primed" the cap and fuse. Tamp the first six inches of the hole rather lightly, and then tamp the hole tightly to the "collar." Always use a wooden bar, and be sure that it has no metal parts. After the explosion, it will be found that the ground surrounding the bore hole for a radius of from 3½ to 4 feet has been thoroughly shattered and mellowed up. If a person stands about 25 feet from the blast, he will find that there is a distinct "heave" of the soil under his feet. This "heave" is also very beneficial, as it breaks the cementing material of the hard layer of soil and allows the rain or irrigation water to disintegrate the soil. It is not necessary to shoot so much dynamite that the ground will be thrown



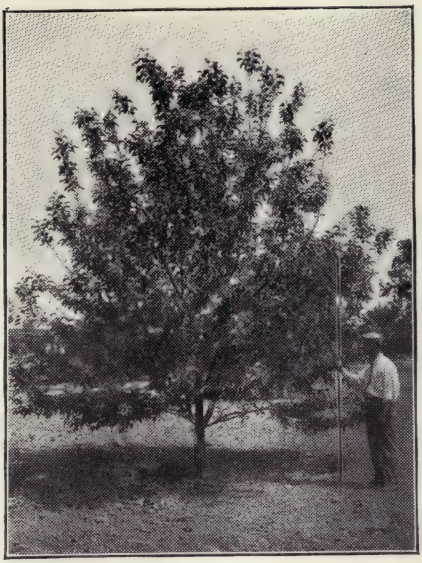
Blasting a stump, Paso Robles, Cal.

high into the air and scattered over the landscape. The object is simply to shatter and mellow the soil just enough for the purpose at hand, and this may be accomplished by a novice in a few trials if he will follow the directions sent with the dynamite. Once instructed, the ordinary farm-hand will feel fully as confident in using dynamite as the hunter does when he fires a cartridge from a gun.

During the past few years, high explosives have made remarkable strides towards taking their place among modern farm conveniences, and it has been demonstrated that dynamite is an exceedingly valuable aid in the growing of fruit trees. It has been the common supposition that the use of dynamite was not necessary unless the land to be planted was underlaid with a strata of hardpan, in which event it was absolutely essential. However, it has been found that trees thrive better when planted in holes blasted with dynamite, even where no hardpan exists, because the force of the explosion shatters the soil for a considerable radius around the bore hole, and thus makes root growth easy. It also kills all grubs, worms or other animal life that later might injure the young tree. The importance of having a porous soil which will permit the free passage of water through it is self-evident, as plant roots have the power to draw from the surrounding soil the necessary elements of plant food, providing the soil is of such character as to permit the passage of such elements through it, and for this reason the use of explosives is advocated, as when the soil is thoroughly loosened and aerated, the trees show much stronger and healthier growth than trees planted under the old conditions. In digging a hole with tools, it tends to pack the earth around the roots and retard its growth. Again, stop and take into consideration the natural growth and depth of tree root expansion. According to statistics gathered by the United States Department of Agriculture, a healthy tree having all advantages of free soil will send roots down as deep as twenty feet. But suppose that at a depth of from three to four feet a layer of hardpan or compact soil exists? A lateral spread of roots will take place, and as a result of this, each tree will encroach upon the feeding supply of its neighbor; in consequence it does not receive a sufficient amount of plant food, which is very essential to



Demonstration on University of California farm at Davis, Cal., showing the blast of a tree hole shot.



Tree, two years old, set when young, and grown in dynamited hole.



Tree, two years old, set and grown in spaded hole.

rapid growth. Again, a prolonged dry spell will exhaust all the moisture in its shallow feeding bed, and the probable consequence will be a tree with the growth stopped, or a dead tree.

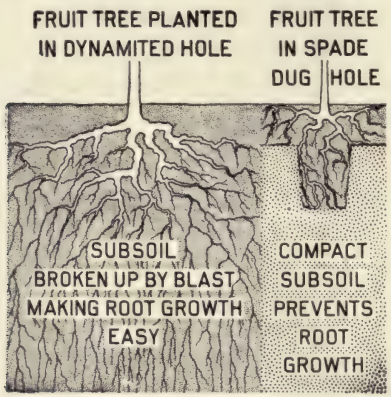
The agency to use for remedying such conditions is dynamite. The effect of the shot loosens up the hard or compact soil, and the roots are allowed to penetrate into the lower strata of soil, in which the plant food elements are to be found. In this way, one tree does not interfere with the other, and results cannot be anything but beneficial.

A comparison of the two photos above will prove the assumption that dynamite can only be used with benefit on soils underlaid with hardpan, is erroneous. The trees shown above were planted in the loamy soil of the Rogue River Valley at Grants Pass, Ore., and authorities admit that soil more perfectly adapted to fruit culture cannot be found in the United States. This merely tends to strengthen the argument for blasting soils preparatory to planting, as it is of the utmost importance to assist a tree, especially a young one, to send its roots out into its feeding bed as easily and rapidly as possible.

The use of dynamite is by no means a new idea in California. Over forty years ago Mr. James Rutter, of Florin, Cal., used blasting powder for setting out vines and trees, and over twenty years ago Major W. R. Gunnis of San Diego, Cal., planted an orchard with dynamite near La Mesa, Cal., and in a great measure California can lay claim to being the first State in the Union in which such methods were used.

Prominent horticulturists and orchardists all over the United States advocate the use of dynamite in preparing ground for planting an orchard. At the 1910 Convention of California Fruit Growers, a paper was especially prepared by Professor Elmore Chase of Fair Oaks, Cal., on the advisability of blasting citrus sub-soils, and at the 1911 convention, held at Santa Rosa, a special trip was made by the delegates to visit a demonstration of the practical use of explosives, given by one of the large Eastern powder companies. Many of the leading agricultural colleges now include "Farming with Dynamite" in their curriculum, and the many advantages secured by the use of explosives are taught by demonstrators sent from the manufac-

turers by request of the faculty of the college. University experiment stations have tracts planted by the use of dynamite, and other tracts that have been planted under old conditions. Much benefit will be obtained by "subsoiling" land that is planted to grain, vegetables, etc. Continued plowing at a depth of from four to six inches has formed what is known as "plow sole." This prevents the roots of the plant from going down. This can readily be remedied by blasting and by placing shots from 8 to 15 feet apart and load-



Illustrating how the compact subsoil is broken by the dynamite to permit free and generous root growth for plants.

ing them about 20 inches deep with a charge of one-half a stick of a low grade dynamite. The effect will be the same as if the ground had been plowed that deep, and the breaking of the cementing material of the hard layer, will result in the disintegration of same after the first rain or irrigation. Before this ground is blasted, the water soaking through a thin top soil fails to penetrate, and the result is that "wet spots" are found. On irrigated land, if the irrigation water contains soluble salts, the result will be an alkali deposit caused by constant evaporation of the surface water. By breaking up the hard strata, better drainage conditions are obtained, and the sub-soil is able to absorb, retain and give back to the growing crops the essential moisture.

One of the other uses of dynamite on the Pacific Coast is the cleaning of land of stumps and boulders. This often becomes a serious problem. The method most commonly used by the settler of the Pacific Northwest is to dynamite. A stump represents a great force, and greater force must be exerted to remove the stump. Dynamite is the best agent for this purpose. It is quick; one man can do the work; he can accomplish more than machinery and many horses. Bore a hole at an angle of 45 degrees under the toughest old stump you can find, put in the charge, tamp, light the fuse, and run. In a few minutes there is a dull "boom," and the stump is ousted, shattered completely, and ready to burn, and the roots pulled below the plow line. In this way, one man can remove as high as fifty stumps per day, and when he is through with the work there is no expensive equipment on his hands, which he will probably have to dispose of at a sacrifice.

Digging ditches and reclaiming swamp land is also one of the many things that dynamite will do. A line is laid out where the ditch is desired, and every two feet a cartridge of 60 per cent dynamite is loaded. In the middle hole of about four hundred feet of ditch, a cap and fuse is inserted in the dynamite cartridge, and when this center charge explodes, in the twinkling of an eye the ditch is dug and ready for the water to be run in. Compare this with the scraper and team—if the ground is very boggy, the horses get mired—and a thousand and one other little difficulties present themselves. Try dynamite—see what quick returns it gets. One man can carry sufficient dynamite to dig 500 feet of ditch.

From the foregoing, one can realize the possibilities of dynamite on the farm are unlimited, and there is no doubt but what dynamite is blazing the way into a new era of farming.

DAYBREAK IN JUNE

Rose petals lightly strewn
All over the dewy lawn;
Across the sky in soft festoon
Rose petal clouds of dawn!

—Ada M. Hedges.



"Panting they climbed the last hill as the Mexicans came in sight." The Capture of the Desert Witch: Page 513.

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Running the tide in a Japanese fishing sampan.

OUR WONDERFUL FISHERIES IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

BY JOHN N. COBB

THE NATIVE of these islands is as much at home in the waters as on the land, and as the waters surrounding the group teem with animal life, many of which have been gifted by Nature with most gorgeous and striking colors, while others bear the oddest of shapes, he has naturally become an expert fisherman, and had he a little aggressiveness might still control this profitable branch of the islands' industries.

The Japanese, however, now have a virtual monopoly of the catching and selling of fishery products in the more populous sections, and their methods should be a warning to the Pacific Coast States to guard against the possibility of such a condition of affairs



Japanese drying young fish by the millions.

developing there. After the Japanese had driven the natives out of business —which they did by getting control of the market privileges and either refusing to buy native-caught fish or offering less for same than for those caught by their own countrymen— they proceeded to regulate the amount of fish to be brought in daily (dumping overboard the surplus when necessary), and thus were enabled to keep the price of fish at an abnormally high figure.

A great variety of apparatus is used in the fisheries, due largely to the diverse population, many of whom introduced forms peculiar to their own countries. Seines, gill nets, bag nets, dip and scoop nets, cast nets, hook and line, and spears, are in general use, and, with modifications made necessary to meet local conditions, are practically the same as in use in the States.

One of the common fishes of the island is the Malolo, or flying fish. In fishing for this species, twenty to forty canoes are frequently employed. When a school has been sighted, the bag net is dropped in a favorable position, while the main body of the canoes are surrounding the school. When this has been accomplished, the canoes are all paddled in quickly toward the mouth of the net, the occupants splashing the water, thus driving the fish before them. The Malolo are always found swimming near the surface, and as they will not dive to any depth, they can be driven in any direction desired. This is a popular fishery with the natives, as it gives them a fine opportunity to laugh and shout and show their seamanship with the canoes.

In fishing for opai, or shrimp, in the mountain streams, a small basket, shaped like the coal-scuttle bonnets in vogue some years ago, and woven from the roots of a certain plant, is used. This fishing is done by women. The native woman, outside of the towns, is never heavily burdened with clothing, even when dressed in her best, the "holoku," a flowing Mother Hubbard, being the principal garment. When shrimping, she either



Beach at Lahaina, showing old custom-house and fishing boats and canoes.

wears an old "holoku" gathered up to the waist, or else strips to Nature's garment. Holding the basket in one hand and a short stick in the other, and moving in a crouching position through the water, she drives the opai from under the rocks, etc., to a suitable spot, which is always some place where the grass, ferns or branches of trees droop over in the water. The opai take refuge in or under these, and the fisherwoman, placing her basket under the leaves, lifts them out of the water, when the shrimps drop off into the basket, whence they are removed to a gourd with a small mouth, which the woman has been dragging behind her in the water by a string tied to her waist. Like a child picking berries, the native cannot resist the temptation to occasionally pop one of the little wriggling crustaceans into her mouth and swallowing it.

Other baskets, in the shape of a half-circle, or flat and oblong, made of flexible twigs lashed together with twine (the native never uses nails in making these) are also employed. The largest kind of basket used in the regular ocean fishing is called "ie kala." This is made round, rather flat, from four to five feet in diameter by two and a half to three in depth, and about one and one-half feet across the mouth. A small cylinder or cone, of wicker, is attached by the large end to the mouth and turned inward toward the bottom of the basket. This cone or cylinder is small at the free end, just large enough for the fish to get in. Immediately below the end of this cone, on the bottom of the basket, is placed the bait, properly secured, which is generally ripe bread fruit, cooked pumpkins, half-roasted sweet potatoes or "papaias." The fishermen generally feed the fish at a given place for a week or more before



Japanese fisherman's wife with baby strapped on her back, waiting for her husband's boat.

taking any, using for this purpose a large basket of the same kind, without the inverted cylinder, and wider in the mouth, to allow the fish free ingress and egress. After a week or two of feeding they become very fat and fine flavored, and also tame, and baskets full of fish can be drawn up in the taking basket without in the least disturbing those which are still greedily feeding in the feeding baskets.

Decoy fishing is sometimes practiced. In fishing for the "Huhu," a highly prized species of rock-fish, a decoy fish, which must have previously been caught with the "Huluulu," or hook and line, is then dropped, with a string attached, in a place where fish of this kind are known to frequent, and gently moved back and forth, which the natives call "hoohaehae," "teasing the fish." A square net, which has been slightly gathered on the ropes and attached at the four corners to slender strong sticks tied together at the middle in such a way that they will cross each other at this point, and can be closed together when desired, is used. When the sticks are crossed, they spread the net open in the form of a shallow bag. A string is tied to the crossing of the two sticks, and the net is lowered just below the decoy fish. The "huhu" are attracted by the strange antics of the decoy, and swim close to observe it. The net is quickly pulled up, the sticks bending over, which elongates the bag, thus reducing the opening or mouth. By a peculiar twitch and pull on the string the sticks can be made to swing around and lie parallel, thus effectually closing the bag.

As it is necessary to be able to see the bottom when fishing this way, the fishermen always carry candlenut or cocoanut meat, which they chew and spit overboard from time to time, the oil from this spreading over the surface and calming it so that they can observe the bottom.

The natives are perfectly at home in the water, and can remain below the surface two and even three minutes at a time, and as a result a con-



A Japanese shore fisherman casting his net, Hilo, Hawaii.



1. Japanese hauling seines on the beach, Hilo, Hawaii. 2. Hawaiian woman fishing with her hands, and using a gourd for holding the catch. 3. Landing "aku" on the beach at Hilo.

siderable part of their fishing is done by diving. Clusters of rocks are numerous in the water a short distance off shore, and the natives often run a gill net completely around such a cluster, and then diving down to the bottom, between the net and the rocks, poke around in the crevices with their hands or a stick. The fish are scared out, and as they dart wildly in every direction they are meshed in the net.

The most interesting of the fishery resources of the islands are the fish ponds, this being the only place within the bounds of our country where they are found on such an immense scale and put to such general and beneficent use. The time of the building of many of these ponds goes back into the age of fable, the natives, for instance, attributing the construction of one of the most ancient to the Menehunes, a fabled race of dwarfs, distinguished for cunning industry and mechanical and engineering skill and intelligence.

The ponds, which are quite numerous, are found principally in the bays indenting the shores of the islands, the common method of construction having been to build a wall of rock across the narrowest part of the entrance to a small bay or bight and use the enclosed space for the pond. They were also built on the seashore itself, the wall in this case being run out from two points on the shore, some distance apart, in the shape of a half circle. A few were constructed somewhat interior, and these are filled by the fresh water streams from the mountains or by tidal water from the sea carried to them by means of ditches.

The ponds generally have sluice gates which can be raised or lowered, or else which open and close like a door. When the tide is coming in, the doors are opened and the amaama, or mullet, and the awa, are allowed to enter freely; when the tide turns, the doors are closed. Besides the fish which come in through the open gates, the owner usually has men engaged at certain seasons of the year in catching young amaama and awa in the open sea and bays, and transporting them alive to the fish ponds, where they are kept until they attain a marketable size.

Among the odd exports from Hawaii to the mainland are live frogs. These were introduced into the islands from California in 1899, and thrived so well that by 1903 quantities were being sent from Hilo to other islands of the



A 19-ft. man-eating shark caught in Hawaiian waters.

group and to San Francisco. Hilo boasts of having one of the extremely few artificial ponds for raising frogs found in the United States.

At the time of annexation in 1898 the most peculiar feature of the fisheries was the well developed principle of the private ownership of the fishes found in the open sea and bays to within a certain prescribed distance from shore. This arose from the fact that the land was divided into "ahupuaas," which were generally long, narrow strips, running from the mountain to the sea, and included mountain, the plateau, the shore and into the sea as far as the reef, or, if there was no reef, to one geographic mile from shore. The owner of this portion of the sea had the right to control it, so far as the fishing was concerned, the same as he did his land. These rights were extinguished by Act of Congress in 1903.

PAX VOBISCUM

BY PENNE MAVOR

Silvery dews of the fragrant morn
Vanished in gold of noon;
Chorusing echoes of joys new born
Keep the flower swept vales atune.

Peace of the dawn, peace of the noon, peace of the purple eve,
(And peace in the heart that knows its smart,
And will not grieve!)

Wider the freshening air above;
Bird carols, limpid sweet;
Perish the mem'ries of sordid love
And passion's withering heat!

Peace of the fields, peace of the hills, peace of the arching sky,
(And peace in the wrack of the tempest track
With God close by!)

Crimsoning clouds in the dusking sky,
Stained from the dying sun;
Waters acurl with the night wind's sigh
For his sweet day mistress gone.
Peace of the stars, peace of the waves, peace of the silent shore,
(And peace in the dirge of the ebbing surge,
When life goes o'er!)

HOBGOBLINS THAT DWELL IN TREES

BY LILLIAN E. ZEH

SOME of Nature's most grotesque little individuals have just made their bow to the public. These midgets of remarkable shape are known as "tree-hoppers." They have just been portrayed in a number of models at the Museum of Natural History, New York. These droll hobgoblin-like insects are of special interest, for never before have these fantastic creatures been shown on so large a scale. They are the new and surprising revelations of the insect world.

These tree-hoppers have sucking mouthpieces, and live on the juice or sap of small trees and plants, which they extract from the stems by means of their sharp beaks, consisting of several bristles enclosed in a fleshy joined sheath. They have four eyes—two large and protruding ones, and

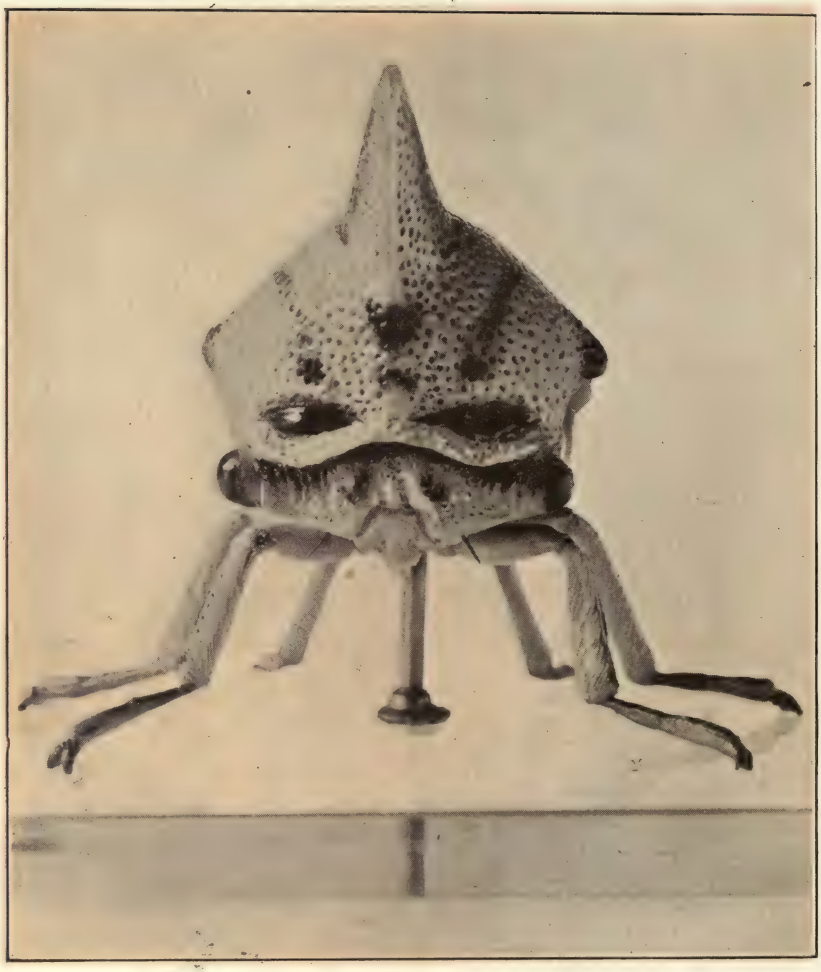


A curious specimen with huge nightcap, or Tam-o'-Shanter, from the Amazon territory, South America.



A fantastic specimen from Brazil.

two below, partly developed. Their two large eyes have a keen, droll look, and the line that separates the head, in some instances, gives them the appearance of wearing spectacles. They have four wings, the two posterior ones being smaller and transparent, while the anterior ones are more parchment-like. Some are clumsy in flight and use their wings mostly as a parachute. The hind pair of legs is longer than the front ones; and is em-



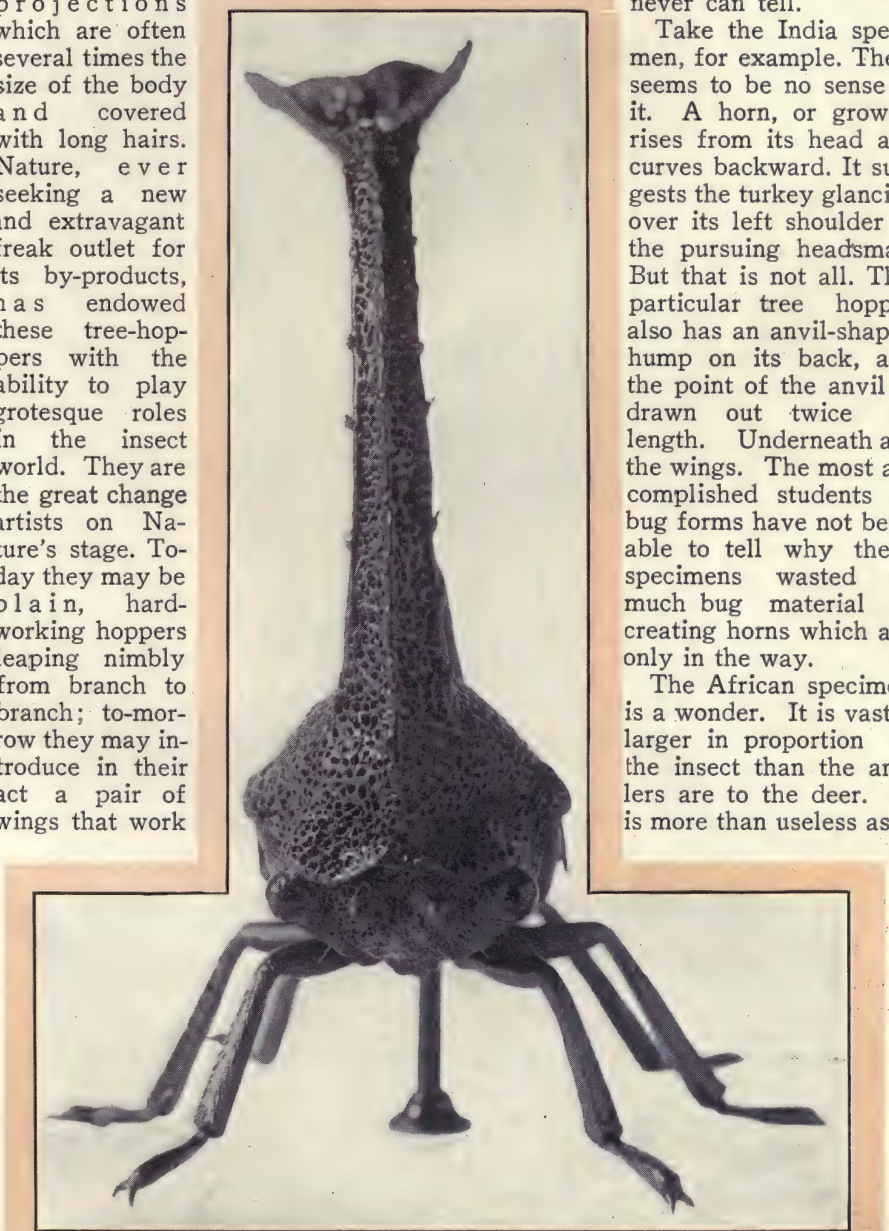
A spectacle-like tree-hopper from Peru.

ployed in leaping and jumping to considerable distances, which has given to these insects their common name of "Tree-hoppers." They are especially interesting on account of the peculiar development of the thorax, which, in grown specimens, is provided with singular horns or protuberances. These horns are often so freakish and extravagantly shaped that entomologists have hitherto been unable to account for their development and form. They remind one of some of the highly specialized horns and tusks of fossil reptiles and mammals. It is difficult to conceive of their being used by the insect in any way. This peculiar development is not so clearly seen in tree-hoppers of temperate regions as in the species from South and Central America, where they are often most surprisingly shaped. Some have a razor-like elevation on their backs. In others the prothorax is prolonged backward, like a roof, over the body, often quite covering the entire insect.

In some instances, the prothorax is an elevated nightcap; in others it is shaped like a Tam-o'-Shanter, and sometimes it has long horns, one on each side. Some possess a wonderful sword, or blade-like appendage, having ball-like projections which are often several times the size of the body and covered with long hairs. Nature, ever seeking a new and extravagant freak outlet for its by-products, has endowed these tree-hoppers with the ability to play grotesque roles in the insect world. They are the great change artists on Nature's stage. To-day they may be plain, hard-working hoppers leaping nimbly from branch to branch; to-morrow they may introduce in their act a pair of wings that work on the biplane or parachute principle, and in the next twenty-four hours they may greet the coming dawn with a novelty headgear or bonnet, looking for all the world like a cactus plant with a feather-edge horn extending over the back—you never can tell.

Take the India specimen, for example. There seems to be no sense in it. A horn, or growth, rises from its head and curves backward. It suggests the turkey glancing over its left shoulder at the pursuing headsman. But that is not all. This particular tree hopper also has an anvil-shaped hump on its back, and the point of the anvil is drawn out twice its length. Underneath are the wings. The most accomplished students of bug forms have not been able to tell why these specimens wasted so much bug material in creating horns which are only in the way.

The African specimen is a wonder. It is vastly larger in proportion to the insect than the antlers are to the deer. It is more than useless as a



A curious tree-hopper from India.



A queer-looking creature from Africa.

defense and utterly without anything to suggest an answer to why. Ordinary man cannot fathom the purpose of this remarkable combination of horn, dumb-bells and shaft appended to such a creature.

Brazil presents a specimen even more astonishing. It has a hump on its back shaped like a machinist's hammer, and an ungainly, blunt horn, which is directed upward and backward and resting on the hammer-head. This insect is top heavy, ungainly and bundled together so that it is not certain whether it is going or coming. Furthermore, an insect of the sort would never enter into a controversy as to its aim in life.

The little tree-hoppers are practically harmless, and are not usually found in sufficiently large numbers to constitute a pest. Nearly all the best and most curious specimens are obtained from various tropical parts of South and Central America, and India. The construction of the wax models requires most patient and delicate modeling and painting, in order to bring out the hundreds of indentures, cavities and lines.



INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCES

BY JOHN L. COWAN

AMONG all primitive peoples, the dance is a mode of religious expression. In the dance is found a ready physical means of expressing joy, exultation and the ecstacy of achievement. Hence, Miriam danced to a song of triumph after the successful passage of the Red Sea and the annihilation of the army of the Egyptians; and David danced before the ark of the Lord, when at last it was brought to Zion.

But with civilization and culture, the symbolism and mystic meaning of the dance is lost. It departs so far from the religious import it held in simpler times that priests and preachers are wont to denounce it as an invention of the Prince of Darkness. Even when used, as in India, as an adjunct of religious ceremonialism, it is likely to degenerate with culture into licentiousness. However, among the American Indians the religious ceremonial dance still survives in all its primitive purity, particularly among the Pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico. Living in a harsh and forbidding land, where the burning desert plain is matched by the brazen sky, their food supply is always precarious, and if, in any season, the rains are just a little longer deferred than usual, or just a little more scanty in volume, privation is likely to be the result. Hence they keenly feel their utter dependence upon the pow-



Shalako dancers, Pueblo of Zuni, New Mexico.



Mask used by the Shalako Indians. Worn in the ceremonial dance to induce rain.

ers of the unseen world, and their religion becomes one long-drawn-out prayer for rain. They have rites, including the dance, pertaining to birth, puberty, marriage, death, war, the chase, and other events and activities; but the really important religious ceremonies refer to the changing seasons, the germination or ripening of the crops, or in some manner to the food supply, with dramatic appeals to the gods that give or that may withhold the rains.

In all these ceremonies, designed to avert evil and to secure welfare, the dance is an important adjunct, although not the basis of such religious activities, as is sometimes thought. So a sojourner among the Pueblos sometimes thinks that the dance is regarded as the one important business of life. In some communities it appears that the people are always absorbed with the tribal dances—getting ready for a dance, dancing, or recovering from the effects of a dance. Some of these ceremonies are almost incredibly extended. The Hopis, for example, have no less than thirteen ceremonies, each of nine days' duration. In addition are a large number of katcina dances (the katcinas being the ancestral gods, or clan ancients, whose intervention with the major deities is desired), and scores of minor ceremonies.

The religious ceremonies of the Hopis of Arizona and of the Zunis of Western New Mexico are purely pagan —differing in no particular from those celebrated by their ancestors centuries ago. Those of the Pueblo communities along the Rio Grande present a curious mixture of Christianity and paganism. Rather, they are purely pagan, with just a gloss of Christian names and forms by way of introduction.

At the time of the Spanish occupation, each of the Pueblo villages was dedicated by the Franciscan missionaries to some saint, who became its patron. Sometimes the Indian name of the village was retained, and the name of the saint prefixed to it—as San Diego de Tesuque, San Lorenzo de Picuries and San Geronimo de Taos. In others, the village now has no name but that of the saint, as San Juan, San Ildefonso, San Felipe and Santa Clara. In still others the name of the saint has fallen into disuse, and only the aboriginal name of the village is popularly employed—as Jemez, for San Juan de los Jemez; Cochiti for San Buenaventura de Cochiti; and Isleta for San Antonio de Isleta. But in all the Pueblo villages in the valley of the Rio Grande the image of the patron saint is in the village church, and the saint's day is the occasion of the most important public festival.

In these villages the glossing over of the old religion with Christian names and formalism is one of the most curious phases of the present condition of the Pueblos. However, it is explained by the fact that for at least a hundred and fifty years the Inquisition was a real power in the American Southwest, and that outward conformity with the religion introduced by the missionaries was enforced by flogging and execution. So the Indian adopted the strange white God as a way of saving his skin, without in the



Harvest dance, Pueblo of Acoma, New Mexico.



A snake priest of the Hopis.

least abating his loyalty to the nature gods of his forefathers.

Of course the necessity for worshiping the God of the aliens has long since passed, but in the Rio Grande villages long custom had blunted antipathy. In the pantheon of the Pueblos there are hosts of gods, and, to their way of thinking, one more could do no harm, and might possibly be useful. So they are devout Catholics and unregenerate pagans at the same time, with no thought of inconsistency. Of course, this condition proves unmistakably that the spirit or significance of the Christian religion has never penetrated to their understandings. They are pagans to the core, and reverence the Cross only as the symbol of another deity, similar to, and certainly no greater, than the god who causes the corn to grow, or the gods who give the rain, control the springs and give the harvests. The Zunis and Hopis also were "converted" by the powerful arguments of force; but their settlements were remote from the seat of power, and in due time they massacred the missionaries and forsook the new god. Among them hardly a trace of Christian influence survives from the days of the Franciscans; the saints' days are totally forgotten, and the dances and other ceremonies are purely pagan.

Although the dances and the accompanying songs and ceremonies differ widely, yet the general mode of procedure in the Rio Grande Pueblos is similar. At sunrise on the day of the festival, an official whom we may consider a herald, ascends to a housetop, makes proclamation of the ceremony, and calls upon all to participate. This he repeats in various parts of the town. At nine o'clock mass is said in the church by a resident or visiting priest. At the conclusion of mass, the people form a procession and carry the image of the patron saint from the church to a temporary booth on one side of the plaza, where it remains all day. That ends the participation of the saint in the day's ceremonies. The dances, songs and rites are frankly pagan, directed solely to the propitiation of the old gods, and consisting mainly of prayers for an abundance of rain and a prosperous harvest.

In most of the communities, along with the image of the saint in the procession is carried a string of scalps of enemies slain in battles of the unforgotten past. These scalps are treasured among the most precious of the possessions of the communities. Some villages have special "scalp houses," for the custodianship of these relics of the golden age of war. In other villages they are kept in one of the "es-



Ruins of a palace of the Cliff Dwellers at Mesa, Colorado. Photograph taken expressly for the Overland Monthly.



Picture writing of the Cliff Dwellers representing the "Plumed Serpent," Pajarito Park, New Mexico.

tufas," or council chambers, or in the home of the Governor or some other dignitary. The scalp house at Zuni is a mere oven-like mound, in which the scalps are placed, and the entrance covered over with earth. A few years ago, when the scalp house was opened to obtain the precious relics for use in one of the processions, it was found that rats had found their way in and had destroyed most of the scalps; and great was the lamentation on account of this calamity. Similar accidents have, from time to time, happened in other communities, so that the supply of scalps is becoming disquietingly small.

After the procession the principal dance begins. Usually two parties of dancers participate, one party dancing for a while and then retiring to make room for the others. Songs are chanted beseeching the gods for their favor, and drums and other musical instruments add to the din. Clowns (called by Bandelier the "Delight Makers") crack rude and obscene jokes, and do their best to make themselves ridiculous and to keep everybody in an uproar. Most of the dancers are painted and adorned in the most fantastic manner possible; and many of them wear grotesque masks. In many of the dances the participants are regarded as personators of the gods—some taking the role of major deities, some of the ancestral gods, and some of messengers or couriers of the gods, and give dramatic representations of the Indians' conception of the everyday routine of life among the gods.

One of the most celebrated of the Pueblo dances is the Corn Dance of Santa Domingo, which takes place on August 4th. It is visited each year by large numbers of tourists and residents of Albuquerque, Santa Fe and other towns. The corn crop is then at the critical period of its development; and it is implicitly believed by the people that upon the fervor with which their efforts in this ceremonial occasion are regarded by the gods depend the abundance or scarcity of the harvest.



Acoma women. Many of them are extremely picturesque when garbed in the ancient, colorful native attire.

It need not be wondered at, then, that the Indians enter into their dancing and chanting heart, soul and body. They feel that they must prevail with the gods, or face starvation.

Not less famous is the harvest dance of the Indians of Taos, in northern New Mexico, visited every year by tourists, who make the trip from Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and other towns of Colorado. This festival takes place September 30th (Saint Jerome's Day), when the harvest is at its height. There is no more fertile or productive region in the entire Southwest than the beautiful Taos Valley,

so that this festival is an occasion of thanksgiving to the gods, as well as of prayer for a continuance of their favors. The dance is similar to that in other pueblos; but the ceremonies have a distinguishing feature in a pole-climbing contest. In the plaza is a tall, well-greased pole, at the top of which is tied a live sheep, a live rooster, and a basket containing specimens of all the fruits and grains produced by the people. The person who first succeeds in reaching the top of the pole cuts loose the sheep, chicken and basket; and as these reach the ground there is a wild scramble on the part of the onlookers to obtain a part of the spoil. Success means health and prosperity until the next year's festivities. Hence the keen eagerness to win the rude prizes.

No other religious ceremony in the world has attracted more wonder and amazement than the Snake Dance of the Hopis. It is, in fact, one of the most remarkable ceremonies of which we have any knowledge. It occurs in August, the exact date varying from year to year, and being fixed only sixteen days in advance. The whole ceremony, with its preliminaries, occupies nine days; but the Snake Dance itself, the crown and culmination of all, lasts not more than half an hour. It begins just as the sun is about to sink behind the distant San Francisco peaks; the dancers going through their weird performance holding live, venomous, wriggling rattlesnakes in their mouths. When the dance is over, the participants run at full speed to the foot of the mesa upon which the village is located, and there liberate the serpents. It is their belief that these carry to the great plumed serpent who controls the springs and underground waters, and through them the rains as well, an account of the ceremonies and prayers of the people. The Snake Dance, then, is purely a rain-making ceremony, occurring at the season of the year when rains are absolutely essential to the development of the corn.

The Hopis are the only Indians of the Southwest now having snake dancing ceremonies, but there is reason to believe that such ceremonies were once performed by all Pueblo communities, and even by the prehistoric cliff dwellers. Among certain of the Rio Grande pueblos, huge rattlesnakes are kept in captivity, and treated as sacred. From time to time, stories reach the outside world to the effect that live infants are sometimes fed to these huge serpents by the snake worshipers; but these tales are doubtless apocryphal. In the Pajarito Park region are many pictographs and petroglyphs crudely representing the plumed serpent; and from this it is argued that the Snake Dance of the Hopis is a heritage of the serpent worship of their remote progenitors, the cliff dwellers.

Next to the Snake Dance, perhaps, the Shalako Dance of the Zunis is the most spectacular of Pueblo Indian ceremonies. It takes place late in the fall, the date varying. The Shalako gods (or giant couriers of the rain-makers), the Ashiwanni (or rain priests) and the Koyemshi (or clowns) are the chief participants, although the bow-priests, fire-priests and personators of the celestial corn maidens, all take part. Some wear amazing ceremonial masks, made of deerskin, decorated with fur and feathers. The personators of the Shalako gods carry skirted effigies, surmounted by grotesque masks, so that they appear to be about nine feet tall. Many of the dancers are decorated with horns, or with strangely carved wooden figures, or are painted with designs representing cloud, rain and lightning symbols. The whole series of ceremonies lasts eight days, culminating in the Shalako Dance proper, and form a dramatic representation of scenes supposed to take place in the abodes of the gods. Near the village is a low shrine, believed by the Zunis to mark the exact center of the earth, which is conceived of as flat and shaped like a pancake. Around this shrine are performed interesting rites, with the offering of seeds and sacred meal to the gods of the "Middle Place."

THE CAPTURE OF THE DESERT WITCH

BY HERMAN E. STRUCK

ARE YOU sure, James, that you realize the full intent and importance of my visit to America?" Little Prof. Quiggs had recovered from the fatigue of the long stage ride enough to begin the realization of what he called his "life ambition," which, however, some hinted, had its birth quite late in life when his interest was suddenly transferred from its deep-worn course among ancient bones to a sport-loving widow. On the strength of a distant family connection which Quiggs claimed, Jim Klift pleased him by calling him uncle. Young Klift knew his uncle's mission, as did every one of his punchers, including the cook; but he allowed him the privilege of stating it. "Break away," he smiled indulgently; "let us see how you trim it in."

"I am preparing an exhaustive treatise upon the disgrace of the age: the decline of modern women, not alone by usurping the places of men, but by the complete disregard of those beautiful graces and restrictions and that true womanly contempt for athletics which characterized the women of past centuries. I was seeking climax material for the twentieth and final chapter when your annual post-card came, bearing that picture which called itself 'The Western Girl.' You remember it, perhaps, a wild young woman astride a wild horse and shooting with both hands a path through a charging herd of bison. I made inquiries and learned that your Western States abound with such women. My ignorance in this part of the world is pardonable, as my studies have been so closely linked with civilization; however, the facts astounded me! I took the first steamer for New York. And now here I am, my dear James, to write the final chapter. You produce the material. I make the psychological deductions. Introduce me to these Western women!"

"Get your hat and we'll see Mrs. O'Reilly, the cook."

"The cook! But, my dear James—well—er—I suppose——"

"Sure. I'd rather see you take her as a subject for analysis than—some others. A good way to make careful studies would be to act as her assistant in the kitchen. There's nothing like——"

"You misunderstand me! We have cooks in London, you know, but we have not the women who ride wild horses and carry guns and lasso steers."

"And you think we have?"

"Haven't you?"

Jim slowly closed one eye and his fingers hid his lips. "Maybe we have," he said, thoughtfully. "I'll see."

Though the following week brought nothing of scientific value to Prof. Quiggs, he found it highly enjoyable. As for the veneration shown him by Jim's rough men, he had experienced nothing to equal it in the best service of England. These men idolized him. Considering his station, he knew that this attention was only proper; he tried to show his appreciation by putting aside his ancestral sense of propriety so much as to eat with the cattlemen, and to give them freely of his wisdom, especially along the lines of mental and physical improvement. To all this, they listened with humble eagerness. For instance, feeling happy, one night, he drew old Spiller, the foreman, into the circle of listening pupils,

and after cross-examining him thoroughly to get a grip on his case, used it as an illustration, presenting with remarkable clearness the fact that Spiller had robbed himself and the world of an incalculable treasure by not taking advantage of his once great opportunity, and become a famous anatomist. Spiller's father had been a butcher.

"Look here, professor," said "Spike" Cameron, at the breakfast table, "here's 'Red' usin' his knife for a fork after your lecture last night. What'll we do with him?"

"Aw, g'wan," gulped "Red," "I'm practicin' to be a famous professor of sword swollerin'. Can I help you to something, Professor?" Every puncher thought this a laudable ambition, and immediately resumed the accustomed use of the knife, after which the meal proceeded with more jollity. Jim was seldom very talkative, and though he showed more careful breeding than his men, that fact did not suggest to any one an incongruity in their relation. He was a Westerner to the marrow.

"Hear about the stage robbery, professor?" asked Spike, when Jim had left the table.

"A robbery! No! Did it happen near here?"

"Right down in the gulch where you generally read. It was a one-man hold up—I won't say 'man,' 'cause it might have been a woman. They couldn't tell in the dark. But the party rode a black horse."

"There's a mighty pretty girl always rides a big black horse in these parts," put in Red.

"Is it possible? And could you connect this girl with the robbery?"

"I'm not connecting," evaded Red; "but this young lady is sure some whirlwind. She killed two Mexicans in Snake Canyon, and she has a way of robbin' a man that's a caution. Spike says she's a witch. She and her dad hunt coyotes in the desert."

"Extraordinary! I must look into this matter immediately. Where does she live?"

"That I'm not willin' to confess," said Red. "But Jim might tell you." At this, a knowing smile played around the circle, which broadened as Quiggs hurried out to find the ranchman.

"I have gathered remarkable material," he said, excitedly, when he had cornered him. "By a little cleverness I worked upon a remark of one of the men, and learned that there is at large in this neighborhood a young woman of the type in which I am scientifically interested!"

Jim acknowledged this with a grunt, and was conscious of fortifying himself.

"There is a mystery about her," continued Quiggs. "They would not give her name. Who is this desert witch?"

"Whoever told you withheld her name as a matter of delicacy. You're not exactly complimentary, uncle." After a minute of thought, he said: "I'll tell you a little more. The incidents leading up to what I'm about to tell you aren't important. One night she—this desert witch—drove a four-horse provision wagon on a stiff run out of a little mining burg near the Mexican line. This wasn't her business, remember. A young fellow pretty well shot up, whom she scarcely knew, was lying in the wagon keeping an eye on the road behind, where a couple of Mexicans who had done the shooting were following in a buckboard. The race continued through the night and through the next day. But the Mexicans had taken a different road and intended to head them off at a spring in the desert. The roads joined on a ledge overhanging Snake Canyon, a little south of the spring. She played out the wheel horses in the afternoon. She couldn't turn back. So with a pair of cayuses on the tongue, she climbed the last hill, and as the Mexicans turned into the main road, fifty yards below, and began shooting, she pulled off a coasting stunt that was not common. In some mysterious way she put the devil into those played-out ponies, and the whole outfit came down on the buckboard like a landslide. She



" . . dropped the men, horses and buckboard two hundred feet below into the tangle of the Snake Canyon."

wedged it between them and the bank and dragged men, horses and buckboard two hundred feet into Snake Canyon."

Jim hesitated.

"Since you've looking for the marvelous," he said slowly, "I may as well tell you that before the desert-witch left the hollow, she robbed him! But I must go to work."

"Not yet, not yet! This is my opportunity. Tell me where I can find the man she robbed."

Jim turned on his heel. "I'm the man."

In a flash, Quiggs grasped the other's arm. "Cost what it may," he whispered, "I must study this woman. I must meet her. I realize, my dear James, the extreme delicacy of your position: to be robbed by a woman, you know, after being lured—pardon me—of course, I do not know the circumstances. But we must find her. Why is it that such a criminal——"

Jim clapped his hand gently over Quiggs' mouth and admonished, "Be careful!"

"I mean," continued Quiggs, apologetically, "why don't the police authorities act? Why don't you capture her?"

"I am trying to capture her."

That was all Quiggs could get out of him. So he spent a miserable day, for every one, except the cook, was riding the range, and she would not tolerate him near the kitchen.

It would be difficult to describe the digins of his imagination while he waited for Jim to return. On the strength of the possibilities thus thrown open to him, he spent several hours re-tally sketching in the last chapter of his great work. It would be a big sensation, he thought, and incidentally, would be popular for that reason. It would show with striking clearness the steps of the decline: First, by woman's indulgence in minor forms of athletics, then gradually acquiring a lust for more violent pastimes, such as dealings with horses, racing, etc., which would eventually, as in the case of this desert witch, lead to the crimes of which he had just heard. And Jim meant to capture her!

Late one night, shortly after this, Jim came to Quiggs, who was absorbed in writing his book. He did not burst into the room, and yet it seemed to the professor that he did. He brought with him a strange new atmosphere in which Quiggs felt foreign.

"Listen, uncle," said the boy, "I've captured the desert witch." Then he executed a violent dance of triumph.

"That is," Jim modified, as he saw a business-like look come into the other's eyes, "I've made definite arrangements for her capture. You see, I couldn't do the stunt alone, so I asked a friend to help me. Colonel Thornton's daughter, Margaret. You've probably met her—a school-mate of mine—nice girl. I'm going to bring her up here to-morrow to talk the matter over with you. We want you to get what you can out of this deal."

"Superb! But I'm not acquainted with the lady. And you think she is capable? Remember, this is no child's play. We are dealing with an—er—"

"Just leave that to us."

"But where will it take place?"

"At Colonel Thornton's house, next Sunday night."

When Jim brought Margaret Thornton to the house, Quiggs received her with fatherly kindness, and Jim observed that she impressed the professor very favorably. She was girlish in physique and manner, and if it were not for her eyes, wherein lay a deep, mysterious calm, Quiggs felt he could hardly consider her seriously. When they had outlined briefly the plan of capture, Jim was called away by one of the men. When he returned an hour later, Quiggs was reciting to an appreciative listener upon feminine ideals, and it was plain that Quiggs, at least, had not missed him.

Later in the day, when the two men were again alone, Quiggs had quite forgotten the robber woman. "James," he said, concernedly, "you say Miss Thornton has always lived here?"

"We were school-mates."

"I cannot understand it. Where did she get her culture? She is out of place here—a rose bud in a sage brush desert! And the way she carries her charms!"

"Then you think she is beautiful?"

"Who could help it? But her soul beauty even exceeds her physical. I will be frank: in all my travels I have never met a woman who approaches so nearly my ideals as Miss Thornton. Tell me, James, doesn't she interest you?"

"Why, uncle, I'm human. We were kids together; we used to ride——" Here Jim paused as if he had blundered. "Do you know, Margaret rides?"

"Oh, yes; so she explained to me. A little riding is highly beneficial to her. Besides, if she rode continually—remember, we are dealing with an exceptional case—it would not be improper, or harmful, because she has soul force which anything physical cannot affect."

They were both silent for a time. Finally Jim said, lamely, yet with a firmness which betrayed a point to gain: "Just for the fun of argument, let's imagine a miracle. Suppose that when we have captured and studied the desert witch, we find that she has qualities which you, yourself, could admire—don't interrupt—you say it is impossible, but remember we're dealing with a miracle. If, as in Margaret's case, we find that her wild riding is highly beneficial to her for physical reasons, and even the robberies could be explained to your satisfaction—in short, if we found her as good as the best of women, what would your position in the matter be?"

"I say it is impossible for any virtue——"

"It's not a question of possibility. Remember, we're just supposing. But come down to it: what would your position be?"

"My dear James, what is the use of wasting words?"

"I'll tell you how you stand," interrupted Jim, with a little heat. "You come out to this Western country to prove and elect a psychological nightmare by using an illustration of which you are quite ignorant. Since you are willing to pivot all the evidence you have gathered elsewhere," he continued, calmly, "upon a single case which happens to agree with that evidence, isn't it only just that this particular case, if it finally deny previous evidence, should still be allowed its weight in determining the truth?"

"Certainly."

"Then if this case, as it now stands, strengthens your evidence to the point of sensationalism, wouldn't this case, should it later develop antagonistically to your wishes, weaken all evidence of lesser strength?"

"Very true; but, James, we must be practical. We are not dealing with a dream, but with the real."

"If such a dream were possible, wouldn't it give your theory and your book quite a jolt?"

"If all women were suddenly proved angels, my book still would have value as a literary work."

Jim smiled a little sadly, as he rose to go. "Good luck to you," he called back. Quiggs watched him ride off in a cloud of dust. "The boy is young yet," he muttered. "Experience is all he needs—he will get over it."

Sunday morning, Jim came to Quiggs. "I'm sorry," he said, "but instead of waiting until this afternoon to take you over to Thornton's, as we planned, I must go now, as there are a number of things to look after. But I'll come to get you this evening."

Quiggs thought a moment. "How far is it to Colonel Thornton's?"

"Ten miles."

"It might interfere with the night's work, if you made that long trip for me. I will come alone—say, about seven o'clock."

"Well, if you wish. I'll be there to meet you. I'm off."

All day Quiggs was busy preparing for the great event, and with every hour he grew more nervous. There was his camera to polish and the old "gun" Spike had given him, and a

hundred other little matters to see to. In the stable was an old, meek pony, which he had learned to ride; he was very proud of it, and personally cared for the animal, at the same time giving Spike valuable suggestions upon the care of horses.

Quiggs allowed himself three hours for the ten miles' ride. Every man on the ranch—the cook and even the dogs—gathered to see him ride off. He was conscious of cutting a dashing figure in his broadcloth and silk hat—a fact which the cheers that followed him verified.

He had planned to arrive at seven sharp, but owing to a spirited half hour lecture upon the cruelties of "tight lacing," which Spike had received, the saddle slipped forward into its accustomed place and then sideways, spilling its contents. The mare was of a charitable and long-suffering disposition, but she possessed a characteristic sense of humor. As the game of chase on this occasion called for no exertion, she played it with all the zest of youth. Quiggs walked the last five miles.

He found what he thought to be Colonel Thornton's house, and was about to enter, when a lantern near the stable attracted him.

"Is this Colonel Thornton's place?" he asked of a man who was working with the horses.

"Yes, sir. Big doin's here to-night." The man eyed him, curiously.

"Am I too late?"

"Oh, no—lots of time. Old Taylor hasn't come yet. Taylor," he explained with a smile, "is the man who sees that the thing is carried through accordin' to law."

Quiggs reflected that he would like to meet a real Western sheriff, and he could not help thinking that Taylor would feel honored to meet him. He gave Jim credit for thinking of this detail to have an officer present. "I suppose Mr. Taylor has had experience," he ventured.

"He's an old hand at it. I don't think either one will get off without a life sentence."

"Either one! Is there more than one?"

The man stared at Quiggs as though doubting his sanity, but he answered: "The man is as much implicated as the woman."

"Which man?"

"Jim Klift."

"Ruffian," cried Quiggs, "it is a falsehood! James' character is spotless. How dare you connect him with this criminal?"

The man laid a firm hand on the professor's shoulder, while the latter glared up at him. Neither spoke for some time. "Mister," said the ranchman, "I guess you think I'm nutty alright. Forget it. Now, before going into the house let me brush the dust off you; and take a drink—it will refresh you. Are you used to good wine? Mighty fine gun you've got there," he added, taking it out of Quiggs' pocket. "Come, let's get a drink."

More because Quiggs saw an opportunity to impress his dignity upon the fellow than for any lure of the wine, he followed him. They crossed the ranch yard, and entered a sod-roofed excavation. When he had sampled the wine, which was excellent, Quiggs charity broadened; he laid his hand forgivingly on the hostler's shoulder, and said. "There is one fault that you good Westerners have: it is an unwavering, unmitigated contempt for the higher——"

"Excuse me a second, partner," interrupted the guide, as he stepped out the door. Then as he slowly closed it behind him, he said: "I'm going to lock you in here till I learn more about your pedigree."

Quiggs was too upset to reply. He was in total darkness. There were no windows. Just one star mocked him through a narrow crack in the roof. He cried for help until his voice gave out. Why had the lunatic trapped him, he wondered.

Jim had deceived him, and was a close friend of this desert witch; Miss Thornton had, like himself, been deceived; and he stood now on the threshold of an unimaginable mystery

which any moment might break over him its awful realities.

Quick steps outside aroused him; he saw a light through a crack in the door, and then Jim stood before him, amazement in his face. "Forgive me, uncle," he said. "I had forgotten you. Jake must have been crazy to put you here. I never will——"

"I am done with you! I know it all."

"That we were married to-night?"

"Married! You married this woman! Let me get away from here." He paused as a new thought came to him. "Miss Thornton, what does she think of you—how does she take the deception?"

"She hasn't discovered any deception. I guess she doesn't dislike me. But she isn't Miss Thornton any more.'

"What!"

"She is Mrs. Klift."

Somebody came up and spoke to Jim. Quiggs stepped behind him, and then, unseen, hurried away toward Jim's ranch.

A little later, Jim and Margaret, behind a fast-traveling team, overtook him on the road. Jim lifted his bride from the buckboard, and they confronted the somewhat dazed professor.

"I am sorry," she said, tearfully. "Could you try to forgive us?"

"It was all my fault," put in Jim. And then all three were silent.

"If you will try to forgive me," said Quiggs. "It seems to have been a very successful capture," he added, as he gave them his hands. Jim thought so, too.

"James, I haven't had the pleasure of being 'robbed' as you have; but this seems to be a kind of 'hold-up.' I've learned my lesson."

That night Prof. Quiggs became a Westerner.

THE WAY OF THE TOURIST

BY EUNICE WARD

The Gentle Tourist from the East
 Seems very much inclined
To seek amid this Western land
 The things he left behind.

He looks for miles of level blocks
 With many-storied walls,
Or shady streets and fenceless lawns
 Before ancestral halls.

He balks at Spanish names (but talks
 Of Mattawamkeag, Maine.)
He never felt the cold so much
 At home, is his refrain.

He dreams of meadows brightly green
 And scorns our summer brown,
He scoffs, derides, complains—then buys
 A lot and settles down.



THE FISHERMAN

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

"Father," she whispered softly,
"I love the golden strand,
And the waves that toss their pearly gifts
On the glittering, shifting sand."

"Ah, daughter, I fain would linger
On the shore where my dear ones bide;—
But the fisherman's way lies yonder—
O'er the ocean's pathway wide."

"But, father, the purple billows
Are drowning the sunlight's gold,
And the strand is streaked with shadows,
While the shrieking winds blow cold."

"There are mouths to be fed, my daughter,
There are little brown feet to be shod,
And the traps must be set, while my babies dear
Are safe in the Land of Nod."

So the fisherman kissed his daughter,
And then bade her hasten home,
As he steered his brown boat outward
O'er a gray path edged with foam.

The fisherman's babies slumbered,
All safe in the Land of Nod,
And his wife at their bedside kneeling,
Cried through the storm to God.

"Oh, keep him, Heavenly Father,
And bring him back, I pray—
From the dark abyss of night-time
To the blessed light of day!"

At dawn, as the golden sunbeams
Were threading morn's mists of gray,
The waves crooned low a requiem
Where the sea's pale victim lay.

And the fisherman's children, sleeping,
Heard naught of the night's fierce storm,
While the wife, with her strained eyes watching,
Saw naught of the still, white form.

But the Father on high had hearkened
The voice calling loud through the night,
And He guided the fisherman Homeward
To His shores, lit with wondrous light.



A SON OF THE PLAINS

BY LILLIAN SCOTT TROY

AS THE Overland Limited steamed over the broad, seemingly endless Wyoming plains, on its journey eastward, the girl gazing thoughtfully out of the Pullman window, wondered what the end of the long ride held for her. The grassy plains were so inviting, and the sky seemed so blue, and everything looked so big and grand and free. She smiled as the thought came to her that she would like to be out there on that great expanse—that she wished she was not going East; she felt she would find hardship—but New York was such a big place, there must be plenty of work. But what could she do? What had her college education fitted her for? She knew of nothing practical. She could enjoy all that was high in art, literature, and well—yes—comforts, such as she had always had, until a few months previous, when her guardian had informed her that she was three years past the legal age, and had a balance in the bank to her credit of two hundred dollars.

This was a shock to the girl, and she bitterly regretted her indifference in the past, when her father's old business associate told her that she was altogether too extravagant, and that she would exhaust her fortune in a few years if she didn't reduce her expenses. With the heedlessness of youth she had not fully understood her guardian's warning, and lived the four years at college as she had at her home, sparing no expense either for dress or pleasure. The indifference she exhibited when he tried to mention the financial subject at first annoyed the man, and finally he allowed her to have her own way, and after the first year at college he forebore to refer to the subject again, until the day of her graduation. Then he turned over the small balance of two hundred dollars, and washed his hands of her.

The following day she left Stanford forever. She registered at one of the best hotels.

Quite a few days were spent in San Francisco in this thinking out process, and she found the situation more difficult to solve than an algebraic equation, in which the coefficient of the moon is X. She hesitated to call upon any of her old chums, because she didn't want to make them unhappy at the idea of her plight. But she knew there was only one thing left for her to do, and that was to get a position—as something—quickly, for her hotel bill was steadily diminishing her little sum of money.

"I'll call on Mary Easton!" she thought jubilantly. "Her father has so much influence—maybe he'll let me work for him!"

The next day, carrying out her intention, she found both Mrs. Easton and Mary at home, and they received Helen with all the warmth and affection of the closest and dearest friends in the world. When they heard that she had been in town a week, they chided her for her tardy call.

"Why, you naughty child! You're coming right to this house to-day to stay just as long as ever we can hold you," and Mrs. Easton rang for the butler in order that she might send to the hotel for Miss Bently's trunks.

"What do you think, Helen!" exclaimed Mary, pink with excitement, "mamma has secured my invitations for two of the very swellest dancing

clubs for next winter; and I'm going to come out the very first thing in the autumn!"

Helen smiled a little when Mary naively added: "Yes, mamma had an awful pull of it to get the invites, and I declare I don't think she would have gotten them at all if it hadn't been for Mrs. Harding. You see, the Hardings owe papa a lot of money, and mamma just gave Mrs. Harding to understand that if she didn't want her to be disagreeable and mean she had better make a hustle for my invites. The Hardings know simply everybody—and if they wanted to be mean—why, mamma said she would make papa "squeeze them."

Although this speech was not just up to Helen's code of fair play, she charitably forebore to remark upon it.

During tea, Mrs. Easton showed such solicitude for Helen's future, and seemed so delighted and pleased at the idea of having Mary's college friend for a guest that Helen, her innocent heart warming toward the woman and girl, frankly unbosomed herself to them about her financial condition.

When the short recital was finished, Mrs. Easton rang the bell for the butler, and turning to Helen she said stiffly: "Dear me, Miss Bently, when I asked you to be our guest I actually was stupid enough to forget that we have some guests coming this evening who are to remain with us quite some time. Of course, you will understand that we simply won't be able to entertain you while they are here."

Mary sat with wandering gaze, nervously twisting her hands, her eyes never once meeting Helen's startled looks.

"Mary," said Mrs. Easton, in a hard, metallic voice, "you must go right up to Jenkins and have her fix your hair for to-night."

Without a hand-clasp, and with a very low and short "Good afternoon," Mary sailed quickly out of the room, leaving Helen mystified, chagrined and humiliated.

"I shall be very busy this afternoon preparing to receive my guests, and I am sure you will pardon me if I run away now," said Mrs. Easton as she stood by the bell, still ringing, although the patient butler stood in the doorway. "I shall countermand the order for your trunks,"

Without a word, Helen rose, and looked at the woman whose eyes were even more shifty than those of her daughter. She could not trust herself to speak; tears of indignation were ready to fall, and with a formal nod of her aristocratic little head she passed quickly from the presence of the woman who had treated her unkindly.

For the first time in her young life Helen realized that money, or rather the lack of it, was the thing that caused the most unhappiness in the world. This day, she told herself, was the most unhappy day in her whole life, and a strange feeling came over her that it was only the beginning of a long series.

The hard task of finding a position where experience was not necessary soon filled all her waking hours. She moved from the expensive rooms in the hotel, to cheap but cleanly lodgings.

After many failures she decided that she must take a position as salesgirl temporarily, until she found something better. Accordingly, one bright morning in June she entered one of the large stores patronized by ladies of wealth. She made known her wishes to the superintendent, asking if he could permit her to go to work immediately. "Sort of bluff, isn't it?" he said, staring boldly at her pretty tailored gown.

"I don't think I quite understand you," she said, coloring painfully.

"You don't want a job in any store, when you can afford to swell it like this," the superintendent answered.

"But, indeed, I must work. I want a position very badly," the girl answered, with the tears welling up in her eyes.

"You're too pretty to work, girlie," he answered, with a grin on his fat face. "Has your gentleman friend gone back on you—or are you looking for

another one? Any one that comes to this store has got to work, and we haven't time to waste on every girl who has a row with her fellow and tries to start the independent dodge. You better go home and be good——"

The highly-strung, sensitive girl waited to hear no more, but hurried from the store. In her innocence she did not comprehend the vile meaning of the man, but she knew that his tone was disrespectful, that he was coarse and vulgar.

Reading an afternoon paper in the restaurant where she ate her dinner that night an advertisement for "cultured ladies to visit cultured people," met her eye, in one of the classified columns, and she wrote the name and address of the advertiser on one of her cards, and indicted a letter that evening in which she gave as much of her history as she thought imperative, adding that she had had no experience whatever in any kind of work.

In ten days she received an answer, telling her to come to New York at once, where she "could easily make fifty dollars a week." This answer brought joy to the unhappy girl, and she proceeded to pack her trunks, and made ready to leave San Francisco on the morrow.

When she had purchased her ticket and sleeper she had just thirty dollars in her purse. Twenty dollars of this was eaten up in excess baggage, and she found that she would have hardly enough money left with which to pay for her meals en route.

Youth is seldom addicted to worrying, and by the time the train had left San Francisco, Helen ceased to worry about the future; she thought that she was going to New York to fill a good position—'twould be a living, anyway, and Helen was very proud.

By the time the train reached the great plains of Wyoming, Helen had regained her normal condition of mind again. As she gazed out over the great, quiet expanse, she indulged in day dreams. Sometime she would come back to this wonderful country and enjoy a few months of the summer on the prairie. It seemed as if there was no living thing on the plain, excepting a herd of cattle away over to the south——

Just then the train stopped with a jerk, and the passengers jumped up in alarm. A gearing had broken, and the conductor said it would take nearly half an hour to repair the damage. Most of the passengers alighted in order to take advantage of the delay and get a breath of fresh air. Helen welcomed the opportunity of getting out of the cars, and taking her hat from the paper bag in which an obliging porter had put it, she stepped briskly from the train and started to walk down the track. Most of the passengers were at the forward end of the train watching the crew repair the damage.

Half an hour! How cooling the soft breeze felt as it blew a stray, brown curl across her face! It was not yet noon, and the air held all the refreshing sweetness of the morning. The tall grass of the prairie swayed gently in the light wind, and the drowsy hum of the insects in the fragrant grass seemed to calm any unrest that might have lurked in the girl's heart. She loved nature—she was a romanticist, and to one of that disposition the sublime must always appeal, whether it be the sea, or its antithesis, the wide, rolling prairie.

Helen had walked perhaps two hundred yards, safe in the thought that the train would not start for at least half an hour. The rarefied air carried to her startled ears the curt "all aboard," and she turned and ran with all her might for the slowly moving train. The train began to make speed, the breathless, running girl hoped that some of the passengers would see her from the observation car and signal the conductor to stop the train; but the passengers did not see the figure of the girl frantically waving to the fast-moving train. In her wild run Helen tripped and fell, striking her head against one of the steel rails. She lay where she had fallen, unconscious—miles and miles from human habita-

tion, the only living thing on that vast, waving expanse, except perhaps the cattle in the distance, and the wild things in the brush and grass.

* * * *

When consciousness returned to the unhappy girl, she sat up slowly and looked around her—mystery in the depths of the sweet, violet eyes. As her attention fell on the track it all came back to her, and she strained her eyes in a vain endeavor to discern the train in the distance. Looking at her watch, she was surprised to find that the afternoon was well advanced. The heat was almost unbearable, and the cooling breeze that had stirred the grass in the morning had entirely subsided, leaving only the glaring glimmer of the hot June sun, and the glassy waves of heat-impregnated air.

Her lips were parched with thirst, and she looked around hopelessly, wondering where she could find water. She realized the danger of losing sight of the track, and in the anticipation that a freight train might pass, she started to walk along the ties in the direction of the train that had started without her.

After an hour of painful trudging, the thirst that racked her became maddening. Her head ached, and she was foot-sore and weary. She had not fully recovered from the bad effect of her fall, and she gave little heed to her awful position. Water—it was water that filled her thoughts. She stood on the track and surveyed the horizon in every direction. She saw the cattle far over to the south. Surely they must have water—they always found the streams and water holes—she would go there. The idea that the cattle were wild, and that to approach them meant grave danger, never entered into her calculations. The one paramount idea was—water. She must have water.

She judged the distance to where the cattle were grazing to be about two miles, whereas in reality it was a good ten; the rarefied air of the prairie deceived her vision, and made objects seem much nearer than they really were.

Now and then, in the depths of a coulee, she would lose sight of the cattle, but the same brave spirit that had always characterized her, bade her plod on and on. Once or twice when she seemed to have lost all sense of direction she took her guidance from the sun—that sun which was causing her such misery. After an hour's tramp over the rough prairie, that had appeared so smooth and level from the train window, her steps began to falter—her head rang with a thousand hammering sounds—all power of thought seemed to be gradually leaving her—she forgot where she was; forgot even who she was—and with but one incoherent thought of water—water—she sank down into the deep grass.

The sun gradually declined below the earth and sky line, and the summer twilight stretched into night, and still the girl lay quiet and motionless in the arroyo. As the stars came out, the prairie dogs began to appear; many of them seemed to know that the object lying in the grass had no power to harm them, and they curiously sniffed around the prostrate form.

The rays of the full moon were just beginning to drive away the shadows in the arroyo, when the notes of a gentle and soothing song—such as the cowboy sings to the herd when it shows signs of restlessness, the precursor of a stampede—were borne, sweet and clear, on the night air.

The singer was drawing nearer and nearer to the place where the girl lay; the startled shying of his horse, instantly drew his gaze from the heavens to the ground at his feet.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, at the same time dismounting quickly and throwing the bridle rein over his shoulder. A few steps brought him to the girl. Bending over her he exclaimed even more forcibly than before. Almost buried in the tall grass lay the body of a girl! The bright moonlight falling on her up-turned,

childish face, showed every line of the rare beauty of her features. The soft brown hair fell over the fair throat and shoulders, and the long, dark lashes swept the pale cheeks. In one glance the man saw all this, and, too, he saw the small, white hand and arm outstretched on the grass, and the graceful curves of the beautiful body, as it lay so ominously quiet at his feet.

"My God! how did she get here!" he muttered, as he fell on his knees beside her, and lifted her head and shoulders gently. He listened for the beating of her heart and found it distinct, but very faint.

"She can't die—she won't die!" he said aloud, as he lifted her in his arms and looked at the fair face that lay against his arm so helplessly.

A man, a maid and the moonlight—and most of all, a situation—yes, the situation means much—and how quickly the little blind god begins to take aim.

Rankin laid the unconscious girl again on the ground and began to chafe her hands and arms in an endeavor to restore her senses. He watched intently for the flutter of her eyelids, wondering what the color of the eyes might be. He was sorry for once that he was not a man who carried a flask with him; if he only had a teaspoonful of brandy to press between those pale lips! There was not a drop of water in his canteen. Could he manage to get her over to the water-hole? It was only a mile distant. He would try, anyway. His efforts to restore the girl to consciousness were futile. He took her in his arms again, and speaking soothingly to his horse, he raised her to the saddle, and holding her with one arm, sprang up behind her. The mustang resented carrying an extra burden, but by the gentle use of the spurs and the deft handling of the bridle rein, he proceeded to lope resignedly over the prairie in the direction of the water-hole.

The evening breezes played havoc with the girl's hair, and the girl's hair played havoc with the man's heart. She lay against his heart so closely—perhaps it wasn't quite necessary to hold her so crushed to him—but the moonlight—the man—and, most of all, the maid. After a time he guided the mustang with his knees alone, and both arms reverently encircled the girl. He rarely raised his eyes from her face, almost trusting entirely to the instinct of his mount to find the water-hole.

The constant loping of the little buckskin over the uneven ground was quite sufficient to make the blood circulate in anything animate, and it had a salutary effect upon Helen Bently, for without a moment's warning she sighed faintly and opened her eyes. Opened them wide, too, and the man watching her so longingly, had a full half minute of bliss gazing into the depths before she lowered them. A wave of delirious joy swept over Rankin's soul! They were just as he had pictured them to be—large, violet-blue—how innocent and pure!

For a moment after Helen opened her eyes neither man nor girl spoke. The girl was too dazed and the man couldn't find words. Perhaps he fancied that to break the silence would break the spell, and he would waken to find that he had been sleeping in the saddle, and the lovely girl in his arms was only a vision of his dreams.

But her struggling brought him to a swift realization of the situation, and he hastened to reassure her.

"Please, please, don't be frightened," he said earnestly. "You are quite safe now."

The feeble efforts to free herself ceased with the first reassuring word. Possibly the memory of the grave face with the dark brown eyes that she had looked into a minute ago, together with the soft mellowness of the rich voice, had an influence too. She looked up into his face with a timid, half-curious expression.

Rankin smiled encouragingly at her, and settling her more comfortable in the saddle, he said:

"You must have fainted. I found you a little while ago lying in the

grass." He strove to keep the note of curiosity out of his tone, but from the time he had found her, miles from even a cattle ranch, he had not ceased to wonder who she was, and how she came to be lying alone and helpless on the great range of the Big Brand cattle lands.

Only one word escaped her parched lips, "Water!" The man put spurs to the mustang, and in a few minutes they reached the spring.

The cold water revived the girl wonderfully, and she sat up, supporting herself with one hand resting on the ground beside her. The color that had forsaken her smooth cheeks and her prettily curved lips, now returned to them. The consciousness that she had been held in the arms of this handsome stranger, and that he had ministered to her needs so kindly and respectfully, caused the blushes to mantle her face. She stole a glance at the tall form leaning over the pool, and the sight of his apparent manliness gave her courage, and she said, "I don't know how to thank you for your kindness to me——" "Now, I beg of you," interrupted Rankin, "please do not say a word, or you'll embarrass me," and they both laughed spontaneously.

Rankin proceeded to tell her how he had found her at the bottom of the arroyo. She, in turn, related how she had been left alone on the prairie, when the Overland pulled out; and she told him of her suffering from thirst, and how she had wandered off to find the cattle. Rankin's heart ached for her, but somehow he rather blessed the chance that had enabled him to help her, and he was glad that she had taken that fatal walk down the track. He knew nothing of her home or where she was going—and he didn't care. The most important thing just then was that he was the only one for miles and miles around that could help her, and he rejoiced in it.

As Helen listened to his voice she instinctively felt that he was a gentleman. She couldn't account for his cowboy garb, but she noted with satisfaction that his general appearance was neat, and that his hair was combed becomingly. She remembered with what ease he had seemed to carry her to the water-hole, and she covertly surveyed the six feet of American manhood that stood tightening the saddle girth. She decided that she liked the shape of his head—and his chin was—well, it couldn't be more perfect.

A realization of the fact that she was very weary and tired, and was goodness knew where on the prairie at night, with a strange man, overcame her, and tired and hungry as she was, small wonder that the tears came in a torrent. In a second Rankin was beside her, and placing his arm around her shoulder, and drawing the bent, sobbing girl to him, he tried to comfort her.

"Why, you dear little child, you mustn't feel so badly. I'll have you home in no time, and to-morrow you will not feel a bit tired or weary. Just wait until I bring Kicking Bess over here, and we'll be off for the ranch house."

The tears and sobs stopped long enough for Helen to ask in surprise: "You don't mean that there is a house near!"

"Well," Rankin said, with just a little hesitation, "it isn't so very near, you know, but Kicking Bess can make ever such good time, and it won't take such a very long time to get there."

The sobs ceased, and Helen drew gently away from the arm that encircled her shoulders. Rankin assisted her to rise, but made no attempt to carry her to the horse, merely assisting her with his arm to the mustang. He feared to offend her, and as he was about to assist her to the saddle, he was on the verge of asking her pardon for putting his arm around her shoulders when the sudden jumping aside of Kicking Bess threw Helen into his arms.

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't know your horse was going to do that."

With a smile, Rankin held Kicking

Bess by the bridle rein with one hand, and with the other assisted Helen to mount. He jumped up quickly behind her, and after one or two stubborn jumps and kicks, Kicking Bess settled down to the long, regular strides that were to take them to the ranch house of the Big Brand.

Although Helen was a fair rider, in her weakened condition she would never have been able to keep her seat if Rankin did not hold her with his arm.

"You see, Miss—Miss—if I don't hold you on, you will fall off," and after trying to keep her seat without the aid of his arm, and nearly falling off twice, she patiently consented to be held on.

The first five or six miles of the long ride passed well enough, but by the time they had covered ten miles, Helen could not sit erect any longer; the brown head, after many efforts to keep up, finally dropped back on the broad breast of Rankin. He pulled Kicking Bess up sharply, and without asking permission, placed the girl in a more comfortable position, and drew her head down on his breast.

"Now, doze off to sleep, if you can, and feel that you are in safe hands. When we reach the ranch house, I will waken you."

She was too tired to protest, and accepted the situation with a sigh of contentment.

The mustang knew the direction homeward, and needed no guidance. The girl was sleeping quietly; two strong arms held her tightly, and once again the man blessed the lucky chance that had enabled him to rescue such a girl.

Rankin was not the sort of man who would be easily impressed with a woman. His respect for the individual woman was great; he thought that this thing that some women call love was very often bartered for money and position, and the idea of having a girl marry him for his money was abhorrent to him. Consequently he was glad when the spring and summer came—he could come to his Western ranch and get away from the selfish, money-fevered crowds of the great metropolis. Even during the winter season, when New York is at its height, he would oblige his father's sister by remaining in town for one or two of her functions; then he would be off for Southern Europe or somewhere else far away from the madding holiday crowd.

When his thirty-fifth birthday had come and gone, his aunt asked him a little sadly if he never saw any girl in her drawing rooms that he thought he could marry.

"Aunt Katherine," he answered, "when I fall head over heels in love I shall want to marry, and not one minute before."

Aunt Katherine sighed hopelessly, for she thought that the present indifference to the blandishments of the fair sex rather precluded the idea of a "head over heels" day ever coming.

As Kicking Bess sped over the moonlit prairie with her double burden, Rankin thought of the words he had been wont to parry his aunt's questions with, and he wondered if that much laughed at "head over heels" day had come at last.

As he looked at the sweet face lying so quietly on his breast, his pulse beat faster, and he wondered if she would care—could she care for him? Then, loverlike, he tortured himself with the thought that there might be "some one else."

But Harold Rankin was a man of firm determination; he promised himself to make a brave effort to win against that some one else if he existed.

His face was so close to hers that he could feel the warm breath on his cheek; the slightly parted lips were so soft and dewy that he had been less than human if he had not been tempted. She would never know—she was asleep—why— why——

Suddenly the tugging at the horse's bit arrested his attention. Kicking Bess was running away. Maddened by the woman's skirts and the extra burden, the high-strung brute had the

bit between her teeth, and the entire strength in the man's hand could not hinder her mad rush onward. The girl still rested lovingly against his breast as, with one arm, he held her to him and the other's strength bore firmly upon the mare's jaws. Useless the attempt. White with fear for the girl, who was now in her danger inexpressibly dear, he placed his lips close to her ear. "Are you sleeping?" The blue eyes suddenly opened. "Oh, oh, what is the matter? Please, please!" "Hush, don't move; do as I bid you. My mare is running away. I cannot save either of us unless you obey me. Put both your arms about my neck. Now, then, hold tight. We're nearing a ravine. My horse is mad! Hold tighter—tighter!"

The words were hardly from his lips before the girl realized that a terrible death was staring them in the face. She knew the row of giant trees that lined the gorge would stop their mad flight—or else the horse would slide between them with his precious burden into the deep hole beyond.

But what was the cowboy, this son of the plains, doing? He was unloosening his feet from the stirrups; he had dropped the useless bridle, and was telling her again to hold him closer.

Onward they swept toward the line of trees, the mare's feet measuring the distance with terrifying velocity. Then suddenly the girl's heart stood still. In an instant more they would be together in the bottom of the gorge. Helen closed her eyes and tried to pray—tried to call up the childish faith that had once served for all difficulties. With a startling suddenness she felt her body being lifted upward. One look—she saw two giant arms flash into the air, heard a voice command her obedience, felt her weight growing heavier, and Helen Bently saw an exhibition of strength such as she had never witnessed before. As they swept under the trees, Rankin's arms shot upward, and the cowboy grasped the long limb of the tree, lifting himself and the girl bodily from the saddle, and the mare shot from under them, crashing into the gorge below, leaving the man and girl suspended in the air. No words escaped their lips for many minutes. Rankin held the girl closely after dropping to the earth.

Then she told him in broken sentences of her gratitude, her great admiration for him. He replied that her debt to him could be repaid by giving him her future plans. She should never leave him could he prevent it. When he heard her innocently tell of the advertisement she had answered in a New York paper, his face burned with indignation.

"Why, Miss Bently, you can't go to New York on any such wild goose chase as that? Don't you know that an advertisement of that order, if it be at all legitimate, which I doubt, is simply put in by people who want house to house canvassers or lot sellers on a commission!"

"Oh, dear, dear, how can that be? Why, they answered me and said that I was to come right on to New York." Consternation seemed to overcome her, Rankin assured himself that Helen Bently would never leave for New York until such time as he would go with her. They were walking now, and when they had reached the small, plain house, called by courtesy the ranch house, Rankin immediately ordered the Chinese cook to bring in supper. The Celestial had been looking for his master for the last two hours, and he hastily laid another place for the pretty white girl, and proceeded to bring in what was left of the supper. After they had dined, Rankin showed the girl to a hard-wood room—his own, the one thing about the Big Brand that looked like Eastern civilization. The house consisted only of a large living room, two bedrooms and a kitchen. Outside, a quarter of a mile away, were the corrals, and the bunk house of the men.

Helen was glad to retire, with the hand that Rankin had held so long across her heart, and a feeling of rest and happiness flooding her soul.

In the morning she awoke after a refreshing and peaceful sleep. She greeted Rankin with a bright smile, and as she poured the coffee at breakfast, Rankin sat back and wondered how it was possible for a girl to be so beautiful. She had to admonish him two or three times that his breakfast was getting cold, and when he boldly told her that he would rather look at her than eat, she blushed prettily, and told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Helen understood that Rankin owned the Big Brand ranch, but she had no idea as to the actual wealth of the man. He purposely kept it from her, and posed as an ordinary, successful cattle raiser.

The early morning on the prairie was exactly as she had thought it to be, when she looked out on the great waving expanse from the train window. It was so cool, and the atmosphere was laden with the fragrant scent of the long grasses. Rankin showed her the corrals, the bunk house where the men slept, and then he took her to the cottage of his superintendent. Of course the presence of a young and beautiful girl created quite a little excitement around the Big Brand. The superintendent told her that she had the honor of being the first woman who had ever been within miles of it. When she realized that there were no other women on the ranch, a nervous feeling took possession of her, and she asked Rankin to take her back to the ranch house. He looked at her closely as he left her at the door, and held her hand at parting maybe a longer time than was necessary for politeness.

That night, after dinner, with a white face the girl said in hesitating tones: "Mr. Rankin—really—I must leave here to-morrow. Will you allow one of your men to take me to the station in the morning?"

"The station?" Rankin smiled. "Why, what station do you refer to, Miss Bently?"

"Well, whatever you may call it—where the train stops," answered the girl, wondering why he smiled so broadly.

"You possibly mean Laramie—fifty miles away."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Helen, in consternation. "Do you mean to say that Laramie is the nearest place where the train stops?"

"Yes; there is no other place for a radius of miles and miles where the train stops, and the roads are so unused and in such bad condition that even if you did start from here in the morning you would not reach Laramie until the next day. And," he continued, looking into the sweet, troubled face, "I am not sure that I want to let you leave me now that I have found you."

"I do not understand you," she said, slowly. "Why should you want to keep me here?"

Rankin has often averred that he cannot account for the strange, stubborn feeling that came over him when he first looked at the helpless girl lying unconscious on the prairie, the strange, determined something that seemed to possess his whole soul, and seemed to whisper, "You have found her—keep her!" His mind became imbued with the idea that he had found the one sweet woman the gods intended for him, and him alone, and he swore that she should never leave him—that he would win her in spite of everything. When men of Rankin's order fall in love, it may be well called "madly."

"Don't speak of your going away," he said, softly, trying to steady his voice. "Don't, don't!"

The pale moonlight certainly has great potency when it comes to lovers. They were sitting side by side in the moonlight, and under Rankin's gentle questioning, he induced Helen to tell him her whole life story. At the recital the man's mouth grew stern, and a determined glow came into his eyes. He understood the lonely girl's position a thousand times better than she, and again he thanked the chance that had caused the train to pull off without her. His indignation was

plainly apparent when she told him of her desire to work for the people who had inserted the advertisement in the paper, and he stopped her recital impulsively.

"Nonsense, child; what could you do in New York. Why, an ad. of that sort is a direct snare and a delusion; and what is more, you are not going to New York without money or friends to go to."

"But," asked Helen in surprise, "perhaps that advertisement is perfectly alright?"

"I am willing to stake my life on it that it is not alright, and you cannot, must not, think of going to such a great, heartless city on such a wild-goose chase."

Helen sat in thought a moment; then seeing her companion's brows contracted sternly, she stood erect and addressed him firmly:

"But, Mr. Rankin, you forget: I have no money, and I must, absolutely must work. And," she added, with the optimism of unspoiled youth, "there must be plenty that I can do to support myself in New York?"

Rankin leaned closer to her, and she could feel his breath on her face as he asked, his voice trembling and his eyes searching her face, "Can't you like me a little?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she interposed quickly, "you have saved my life—and you have been so kind to me——"

"Then," interrupted Rankin tensely, reaching for and clasping her hand, "don't leave me."

He rose with her, and as she tried to draw away, he placed his arms about her and drew her close to him. Looking down into the blushing face, he said: "Helen, Helen, forgive me, but I cannot, cannot let you leave me. I cannot bear the thought that you want to go away from me. You cannot —you will not go, dear?"

The head nestled against his shoulder, and the dark eyelashes hid the violet eyes. Rankin could hardly believe it true! Yes, it was not a dream! She was actually reclining in his arms, and her head was on his shoulder!

"Darling, dearest—look at me. Let me read in your eyes that it is true."

His head bowed until his lips were close to hers; then he whispered:

"Helen, I love you—how I love you, dear. I have been waiting so long for you to come."

As the moon set that fair June night, two lovers still lingered by the ravine.

SUNRISE AT THE GRAND CANYON

BY E. H. PARRY

An amber glow is leaping in the east
To herald dawn; the shadowy, brooding cloud
That trails above the canyon as a shroud
Dissolves to song of bird and bark of beast.
The glow has spread to flame, the flame increas'd
Till Point Sublime and peaks and crags that crowd
About it to the west, are gold-endow'd
By streaming shafts of light, and night has ceas'd.

Now upward stealing from their hiding place,
So slowly and discreetly, gilded white—
But boldened by the day—come mists to light;
As blessed angels move they on through space,
Or mount as souls that, freed from earth and night,
Arise to seek their God and lasting grace.

THE ARCTIC SEA-BIRD

BY NELIE M. LOUGHNANE

"The poet Saadi, lamenting unshod feet, came upon a beggar who had no feet, and, viewing heavier misfortune, forgot his own."

CAPTAIN WHITSON, whose ship was detained at Unimak Island by the heavy storm, sat at a window of Sankt Kruchoff's store of the said isle, worrying, what of this and other disappointments, over the trials of his lot, when, looking up, he discerned a huge flock of migratory birds, guillemots or gulls of some order, passing before him over Isanotki Strait. They aroused his interest, and he presently sat up, cleaned the window, and forgetting his vexations, gave them his attention.

Their course was to the south, but soon it was interrupted, and the flock began a detour to the waters of the basin of the strait. Alighting here, they swam about for a time at the whim of the oscillatory waves, and finally, all save a few, resumed their flight. The remaining birds lazily continued to ride the deep, borne forward by the incoming waves or into the recesses by the outgoing. It was raining heavily. The mite could be seen but indistinctly through the mists and smother—as had been the flock, but so did it ride and such was its appearance that Whitson took it for a solitary fowl—a lone water-bird. Presently out of the oscillatory waves into the more tranquil waters that at irregular intervals broke upon the stream, came a small native oomiak with two kamlayka-clad oarsmen. Now a skiff, more especially the native skin craft, in any weather, not to say stormy, is by reason of the current in dangerous quarters upon Isanotki strait. Whitson knew this. He opened his eyes, looked again to satisfy himself that it was in reality an oomiak; then, free of doubt on the point, called for help.

There was at Kruchoff's that day, lounging about the room or engaged in games of chance, some dozen guests. His cry brought them to his side.

Said one: "An oomiak, a bidarka, in truth!"

Another: "It's been drawn down from the Behring by the tide as it plied between the island and peninsula."

A third, with a shake of his head: "A sorry plight—its!"

A fourth: "The waves will bear it into the current, the current will carry it into the narrows, and there'll be more bones for the shores of the Sannak Isles!"

Then spoke Chris Hanson, master of a trading schooner that plied in island trade and lay now off Unimak: "Men of the Alert, to the harbor! We'll meet her as she shoots into Ikatan Bay!"

Upon either side of the stream that plows through the basin are pulsating waters, and upon the inner side of these bodies, the streamward side, breakers. When Whitson had recognized the boat it had entered the rollers of what we shall call the Alaskan body, but soon, owing to the efforts of the oarsmen, it escaped back into the oscillatory waves. Its objective point plainly was the Alaskan shore. Hither it bore, and now so successfully that from a mote in the distance resembling again a bird, it passed completely from view. But the tug, what of the suction of the current that outdid the contrary influences

of wind and tide, was streamward, and presently it re-appeared. Onward it came on an incoming wave, the length of the top from stern to bow revealed, the length of the bottom from bow to stern. But upon the dissolution of the wave it turned, its occupants bent double at the oars, landward again. Rapidly it covered distance. An outgoing wave seized it and helped it onward. In orders reversed, its lengths again revealed themselves. It struggled so a half hour, then again an incoming wave took it in grapple. This time, with little interference, it was borne forward and again tossed into the breakers. And now—whether the occupants, spent from toil, were unable of further efforts or whether the odds were too mighty—the craft came steadily in, and was hurled into the gliding waters.

Down stream, like a leaf in the clutch of a mill-race, it went—through the lower end of the basin, into the narrows: forth from the narrows and on into the fog-wrapped bay of Ikatan.

* * * *

There was the sound of feet upon the steps and porch, the door opened, and Hans Anderson, mate of the "Alert," and harbinger now of the rescuing party, entered. He looked about, espied Kruchoff, and announced:

"It's Ninena and Chiteta. They shot the narrows, kept the stream through the bay, and we picked them up off Pankoff."

"Ninena and Chiteta?" cried the storekeeper. "The saints be praised! And what brings the pair in such weather to Unimak?"

"They come for food," answered Anderson. "Over across," and he pointed to the peninsula; "the natives starve!"

"Starve?" gasped one of the group.

"Starve?" another.

The door again was opened. Hanson and two Aleutian women entered. The crowd with mouths agape pressed forward, and, as they did, Hanson, proud of his feat, pushed his companions forward and into the glare of the driftwood fire. One was a maid of sixteen or thereabout, with cheeks stamped by the white plague; the other a hag three score and ten, with eyes sealed by imminent darkness.

"Food for the women?" asked Whitson of Kruchoff, advancing towards the sale-counter.

Ninena and Chiteta sat before the fire with bowls of hot barley broth at hand, when he again approached the storekeeper, this time with pencil and pad.

"The cost of flour?" he inquired.

"Three and one-half a sack," was Kruchoff's response.

"Meal?"

"Four dollars the bag."

"Bacon?"

"Five the side."

"Dried salmon?"

"One the side."

Whitson figured rapidly; finally looking up, he addressed Kruchoff: "Two bags of flour, two of meal, two sides of bacon and five sides of salmon—for the oomiak. Here's the cash," and he set three eagles down upon the counter.

"Hold your order, Whitson," said Hanson, coming up. "I'm a poor man, but I'll add an eagle. I'll do more! I'll tow the oomiak and her cargo back to the mainland."

"Put my mite to the pot," said a Jewish fur-trader from Sitka. "Mine," said a sailor of Whitson's ship. "And mine," a trapper from the Isle of Akun —and they laid down respectively ten, five and five.

"A new list," cried Whitson, "and, Hanson, your help!" The two seated themselves and arranged a new order. It contained a tripled quantity of flour and meal, and the added delicacies, sugar and tea.

FOR TIMMY'S BIRTHDAY

BY LOIS BAIN

THEY WERE a problem, those two—both old soldiers, both with a leg gone, both occupying the same ward in the Soldiers' Home, and they hadn't spoken for three years. The superintendent had given them a room together in the first place, thinking that they would have much in common—and so they did, for the first week. Then came the quarrel, which had severed all relations, though neither would ask to have his room changed for fear of accommodating the other. Grandpa Wing, the only other occupant of the room and a kind of buffer between the two, could give but a vague account of the trouble. He said it was something about the Scotch and Irish, but Angus MacLeod and Mike Dempsy never told.

When the rising gong sounded on a certain cold, rainy November morning, Angus MacLeod was already up. He sat on the edge of his bed, tapping his wooden peg on the floor in a way that was sure to disturb Mike, and enjoying the luxury of a smoke before breakfast. Angus MacLeod's pipe and tobacco were of a little better quality than any one else's in the home, for Angus had some money of his own, besides the pension he received from the government. At the sound of the gong, Mike thrust his "peg-leg" from under the covers, and, with a groan or two, harbingers of a coming rheumatic storm, though carefully suppressed for fear they might give satisfaction to his watching enemy, sat on the edge of the bed facing Angus, but Angus was the one thing, apparently, in the whole dismal panorama that did not come within the range of his vision.

"Mornin'," croaked Grandpa Wing from his corner.

"Mornin'," nodded Mike.

"Mornin'," grunted Angus between puffs.

Mike reached down and pulled his shoe from under the bed. It was a dilapidated shoe, and Mike eyed it speculatively. Angus, who was watching out of the corner of his eye, glanced up at the shelf at the foot of his bed, grinned a silent, toothless grin. When Mike glanced his way, however, he was absorbed in inspecting his pipe, which had suddenly refused to draw, and all traces of the grin had vanished.

The door opened, and James Horton, caretaker and general despot, entered. He brought a wheel-chair from the hall for Grandpa Wing, who was so old and feeble that he had to be "gotten up."

"Who's been throwing matches on the floor?" asked Horton, looking in Angus' direction.

No one replied, but Mike smiled as he tied his shoe.

"Are those all the shoes you've got?" demanded Horton, as his gaze fell on Mike.

"It's all the *shoe* I got," Mike corrected him.

"You'd better be getting some new ones, then. First thing you know you'll be growling around here again with the rheumatism and have to be waited on. Why haven't you got some before this?" blustered Horton. "What have you done with all your allowance?"

"Tobacco and things," said Mike, after a moment's hesitation.

"Spent it all on tobacco?" insisted Horton. He knew that Mike smoked but rarely.

"I just got a little saved."

"How much?"

"Three dollars."

"Well, that's enough for shoes."

"But I was savin' it for Timmy, my nephew, what's over at the orphanage. He's just goin' into pants, and it was me that was wantin' to buy him the first ones." Mike's voice had a beseeching note, but he knew that his was a lost cause.

Angus was busy with the pipe again, though in reality he was taking in the scene with much enjoyment. Mike had told him all about that nephew, his sister Rose's baby, and the only kin he had left in the world.

The breakfast bell rang, and Horton wheeled out Grandpa Wing, wrapped up like a mummy in a patchwork quilt. Angus rose and followed, but Mike still sat on the edge of the bed.

Some way or other, Angus' breakfast was not the success that it should have been. He kept looking over at the bowl of porridge steaming vainly by Mike's plate, and wondering why its owner did not appear. When they arose from the table, instead of going up to the fireplace in the hall with the others, Angus went back to his room. When he opened the door, Mike, who was still sitting on the edge of the bed, bundled something out of sight beneath the covers. Angus caught a glimpse of a piece of wrapping paper and knew that Mike had been tying up a package. Angus glared at him for an instant, then looked up suspiciously at the shelf at the foot of his own bed. But his suspicion was ungrounded, for he was confronted by two perfectly good shoes, the mates to the ones he had bought in the last three years. He stood looking at them a long time in silence. Angus' right leg was cut off and Mike's left, and their feet were exactly the same size.

In the short week of their acquaintance they had planned how they would buy their shoes together in the future. It had been a spirit of vindictiveness that had prompted him to put the shoes on the shelf, and he had gloated over the time when he could add another to the mocking row. But he only grinned feebly as he looked at them now, and stumped out into the hall. Somehow, the vision of Mike kept obtruding—Mike shuffling something out of sight beneath the quilts at his approach. What was it? Angus wondered and wondered. He grew restless and irritable trying to decide. He stumped about the halls and answered the overtures of his friends by the fire with wolfish grunts. Ten minutes saw him back in the room again. Mike had a string tied around the bundle, and was laboriously addressing it with a stub of a pencil. Angus stalked about, his curiosity growing every moment, but Mike gave no sign of having noticed his intrusion at all.

Silently Angus recounted Mike's possessions—he was familiar with them all—a change of underclothes piled neatly at one end of his shelf, two or three old ties on the nail beneath, a pipe and a paper of tobacco, and a huge old nickel-plated watch, Mike's pride and joy. It must be the watch that he was sending to Timmy. No, it couldn't be the watch, for Mike deliberately pulled it out of his pocket and looked at the time.

"Say, Mike," said Angus, in a voice that startled even himself. Mike had finished the inscription and was holding it out, regarding it dubiously. At the sound of his name on Angus's lips, he looked up.

"I guess you can take these shoes, Mike," said Angus, as he held them out sheepishly. "Then you can use the money to send the kid a present."

"You mean I can have 'em?" asked Mike, surprise apparently dimming the remembrance of their three years of silence.

"Yes, I ain't got no use for them."

"And I can send Timmy the suit for his birthday?" asked Mike, contritely, as if Angus were the arbiter of his fate.

"Sure; that's what I'm giving them to you for."

Mike grasped his hand. "Angus," he said, "I guess you was right in that

argument we had three years ago—I guess the Scotch is better fighters than the Irish."

"Maybe," said Angus; "but say, Mike, what did you have in that bundle?"

Mike grinned. "Nothin'," he said, "just paper. I thought I could bluff you into talkin' to me, and I knew if you did, you'd have to offer me the shoes."

There was a moment's silence—a moment during which the future friendship of the two hung trembling in the balance. Then Angus laughed.

"Well, we may be fighters," he said, "but I guess the Irish has got us licked for diplomacy."

THE VOYAGE

BY FRANCIS McKINNON MORTON

In the twilight grey, of the dawning day,
A boat slips out of the night,
From the unknown dark, a frail little bark,
It drifts to a sea of light;

From the dark unknown and sailing alone,
Ah, God! But the boat is frail!
'Tis leaving the strand for an unknown land,
God shelter the tiny sail!

'Twas my own frail hand that severed the band
That held the boat to the shore,
And eager my eyes, through stormiest skies,
Must follow it evermore.

Over the shoals lies the Harbor of Souls,
And the Pilot leads the way,
The echoes we hear of His voice so clear,
His face He has turned away.

In the still twilight stand the flags of white
Where the souls at anchor ride,
And yonder a shoal where a wayward soul
Was wrecked in a running tide.

There are loving hearts in their white-winged boats
That hover the way along;
Here the out-stretched hands show treacherous sands,
Or point where the way is wrong;

There garlands of youth and thorn-crowns of truth
Await where the boat must go,
And echoing clear through the morning air
The tenderest love-notes flow.

But ever alone from the dark unknown
Through a wide and trackless sea,
Over the shoals to the Harbor of Souls
The boat goes drifting from me!

A RED BANDANA HANDKERCHIEF

BY CARROLL VAN COURT

EVER SINCE the first time that her father had held her up in his arms for her to wave his big red bandana at Engineer Blake, little Doris and Blake had been great friends. Once a day his train passed the signal tower going south, and once a day it returned going north.

Harrigan, little Doris' father, was the man who sat at the levers every day, and sent the train on its proper track, or flagged it in case of danger, by means of the several switch levers which he manipulated with the ease gained by three years' experience. Since his wife died, he used to have his four year old daughter sit up in the tower with him, during the day while he sat and worked, and when night came, he would take her home with him.

There were east and west trains every sixty minutes, but Blake's train was the only train on the north and south track. He was due at nine in the morning, southbound, and at four o'clock in the afternoon northbound. At five minutes to train time, morning and evening, Bill Harrigan would tell little, golden-haired Doris to get his bandana and stand at the window to wait for Blake's train.

For fully a year Doris had been doing this, never missing a day. It was about all the amusement she had during the day, for her dad did not dare leave the switch room for more than a few minutes at a time. He could talk to her and laugh with her, but she must not leave the tower alone, on account of the many tracks nearby. Consequently she was glad of any diversion, and the coming of Blake's train was quite an event. Blake was equally as eager to see his tiny sweetheart, as he called her, and always blew his whistle just before reaching the tower. He could just barely make out the small figure in the window, but could always see the flaring red bandana swinging from it.

Half a mile north of the tower was a short trestle, over a deep gorge. It was down hill going north, and this trestle was just around a nasty curve which Harrigan often said would some day be the scene of a terrible and unheard-of accident.

He never felt quite safe about the trestle for two reasons. First, on account of the down-hill grade, which was pretty steep; and second, on account of the dry weeds that grew on each side of the tracks. It was in such an out of the way part of the country that the hills were not cleared off very often, and he had a perpetual dread lest sparks from the engine or from some careless camper, or from the pipe of some tramp, should set the weeds on fire and burn the trestle. It would be almost impossible to stop the northbound train in time to save it from dropping below a hundred and fifty feet, if the train was traveling at its regular rate of speed, and Blake usually went by at a fast clip.

One Saturday morning, as Blake's train passed the tower, he threw off a note for Harrigan. Harrigan ran out for a minute and got it, and taking it up to the switch room, he opened it and read: "Dear Bill: Tell my tiny sweetheart that I am going on my vacation next week, and will be gone two weeks, but that I will bring her something nice when I return. Tell her to be nice to Kelly. He is to take my engine while I am gone. I'm

off to Los Angeles. So good-bye, old pal. See you later.—Ed. Blake."

Harrigan told little Doris in simple words what Blake had written in the note, and she was inclined to cry at first, but he soothed her, telling her that Blake would not be gone very long, and would bring her something nice from the city.

On his return trip that afternoon, Doris stood and waved as she never waved before, and Blake blew his whistle long after he was out of sight, as a sort of farewell to his little friend, who really believed for the time being that he was lost to her forever.

As she turned her little, tear-stained face away from the window, a pang of self-reproach came over Harrigan, and he wished that he could do more to amuse his little darling, for he realized how lonesome she must be with no one to play with but a busy father who had to keep his eyes on the switch board more than half the time. It made him swallow hard, as he thought of his pretty wife, who had died when little Doris was born. However he had been promised promotion, when two years more were up, and he hoped to be assigned to the shops in town, where his married sister lived, who had said that she would take care of her little niece in the day time if he could get work there.

Harrigan interested her in a picture book, and little Doris forgot for the moment her engineer friend, and became absorbed in the marvelous doings of the Palmer Cox Brownies.

After his work was through for the day, and they had reached the little cabin where he and Doris had lived during the three years Harrigan had been working in the tower, Doris was allowed to sit up an hour longer than usual, and he sat and amused her till she was too sleepy to hold her little eyes open. He felt that she was entitled to more to-night, as she had felt so badly when she thought Blake was going away, never to return.

Harrigan tucked her in her little bed, and sat with his pipe in his hand, letting it go out, as he watched her little hand slip down, down, till it hung over the edge of the bed. She lay there in gentle, peaceful slumber, while Bill dozed in his chair, dreaming of promotion and the city.

The next morning was Sunday, and Harrigan decided it was going to be windy. There were clouds in the north and west, shooting across the sky at a high rate of speed. This kind of weather always made Harrigan restless, he could not tell why—unless he was afraid that fire might start in this wind and that would mean forest fires, the dread of mountain residents and railroad people.

He wrapped Doris up warmly, and prepared to be met with disagreeable weather before night. It was not very cold as they started for the tower, but it grew cooler before they had gone two hundred yards. By the time they reached the tower, it was blowing a good, stiff breeze, with promise of worse to come.

An hour later there was quite a storm, and Harrigan kept looking out of the window. He could not feel comfortable with such a strong wind blowing. He had told Doris that the new engineer was coming, and though she sulked at first, she finally decided to wave at the new man, anyway.

All the east and west bound trains before Blake's train time had come and gone, when Harrigan saw a darker cloud than usual cross the sky in the direction of the trestle. Stepping to the window, he took a long look at it.

"Smoke," he muttered.

Sure enough, the thing he dreaded most had happened. A black cloud curled up and was blown away by the violent wind. To make it all the worse, it came from the vicinity of the trestle. Harrigan looked at the big clock on the wall, and at his watch. They both read 8:10. The new engineer was due in 50 minutes. He decided to take a chance and run down to the trestle, for if it were on fire, he must not let the train go by. There were usually about two hundred people on Blake's train, and if it ran on a broken trestle the whole train would surely be dashed

one hundred and fifty feet below into the gorge. Hastily grabbing up his hat and coat, he told little Doris he was going down the road to see the fire, and for her not to leave the tower room until he came back. In his haste, he forgot to shut and lock the door, which he ordinarily would have done, to keep her from climbing down the steep stairs.

He took the stairs two at a time, tearing up the road as fast as the wind would let him, for it was hard to run and keep his feet. As he came round the turn, staggering in the wind, he saw the blazing trestle. Thirteen or fourteen feet of the end had been burned, and the fire was crawling toward the middle of it, slowly but surely. Enough was burned to make it unsafe for any train to cross, and Harrigan tried to stamp out the burning ties, but the wind was too strong to contend with, and as Harrigan had no means of throwing water on it, he gave up the idea of saving the trestle, and started back. The only thing he could do now was to stop the train from crossing, and not let it get past the signal tower. He could see that the trestle was doomed in this wind. Accordingly, he climbed up the little hill toward the tower, and decided to take a short cut by crossing the rocky field which ran along near the tracks. He had never crossed this field before, because it was so rocky and rough. He scrambled over the top of the hill, and was just starting down the level ground when he stepped in a gopher hole, and fell, hitting his head on a sharp-pointed rock, knocking him unconscious. For fully twenty minutes he lay there, before coming to his senses again. As he sat up, rubbing his bleeding head, he discovered that his ankle was broken, and was paining him frightfully.

"How long have I lain here?" he thought. Jerking out his watch, he saw that it was ten minutes to train time, and he with a broken ankle.

"Ten minutes!" he gasped, in pain and horror. Could he make it? He started to crawl, for he was unable to walk, and too dizzy to hop on one foot. He almost fainted twice, while creeping toward the signal tower in this manner, and it made him sick at heart as he realized that he could not reach the station in time.

II.

What of little Doris in the meantime? She grew tired of her playthings after a while, and as her dad was not there to talk to her it became very lonesome.

Toddling to the window, she looked out. No dad in sight. She guessed he had forgotten his lonesome little girl. As she wandered around the room she discovered the open door. She decided to climb down and go to meet her father, and perhaps he would hold her up to wave at the new engineer. Clutching, tightly, her bright red bandana, she wriggled down the steps, one at a time, till her little feet stopped on the floor below.

The wind was still pretty strong, although it was beginning to slacken up a little. Finally she arrived at the platform—a tremendous journey for such a small traveler, she thought. She looked down the road, but could see no sign of her father. She knew it was nearly time for the train, as she had become so used to waiting every morning for Blake's whistle.

III.

Kelly was sitting in the cab of his engine, wondering how long the storm would last. He had been told to slow up a little on the down grade, till he was more used to the road, and he bowled along at a medium clip. Blake, in the excitement of his vacation trip, had forgotten to tell Kelly to look out for little Doris, so that Kelly was watching for nothing else but the signal to stop or go ahead, as the case might be. However, he rounded the down curve cautiously, and blew his whistle at the regular place as he had been instructed, and what was his complete surprise to see a tiny figure on the platform waving a bright red bandana with all her might! Thinking that something was wrong, Kelly reversed, and put on the brakes, stopping the

engine about fifty feet from the platform. Jumping down, he ran to see why such a little baby had flagged his train.

When little Doris saw that the train had stopped, she was rather frightened, and dropping her bandana, she backed against the door of the freight-house, bashfully.

"What's the matter, kiddo?" said Kelly, the big voiced but kindly engineer.

"My papa said I could wave at the chu-chu man," said Doris, after a little coaxing.

"What d'ye think of that, Hank?" chuckled Kelly to his fireman.

Hank grinned and replied: "That must be Blake's 'Tiny Sweetheart' he was telling me about last month." Then he told Kelly about Blake's daily flirtation with the little towerman's daughter. Kelly turned to Doris and asked: "Why did your father let you come here alone in such a storm?"

"Papa's gone to see a fire," was the answer.

"A fire!" said Kelly and Hank in one breath. "What fire? Where?"

All Doris knew was the direction her father had gone, so she pointed down the road toward the trestle. "Papa's goned down there," she said. Kelly looked hard at the narrow road and started suddenly, grabbing Hank by the shoulder.

"What's that coming up the road?" Hank looked a few seconds and then said, excitedly: "It's a man crawling on his hands and knees. Come on, something's wrong here."

The two men ran down the hill to the object in the road, and just as they reached Harrigan he gasped out with an almost superhuman effort: "The trestle; the trestle—fire!" Then he fainted from the pain in his ankle.

Kelly and Hank picked him up tenderly, and carrying him back to the station, turned him over to the care of the conductor and a woman passenger, who happened to be a nurse. Kelly then took five of the male passengers, and arming them with wet sacks or blankets from the train, trotted down to the trestle, which was blazing quite rapidly.

After a solid hour of hard work against the opposition of the wind they smothered it, stamping out all sparks near the trestle. The burning weeds could not be checked, but a man was left to watch and keep it from further damaging the trestle.

When Harrigan regained consciousness, the first thing he asked was who flagged the train. When the conductor told him how little Doris had stood in the storm and had unknowingly saved the lives, perhaps, of two hundred passengers, he cried for joy.

Little Doris was brought into the car where Harrigan lay, and half-scared to death by the admiring attentions of the over-joyed passengers, hid her head on his arm.

Kelly came in a minute later, covered with dirt and cinders, and picking her up, kissed her, set her on his shoulders, and said, to the crowd: "Ladies and gentlemen, this little kid saved the lives of the whole train, for the trestle was burned so that it is impossible to cross it. Her father had broken his ankle tryin' to reach the signal tower in time to warn us, so she took care of the signals while her dad was away. I move we give three cheers for Kid Doris, the Queen of the K. & E. Railroad, and three cheers for Harrigan, the bravest man on the road!" The hysterical but happy passengers cheered until they were hoarse.

IV.

When Harrigan had recovered from his broken ankle, he was promoted to a fine job in the shops, for which he had been hoping, and the president of the road sent him a check big enough to put Doris through school and college. But Doris was too little to realize the value of money, and what pleased her till she could hardly rest was the enormous doll and the little toy engine that actually ran, by winding it up. These had been brought to her personally by her sworn, life-long sweetheart, Mr. Ed. Blake, engineer on the K. & E. Railroad.

THE REFORMER

BY JOSEPH BROOKE

THROUGHOUT its three hundred miles, the Central Colorado is strictly a mountain railroad, beginning and ending where prairie and foothill meet. Moreover, with its five eastern and two western connections, it is an important link in one of the transcontinental chains.

At the time of the incidents I am about to relate, an unusually heavy fall of snow—which had overwhelmed snow-fences and even a snow-shed covering several miles of exposed track—had interrupted the main line through traffic; and "Big" Jim Twinely —the Central's general superintendent —had determined personally to supervise and hasten the clearing of the line, and I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany him.

At Spring City, the Eastern terminus, his private car was attached to an afternoon train for Lame Creek, the famous gold camp in the front range of the mountains. Captive to three giant compound engines, the train was hauled and pushed up the four per cent grade, over toothpick wooden trestles—often forming part of a sixteen-degree curve—that swayed and staggered as if overburdened; through tunnels rough-hewn in the solid rock, so low that the transfer men rejected the larger box cars offered by connecting lines; and around mountain-sides on paths so scanty that the outer car step overhung the canyon depths.

At Divide, the summit of the pass over the eastern range and the main line connecting point of the Lame Creek branch, our car was set out on the siding, to be picked up, after the departure of the train, by one of the pusher engines that had helped it "up the hill." By this time darkness had fallen, preventing further observation, although it seemed, from the lurching and swaying of the car, as it whipped around curves, that we must be coasting wildly down the mountains.

"It is really a critical state of affairs," said Jim, over the breakfast table the next morning. "The main line has now been tied up for thirty-six hours; and we have been obliged to detour all passenger and rush-freight trains via the Rio Verde, which boosts that road in just proportion that it gives us a bad name, besides entailing trackage charges and government penalties for delaying the mails. We have rotary snow-plows at Divide, Alta Vista, Zincville, and Limestone, which, under ordinary conditions, would provide against a tie-up; but in this instance two things have conspired to undo us. The giving way of a snow-shed stalled the Zincville rotary until the remains of the shed were uncovered and removed; and, here at Alta Vista, 'Lazy' Joe Tilton, one of the engineers depended on for plow service, laid off on the caller—that is, after the roundhouse messenger had called him for extra duty, he failed to report. The delay in getting these two plows to work caused all the trouble; for, three hours after it had stopped snowing, the wind shifted to the south and the weather moderated, causing the newly fallen snow to pack and become heavy. As a consequence, the rotaries have made but slow progress, and I have been obliged to order out shovel gangs to break the way when they get stuck. Now, if you are through eating, come out and watch me buck the line hard, as an erstwhile

mountain lion hunter in these parts once remarked."

As we left the car, which stood alone and motionless on the Alta Vista siding, I had my first view of the "roof of America"—those highlands, a hundred miles wide and many times as long, between the eastern and western mountain ranges. Breathing deeply the crisp, rare air, I gazed with delight and wonder at the scene before us—the white-garbed, sentinel mountains in the distance; the bare hills, wind-swept and snowless; the hollows, deep drifted and dazzling in the morning's bright sunlight; and, over all, that turquoise sky to be seen only in the high, dry places of the earth.

A few minutes' walk brought us—after passing a work train of tool, bunk and mess cars—to a rotary snow-plow and two pusher engines, in front of which a shovel-gang was removing the closely packed snow that had stalled the plow.

"What are you doing out here, Tilton?" said Twinely to the engineer of the head engine, who was leaning from his cab window. "I thought you were set down for thirty days to give you an opportunity to get the rest you needed so badly night before last."

"Fine! Fine!" replied the engineer with a world of sarcasm in his tone. "Keep a man in helper service on the hill for eighteen hours straight, then call him out after he's had two hours sleep, and because he lays off on the caller, stick him for thirty. And I'm here, not because I want to be, but because the roundhouse foreman begged me to come and save the reputation of this blamed jerkwater railroad," he added, with true Western freedom of speech.

"Well, why don't you save it, then; the men are waiting for you," retorted Twinely, as he pointed to the shovelers who, having cleared away the impeding mass of heavy snow, had stepped aside to allow the rotary to get in action.

"That's just like 'Lazy'," remarked Jim, turning to me. "He couldn't find time to take the plow *back* for a running start until the men had finished clearing the way *ahead*."

During the remainder of the forenoon we remained with the track clearing crew, but at lunch time, after the men had eaten and resumed their labor the work train carried us back to Alta Vista to pick up the general superintendent's car. During the brief ride, Jim engaged in a low voiced conversation with one of the trainmen, the subject of which must have been amusing to both, for they laughed heartily. At its conclusion, the trainman nodded his head in affirmation of, I judged, his instructions.

My friend and I were soon enjoying a substantial luncheon of T-bone steak and mushrooms; and, for a time—for it was Jim's favorite dish—silence reigned. When the coffee came, he left the table for a few moments, and I could hear him talking to Charlie, the cook and porter, in the culinary department, and the latter's "Ha, ha; yes, sah," when Jim had finished.

When he returned to the table, his furtive, silly grin told me, in a flash, something of what was in the wind. In the past, during our years together on an Eastern railroad, I had seen the same look many times, and it always foretold trouble—intended, it is true, for the other fellow, but often reacting upon us. As a thoroughly competent, all-around, top-to-bottom railroader, Jim Twinely had few equals; but, periodically, he shed all this for the mantle of the practical joker. Although a stern disciplinarian, and even martinet the larger portion of the time, he was, during the brief, fleeting periods of his affliction, a noxious pest to friend, foe or stranger, whoever the unfortunate victim might be. To his credit be it said, however, he did not, like a certain force in nature, take the line of least resistance, for the object of his rollicking regard was as likely to be the president of the road as a section hand.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked.

"As you have so recently come from the effete East, perhaps I had better explain some things to you," he began.

"It's not long since you came from there," I replied with some heat.

"True enough, little one. But I've been here long enough to know it is not necessary to be burdened with a hip-pocket-disappearing twelve-inch gun," he retorted, with a chuckle, as he pointed to my bulging pocket.

"Well, go on with your explanation," I said sulkily, for who likes to have it intimated that he is over-cautious as to personal safety?

"Let me begin at the beginning," said James. "At Lame Creek a strike of the mine workers has been in progress for the past six weeks, in spite of which the mines have continued to ship certain, though greatly reduced, quantities of ore to the various reduction plants in the valley for treatment. Of late, dynamite has been found in the railroad coal, in several instances in the loads received at the chutes, and once, even, on the tender of a yard switch-engine in Spring City; all of which is common knowledge, notwithstanding this attempt to be secretive."

With the final remark he handed me a paper, from which I read:

"Central Colorado Railroad Company; Office of Superintendent of Machinery. Spring City, Feb. 20, 19—. Confidential Bulletin No. 51 (do not post on boards.) To Roundhouse Foremen and Enginemen: Beware of dynamite in coal. Any found must be delivered at once, with full report of finder, to foreman in charge, who will immediately communicate with this office. John Glover, Superintendent of Machinery."

"This notice," Jim resumed, as I returned the bulletin to him, "has inspired much uneasiness and some fear in those employees of the road having to do with coal. Rumor is rife, and opinion is divided. Union labor sympathizers denounce it as a plot, wholly without basis of fact, designed to cast discredit upon the strikers. Their opponents, in turn, denounce those who would, they claim, wantonly destroy property and sacrifice lives to aid in an industrial strike. The disinterested, however, express the temperate and sane view that this bulletin is a result of neither official conspiracy nor union plot, but is made necessary by the careless handling of explosives at the coal mines. The latter opinion is, without doubt, correct. The coal miners along the line are on strike in sympathy with and in aid of the Lame Creek mine workers, and the misplaced dynamite is doubtless the result of carelessness on the part of the inexperienced strike-breakers."

At this moment, Charlie entered the room and laid upon the table, at its very edge, a rounded stick, with the remark:

"There's your dynamite, sah."

Even as he spoke, it toppled and fell from the table. With a cry of horror, I leaped wildly from my seat and dashed headlong toward the door of the car.

"Easy, there, easy," came in soothing tones from Jim. As I paused in my flight to glance back at him, he continued: "It's charred broom-handle dynamite."

I returned to the table, ignoring Charlie's smile and wholly pleased expression.

Turning to him, Jim said: "Give the stick to Fireman O'Neill when he calls for it."

"What is *he* going to do with it?" I asked, after mischievous Charlie's exit.

"First, let *me* ask a question," Jim replied. "Don't you think 'Lazy' Joe Tilton should be punished for helping to bring about the conditions now confronting this railroad?"

"So he is to be your victim this time," I answered irrelevantly.

"But that doesn't answer my question."

"He is to be suspended for thirty days, isn't he?" I said.

"Yes; but the most appropriate punishment is one which deters and——"

"I should think a suspension would tend to prevent others from committing like faults," I interrupted.

"Quite true," he said. "But I was about to remark, and I believe all criminologists agree, that the reform

of the criminal is even more to be desired than his punishemnt, which alone might be considered an unworthy revenge. Now, the penalty I have designed for 'Lazy' will result immediately in his reformation. His slothfulness will vanish, and he will become an enthusiastic, earnest, hustling——"

"But will it be lasting?" I asked, laughing in spite of myself at his droll earnestness.

"That is in the lap of the gods," Jim replied. "The future conduct of even reformed criminals cannot be guaranteed; but before their release they must conform to certain standards of conduct by which their reformation is adjudged complete. And Tilton, I have an idea, will conform equally well to the standard I have set of energy, enthusiasm and earnestness; after which his lapses from right conduct, like those of the prison-reformed, must be dealt with in the future."

"But, surely, Tilton's fault does not license you to victimize him with one of your abominable practical jokes," I protested.

"As to that," he said, "I am applying the remedy approved by Ko Ko, in 'The Mikado,' who suggested, as a method of making the punishment fit the crime, having the culprit 'unwillingly represent, a source of innocent merriment.' "

"What about your discipline?" I asked in a final effort to prevent an outbreak of foolishness on the part of my friend.

"All great reforms are brought about only by the sacrifice of something—sometimes money, sometimes health, sometimes even life itself. So why should I hesitate if, in order to secure so laudable a result, I am called upon to sacrifice a trifle of discipline," he said, laughing.

"You are incorrigible, hopeless; like Peter Pan, you've never grown up," I remarked, with a gesture intended to denote wearied resignation to whatever might befall.

"Alas, you have as little sense of humor now as of yore," he said mockmournfully, as he arose from the table and straightened up to his six-feet-two of bone and muscle—though to be candid, he had a plethora of avoirdupois besides.

I resolved to remonstrate with him no longer, for I verily believed he had arranged his little dramatic performance to bring back to us both memories of other pranks in the past.

The door opened to admit the switch foreman in charge of the work train, which had again caught up with the snow plow.

"O'Neill says it's alright, Mr. Twinely," he said. "He understands just what he is to do."

"Just what is he to do?" I asked my friend.

"Twice this morning," Jim replied, "I heard Tilton caution O'Neill his fireman, to be very careful in handling the coal, and to keep a sharp watch for dynamite; and I was impressed with the fact that dynamite looms large in his mind."

"O'Neill tells me Tilton's scared blue about it," broke in the foreman. "Why, he even refuses to stay on the engine while it is coaling at the chutes, and afterwards he climbs up and looks the coal over to see if there is any dynamite lying around loose-like."

"It is arranged," resumed Jim, "that O'Neill, when I wave my hand as a signal, is to pick up the stick of near-dynamite, previously hidden within reach, and place it on the shovel already filled with coal. As he leans back to make the throw to the firebox, he will yell, 'Dynamite' to attract Tilton's attention to the contents of the shovel, but he will complete the throw as if his discovery was made too late to halt his movements."

Everything went off as planned—and then some. The crew of the work train and of the second helper engine, who had been told what was about to happen, so as to ensure Tilton an admiring audience, waited expectantly.

But the period of suspense was short. Jim gave the signal, and events came thick and fast. O'Neill, bellowing "Dynamite, Dynamite," jumped

through the cab door to the ground. But Tilton chose the handier cab window for his exit, a choice fatal to his immediate comfort, for, diving head-first, he was caught and held fast by his generous paunch, which refused to clear the narrow opening. Hanging head downward, struggling frantically to free himself, his red face rapidly becoming purple, he wriggled and squirmed, alternately cursing in a frenzy of fear and pleading for rescue.

O'Neill stayed his flight, its purpose of setting Tilton an example having been achieved, and taking hold of the latter's down-stretched arms, pulled him by main force through the window. The engineer fell heavily to the ground, but scrambled to his feet with activity remarkable in one of his size and weight, and started to run. Suddenly he became aware that he alone was hurried and alarmed. The others, to judge by facial expression, had no wish to be elsewhere, for some were smiling, others were laughing, and one was rolling on the ground in an uncontrolled ecstacy of mirth.

And then Tilton glanced toward the general superintendent who, nolding his fat sides in a spasm of laughter, was but a few yards distant. Comprehension instantly came to him, aided, doubtless, by a sudden recollection of Twinely's reputation. Rage succeeded fear—a rage before which discipline and all else were forgotten except the wild desire to chastise the man who had so frightened and humiliated him. Screaming imprecations, he rushed toward Twinely who, still laughing, turned and ran with stumbling steps down the track. But, weak and breathless, he was rapidly being overtaken by the irate engineer. Realizing this, Jim left the track and ran down the embankment, intending to crawl through the high barbed-wire fence enclosing the right of way; but, as in the case of the engineer, his girth proved his undoing, and he was caught and held fast by the barbs.

There Tilton overtook him; and if amusement for the onlookers was an object of Jim's original plan, he had builded better than he knew—or even intended, it may be inferred. Tilton, divining Jim's wish to escape through the fence, attempted to assist him in the only way that, to him, seemed appropriate; and the mark presented to the infuriated engineer's toe could hardly be missed. It had swirled through the air but for the second time when Jim parted company with the barbed wire, and, in his turn, fell forward to the ground.

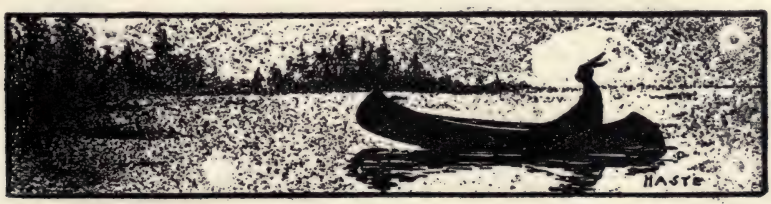
At this moment, the hilarity of the onlookers who had followed Twinely and the engineer to see the fun—was drowned by a tremendous roar, followed by a cloud of dust and falling debris. Tilton's engine had been wrecked by an explosion.

* * * *

Two days later, immediately after the informal investigation at the general superintendent's office in Spring City—which developed only the reasonable theory that dynamite must have come from the mines in the coal, Engineer "Lazy" Joe Tilton stepped up to General Superintendent Twinely, put out his hand and said:

"Mr. Twinely, I must thank you for saving my life. If you hadn't pulled off that stunt with the fake dynamite I would have been killed when the real dynamite exploded."

"That's alright, 'Lazy,'" replied Jim, with a whimsical smile. "You abundantly showed your appreciation at the time."



THE PASSING OF "GOOD" SAUNDERS

BY BENJAMIN S. KOTLOWSKY

"GOOD SAUNDERS is dyin'." It was near the close of a bright summer's day; the golden sun hung just above the horizon and our long wagon train crept wearily forward, winding like a serpent to avoid some slough or lake. The faint winds, setting eastward with the perfumes of the prairies, were balm to our tired souls. We were thinking dreamily of our evening's camp, when the grim words, echoed from wagon to wagon, awoke us to a realization of the dread truth—the uncertainties of life.

" 'Good' Saunders is dyin'!"

Jo Saunders dying? Good Jo Saunders? Surely there must be some mistake? We asked of our companion more with our eyes than words. Why, he was only hurt a day or so ago, and we none of us had thought him seriously injured—but there was no mistaking the decisive sentence:

"Good" Jo Saunders was near his end!

We all loved Jo for his brave, honest heart and his whole-souled simplicity. He lived as God had made him, and no art of society had covered up the manhood of his rugged heart. He was stranger alike to metropolitan refinement and cultured hypocrisy, and as he floated down the wide channel of his life he had not left an enemy on either hand. When the announcement had reached the first wagon it halted, and other wagons circled around it and we came to camp. As we gathered about old Henderson's wagon there was no face so hardened but it bore the impress of sorrow: there was no voice so rude but it sank into the saddest of undertones. Pop Henderson was holding the sufferer's head upon his knees, and the marvel of it all was how his great, rough hands could smooth the hot forehead so gently.

"Don't worry, 'Good,' old chap," said Henderson in a shaking voice, as Jo gasped and struggled for breath. "Can't I raise ye up a little higher?"

The sick man shook his head. Some one thrust a flask of liquor through the side of the wagon where the canvas had been tied up to enhance the supply of fresh air. Old Henderson put it to "Good's" lips, but he turned his head away.

"Not now, not now, Pop: I've got ter go an' that stuff can't keep me."

He closed his eyes and remained still a short time, so still that Pop Henderson looked up at the boys with fearful eyes and they asked him quietly:

"Is he dead?"

"Not yet," said Jo himself, opening his eyes and smiling a little. "I have not gone yet. I smell the flow'rs an' grasses an' the perfume of the prerary, an' I hear the wild rice a-rustlin'—this is the place fur to bury 'Good' Joe." He relapsed into silence once more and again started softly to speak, "They's a big marsh near here, an' they's some buttes off north, hain't they?"

"Yes, Jo."

"An' the sun's jest droppin' down behind the prerary, hain't it, Pop?"

"Yes, Jo."

"Then take me outer the wagon, boys. I want ter be where I kin see 'em fur the last time. It'll git dark purty soon—yes, awful dark fur me, an' I love the buttes, an' sky, an' birds—the big birds is gone now, I s'pose. Hain't none of 'em singin' now around

here, is they, boys? Say!"

"Ye'll see them birds to-morrow, ole feller."

"Yes, I'll see 'em to-morrow: I'll see 'em an' they'll sing fer Jo. Take me out, boys."

Many and willing hands lifted the poor fellow from the wagon to a pile of buffalo robes and blankets on the ground, and Jo, resting on his friend's knee, looked off toward the dark coteaux, then across the moor, rustling and sighing with its rank grass.

"Don't mind me, boys," said he. "Turn out yer cattle and git yer suppers. 'Good' Jo Saunders is goin' ter live to purty nigh mornin'. He's goin' ter spend the night here on the prerary, an' then he's goin' ter sleep here till Gabriel's trumpet wakes 'im."

The men went over the preparations for the evening meal in a half-hearted manner, and Pop Henderson still attended the sufferer.

"What d'ye know 'bout religion, Pop?" asked Jo, when the two were left alone. "I'm just 'bout when a feller thinks of it ef he ever does."

"I dunno what to think, Jo: only jes' live right an' die right, an' yer alright. That's what I've allus reckoned an' argued."

"That's what I've allus thought, Pop, but mebbe they's something else. Kin ye read, ole man?"

"I can't, Jo; but I 'low Bud Smith kin if yer don't git past four or five letters. Shall I call 'im?"

"No, never mind. Jest reach inside this ole shirt, an' git the book you'll find there."

Pop Henderson obeyed, and drew a dingy little Testament into sight.

"Kin ye sing, Pop?"

"Never singed in my life, Jo, but Bud Smith! Ye jes' ought ter hear 'im sing 'Sally, Ole Scout,' an' 'He Stood Pat,' an' them. D'ye want 'im, Jo?"

"No! Open the book, Pop."

Pop Henderson opened the book aimlessly, and it parted just at the place a lock of rich brown hair was pressed between the leaves.

"What's that, Jo?"

"It was the kid's, Pop—Jo's kid, everybody called her. I told ye the story. There, let me take it in my hand. Now, put the book back an' lay me down, an' I'll sleep a little. I'm tired, an' my head's all burnin' up. That'll do. Yer awful good ter me, Pop. I want yer ter take my horse an' saddle —only be good to Bangs—mind, Pop, be good ter her. Good-night, ole man."

He fell back on his blanket, and seemed to doze, and Pop, after covering him, drew a little to one side, where he could watch and be at hand when needed.

After supper one or two of the boys approached nervously and lifted the blanket, but "Good" Jo Saunders appeared to be resting comfortably, and they quietly withdrew.

* * *

The night passed. The gray dawn was filling the east when Pop Henderson went to Jo's side and raised the covering. The early morning light showed what the night had failed to disclose.

"Good"Jo Saunders was dead.

His face was peaceful, almost smiling, and his hands pressed fast the soft brown curl to his breast.



PUSH OR PULL?

BY A. E. SWOYER

FOR A NUMBER of years I was employed in an office building whose swinging doors bore the legend "Push: Pull." Morning, noon and night these doors opened and belched out a swarm of workers, like ants from a crushed ant hill; some of them hugging thin jackets close to them to keep out the cold, others in fur-lined overcoats and smoking expensive cigars. A good deal of interest was to be found in an inspection of that crowd and in an attempt to figure out what made the chief difference between the two extremes. What made the prosperous ones well to do and kept the shabby men poor? Day after day I watched the doors swing, until the legend that they bore seemed to have something to do with the affairs of those hurrying through. "Push"—did that make all the difference? Or was it "Pull?"

The answer meant something to me, because the "Man Ahead" in our office happened to be the brother-in-law of the Boss' nephew. Like all the rest of the force, I had been inclined to think that he held his job for this reason, and let it go at that. But instead of deciding that it was none of my business, I let it discourage me so that I thought there was no use in trying to advance; that's why I had time to watch the swinging doors, and yearned hopelessly for "Pull" instead of hustling around to develop "Push."

I realize now that "Pull" is really a sort of charity; it is asking a man to pay us money that we can't earn simply because some accident of nature has made him better off than we are. It is only a more dignified way of going around with a tin cup, and it carries with it the impression that we are incapable of standing on our own feet.

There's a deal of difference, though, between having a man slip you a quarter, with the words, "Here, poor fellow—you look hungry!" and the kind of "Pull" which makes a friend clap you on the back and say, "Hello, Jim! Our superintendent has quit; you can do the work, and if I were you, I'd drop in and see the Old Man about it." One is plain, unvarnished charity, and the other is really a compliment; an admission that you have ability. No man who is traveling the road to success can afford to refuse a lift, but he should not ask to be carried. If you have pull, use it—but be mighty sure that it is the kind earned by your own merits.

You must have ability to get one of the worth-while positions; occasionally you must have both "Push" and "Pull" as well. But there are mighty few things that push and brains won't get you; it may take a little longer, but there is a lot more satisfaction in it. A man should do his own work so well that there is no question about his ability; but he should so prepare himself that he can accept a higher position without shivering for fear that he can't make good. "Push" means improving every opportunity, looking for extra work rather than avoiding it, putting yourself in the lime light occasionally, and a number of other things. It means taking another job at less pay with a chance for advancement rather than sticking in the old rut with no prospects ahead; it means the improvement of every spare moment and the giving up of a deal of pleasure. In short, it means work. But believe me, it pays.

There is a popular superstition that

the Boss only pays you for your time between eight in the morning and six at night; that quitting time separates your interests until the next morning. That is not so. Your employer has a right to know something about your evenings, and whether you got that bend in your shoulders from stooping over your drawing board after hours, or from holding up a lamp-post on some street corner. The old saying should read: "The Boss helps those who help themselves." At any rate, it is a cinch that, though your being the local pool champion may not interfere with his making you chief engineer, it isn't the reason for his doing it. A great many men are hired not for what they can do at the time, but for what it is expected they will develop into; they are an investment upon which not only is interest expected, but an increase in the principal as well. For all you know, you may be a speculation of this kind; if so, it is not safe to be satisfied with doing your daily work well enough to get by. The Boss is paying you good money because he thinks he is going to make something of you, and if you don't spend every effort to make good and are not using your spare time for study, you are cheating him as well as yourself. The beauty of it is, that the extra work is doing you good as well; really, you are being paid to make more money for yourself. The Boss is staking you to a living in the hope that training will enable you to earn more for him; incidentally, he is giving you the chance to get more for yourself. It is up to you to take advantage of it, if you want to be honest and give value received.

The doors are swinging on thousands of buildings to-day, and the words "Push" and "Pull" are flashing in and out. The same crowds of workers are hustling to hold their jobs or to grab off that of the man ahead; the same fellows are playing pool, and the same chaps are studying and pushing. Perhaps more than one is wishing for "Pull" instead of getting steam up to "Push," and it may be that some one is at this moment trying to figure, as I did, what caused the difference between the man in the fur Benny and the chap with the mirror effect on his sleeves. Perhaps you are trying to figure some way of getting the position of the man ahead, and more than likely the man behind is working his brain to find a means of getting *your* scalp.

Whatever the case, you are pretty safe if you forget all about "Pull," throw a little coal under the boiler marked "Push," and remember that your spare time holds the most important hours of your life, not only for the Boss but for yourself.

GIRL OF GIRLS

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

I shall not call thee gem most rare,
I shall not call thee star most fair,
Nor say thy beauty is the light
Of moonbeams in a misty night;
Thou art more fair than stars and moon,
And rarer than the radiant boon
Of diamonds and deep-sea pearls—
Beauty of Beauties, Girl of Girls!

ADVENT OF THE EXCLUSIVE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE IN NEW YORK'S THEATRE ZONE

BY ROBERT GRAU

THE QUESTION which is now agitating the leading factors in the motion picture industry is how soon the theatre of cinematography, where the scale of admission prices will be the same as at the leading Broadway theatres, will come into being. In other words, they believe that the distinction now existing between the theatres where players in the flesh hold sway and those where the photo-play is portrayed on the screen through science and artifice, will be wholly removed within two years at the latest.

Already the spectacle of an audience that had paid one dollar for reserved seats to witness what are called special film releases is common all over the country. In New York, at the Herald Square and Majestic Theatres, the kinemacolor pictures of the Coronation festivities have drawn enormous audiences, and the Messrs. Shubert have found in this attraction a means by which many of their theatres outside of New York have for the first time been profitably maintained; in fact, the patronage extended to the kinemacolor offerings has just brought about the inauguration of the first exclusive motion picture theatre in the theatre zone of New York, through the lease for five years by Charles H. Ford, its president, of the Mendelssohn Hall on West 40th street, and it is further stated that within a comparatively short time kinemacolor theatres of a permanent character will be in operation in every large city in the United States and Canada.

With the exception of the Hippodrome spectacles, and possibly the production of "Ben Hur," a play now in its twelfth year, no play, opera or spectacle has ever involved the monetary outlay expended by the Milano film Company of Italy to evolve the series of pictures entitled "Dante's Inferno"—two years were required to prepare this film production for portrayal on the screen, and $125,000 is the estimated cost before a penny of income was derived. "Dante's Inferno" is also being presented in the Shubert theatres, and in nearly every city where the pictures have been exhibited the engagements have had to be prolonged.

During the past few weeks, nearly all of the larger film manufacturers have been preparing special releases, and the single reel is gradually giving way to the three-reel film, which means that instead of the motion picture requiring twenty minutes to exhibit, the tendency is toward the full evening's entertainment. The Edison Company spent more than $50,000 to evolve "The Crusaders," and made no fuss whatever over the evolution.

The development of the film industry has caused the regular theatre managers to look on in utter amazement, and if this development goes on and expands, as there is every indication that it will, the gentlemen to whom the theatre-going public have been accustomed to look for their entertainment will be brought face to face with the most difficult problem that they have as yet had to cope.

The day when the high-grade actor was wont to regard an offer to pose for the photo-plays as belittling has passed for all time, and to-day the very best players, producers and authors are available to the film manufacturers, for here they will get their salaries with clock-like regularity, with engagements for fifty-two weeks in the year, and such a thing as tie-walking is unknown where the camera man rules.

There are now twenty-eight separate film manufacturers within one hundred miles of New York. Each of these maintains at least one complete stock company, and several have as many as five distinct groups of players distributed all over the world in the effort to produce realistic pictures. The Vitagraph Company has six different companies, and the players are recruited from the best actors known to the Broadway stage. The writer recently recognized in a single reel no less than six players whose combined salaries, when appearing in theatrical productions, would amount to $1200. The stage directors are the very best to be had.

An idea of the vast progress in the motion picture field may be had when it is stated that the Messrs. Shubert were recently offered $50,000 for the privilege to reproduce the Hippodrome spectacles, the idea being that as the Hippodrome productions are too costly to be presented on tour, such a thing as their preservation would not only be profitable, but would also be regarded as a public spirited undertaking.

It has always been claimed that the grand ballets presented at the Empire and Alhambra Music Halls in London are too costly and altogether too tremendous to be transported to these shores; hence, the fact that a French film company recently paid $35,000 to reproduce the Empire ballet alone attracted much attention, but the sensation of the film world came when the divine Sarah Bernhardt, at the age of sixty-seven, succumbed to the inducements offered to her, and when her friends remonstrated with the great artiste for permitting her art to be "degraded," this illustrious woman spoke thus: "Had the offers been far less than they are, I would have accepted, for I am aiding to preserve for posterity such of my art as yet remains, and it would be well if those of my colleagues of the stage who seem shocked would ask of themselves: 'What would I give if I could see cinematographic presentations of the art of Rachel, Garrick, Kean, Booth and Ristori?'"

And now comes the report that the great Tomaso Salvini, him whom Charlotte Cushman hailed as "the greatest actor the world ever saw," is to enact before the camera his sublime portrayal of "Othello." Salvini is now approaching his eightieth year, but none of those Americans who can recall his rendition of the ferocious Moore will doubt that in the perpetuation of Salvini's artistry the usefulness of this great scientific invention will be vividly demonstrated.

When the motion picture was first revealed in this country, it became a part of the vaudeville programmes in the "two-a-day" theatres. Then came the nickelodeon, of which at one time there were 10,000 in this country. Five years ago Marcus Loew, who had one of these establishments in Harlem, grasped the significance of combining the motion picture with a minor grade of vaudeville. He leased a theatre for this purpose—then another. He is now a multi-millionaire, and owns ten theatres in Greater New York alone, and holds long leases on as many more, while in the heart of the greater city are now being erected two palatial theatres, involving an outlay of nearly two million dollars.

On East 14th street, one man controls three theatres within one hundred yards of each other, the combined rental of these three theatres—the City, the Dewey, and the Academy of Music—being exactly two hundred thousand dollars a year. This man is William Fox, who four years ago opened a five-cent theatre in Brooklyn and is now a millionaire.

In Chicago there are two men, Messrs. Spoor and Selig, who a few years ago started with a capital of $10,000 as manufacturers of the first film released in the West. The income of each to-day is in excess of $200,000 a year.

In the same city, George Kleine, erstwhile optician, became a selling agent for the manufacturers. His interests are so great to-day, and his income so large, that to attempt to record a list of the corporate enterprises he is the head of would entail a special article.

In Philadelphia, Sigismund Lubin a few years ago was manufacturing magic lanterns. When the motion picture craze came, he evolved the cineograph, a device that made him rich. Then he became a film manufacturer. Mr. Lubin has over one hundred players in his various companies.

There are four weekly trade journals devoted solely to the film industry, and as many more monthlies. There are also twelve scenario schools, where the art of preparing potent manuscripts is taught. One man—a Mr. Hall—has had over 150 scenarios accepted in the last twelve months. The prices paid for scenarios vary from $5 to $100, but with the development toward special releases has come the demand for famous authors, and as high as $1000 has already been paid to this class.

At the outset, reputation counted for nothing in the film world, for the photo-player. Until recently they were not advertised, but now the names of the players are flashed on the screen, and the Pathe Freres project the members of the cast of each photo-play bowing to the acknowledgment of applause. This has gradually resulted in the favorites of the picture playhouses becoming more conspicuous, while in the lobbies one finds now handsome frames of photographs of the stock companies; in fact, in every possible manner the tendency is to bring the modern theatre of cinematography into direct conflict with the so-called legitimate theatres.

TO MOUNT ST. HELENS

BY ADA M. HEDGES

Elusive as the ling'ring morning mist,
With outlines dimly traced against the sky,
Thy summit stands serene, unchangingly,
Cloud-white with everlasting snows that lie
Upon thy far, faint crest.

To us who dwell below and heedless plod
The days, and half-achieving, hurry on,
Impart the secret of thy timeless calm—
Tell us, does that undying quiet come
From close proximity to God!

ABOVE THE VALLEY

BY MARY I. BOYNTON

THE VALLEY lay below them in all the radiance of an early autumn sunset, but neither the Man nor the Woman saw it. His face, with its square-set jaw, the firm mouth, deep-set eyes, a face at first sight rugged and stern, yet one the children loved, a face the sick, the sinful, the troubled, turned to instinctively for help, facing the Woman, the most beautiful in all the world to him, the fair head thrown a little back, a touch of scorn in the dark blue eyes, and on the red, full, curved lips. Then, as the eyes of the Man held hers, the head drooped, the face grew softer, the lips pleading:

"Michael," she said, softly, "it is not alone for myself I ask this. I long to see you take the place in the world that belongs to you. Think of your education, your talents, shut into this little mining town. Leave this little hospital; others can do for these simple, ignorant people. Come, come back with me to life—and love!"

A smile crossed his lips. "Dear child," he said, gently, "have you yet to learn that he who builds his castle upon the world's ambition builds upon quicksands?"

She made a gesture, impatient, imperative.

"Oh, Michael," she cried, "come back to my world with me! Work, and love, and glory, the glory of great success awaits you there!" But he did not move.

"It is glory and success enough for me to work for God's children as I find them here."

"Michael!" she whispered, softly, and with outstretched, pleading hands.

"Dear heart!" he said, sadly, "I cannot do what you ask. Chance seemingly placed me here, but—'It chanced —Eternal God that chance did guide,' and here I have my work. No other people need me as these people do. They are *my* people. I have dreamed of their being *your* people, too, Helen. That it must remain only a dream is no fault of yours, but I cannot go."

She drew back, all the sweet pleading vanished from her face.

"Oh!" she cried passionately, "why did uncle bring me here to see the mines—and you! I wish I had never seen your face."

"For your sake, if it gives you unhappiness, I wish so too. For me, should I never see you again, yet would I thank God that I have seen you, and know I can love as I love you." Then suddenly he held out his arms to her.

"Dear heart, come!" he cried.

For an instant only it seemed as though she would answer to the yearning of that cry. Then she withdrew farther from him. "I cannot bury myself, nor encourage you, in burying yourself here."

She was calm now, with the calmness of the hopelessness of the struggle. Then, with sudden passion, she faced him, and cried:

"Oh, you do not love me, else you could not be so cruel!"

"It is you who do not love," his heart answered, but his lips were mute as he watched her vanish down the hillside, going back to the world she had left three months before, and that she loved better than him.

* * * *

Through the gray autumn days, through the cruel, cold winter, working faithfully in the despised little hospital; through sunshine and storm, by

day-time and night-time he worked, comforter, teacher, friend, physician to his people. His voice gentler, his hand more skillful, his heart tenderer for the great love it had known.

Winter passed, and spring, the season of life and hope, came to the valley. The dawn was breaking, and the Man came up from the valley to the hill-top. His night's vigil had been hard, the struggle long and not hopeless until the very last; then the silent messenger was victor, and another soul went out from the valley. The Man had come to the hill-top as to a shrine, to renew his strength and courage.

Suddenly she appeared before him, coming up the hill with springing step and love-lit eyes. And he was not surprised. It was as though he had expected her and was waiting.

"Michael," she cried joyously, "I have come to share your work and your glory!" But he did not go to meet her: only a wonderful light burned in his eyes. She had paused at a distance from him. Now, with faltering step, she came near, her beautiful eyes never leaving his, her hands clasped before her.

"It is small glory as the world sees," he said. A note of sadness was in his voice, but his smile was brave. "Dear heart, have you strength for what I ask?"

"Your love will be my strength," she answered.

Suddenly the valley was swept by a glow of rosy radiance as the sun-god chased the night mists away. A thousand dew-gems flashed from tree and blade and bush. To the Man and the Woman looking with awed and love-lit eyes it was as though they beheld the day of Creation.

"See, beloved!" he whispered, one hand clasping hers, while the other pointed to the valley, with a sweeping gesture. "'God touched the canvas with his brush, and a new day is born' for you and me!"

ALONE

BY WINONA C. MARTIN

Sometimes at evensong, when day is flown,
When on the hearth the fitful firelight gleams,
While each weird and fantastic shadow seems
The wraith of some lost joy I called my own,
The shade of some dead hope I once have known—
When the deep silence breaks in strains whose themes
Are but the sobbing requiems of dreams
That echo back my own heart's cry, "Alone!"

There suddenly upon my soul descends
A peace transcending joy and stilling fear,
Which in its brooding tenderness suspends
The ceaseless pain forever nameless here.
What may it be that this strange mood portends?
Oh! tell me, can it be that *you* are near?

A BURRO, MT. WILSON AND A WOMAN

BY LIZZIE PARK FLEMING

IF YOU want the conceit taken out of you, I would advise a trip somewhere on a burro.

The principal factors in the following sketch are placed according to their importance, a burro, a mountain and a woman.

One winter while in Southern California, plans were made with a party of friends for a trip, via the old trail, to the summit of Mt. Wilson. The *party* did not materialize, and as my visit was drawing to a close, I decided to "go it alone."

The prospect was not very encouraging when I boarded the trolley at Los Angeles, but being a tenderfoot I kept on my way, arriving at Sierra Madre and the stables, where horses mules and burros were for hire, about nine o'clock.

Persons weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds or less may take a burro, if they choose. That was my choice, for I thought he would easily pack my ninety-eight pounds; besides, should I wish to dismount, it would be more convenient.

A party of men were leaving the stables as I arrived. I followed soon, never doubting but that I would catch a glimpse of them occasionally.

We had gone but a short distance when I discovered three things: First, that the animal knew that *I* knew nothing about burros. Second, that he was very conservative; at least he was opposed to progress. Third, that I would



Working their way down the mountain trail the next day.



Mount Wilson Hotel, near the summit of the mountain, patiently awaiting the belated burro and its hopeful rider.

not see the party ahead, but any one leaving the stables three or four hours later would overtake me. But the day proved unpropitious!

Mr. Burro was of a very artistic temperament, and would stand gazing upon the scenery, which was indeed beautiful. Sometimes he would stand and doze. I photographed him in this favorite position, and although, to quote David Harum: "He would stand without hitchin'," I threw the bridle over a shrub to prevent him taking "French leave" back to the corral.

When he moved at all it was very slowly for a few paces. I would dismount, coax, pull and push; then I would mount and wait until the spirit moved. Sometimes he trotted along the trail for several rods, and just as I began to feel encouraged he would stop suddenly and heave a sigh that nearly lifted me from the saddle: he evidently wanted company and did not recognize me as one of his kin.

A stick made no impression whatever. I tickled his ears: he merely wagged them back and forth. Having some apples in my handbag, the brilliant idea came to me of putting a piece on the end of a stick and holding it beyond his nose. His actions soon demonstrated that it was not a safe proposition for me. I bit off a piece and threw it ahead in the path: he trotted along, picked it up and began nosing for more. Turning around on a two-foot path wasn't very comfortable for the rider, so the apples were abandoned.

Being a pack animal, when he came to a very narrow place on the trail he walked as near the outer edge as he possibly could and keep his footing. In the meantime I was becoming an expert in the art of mounting, as I had been off and on at least twenty-five times, when in the distance we heard the barking of a dog, and I knew we were nearing civilization. Mr. Burro pricked up his ears, started off on a brisk trot, and soon reached a place where he could *rest,* the half-way house—four and a half miles—we had been four hours on the way.

Here I ate lunch, and the young man in charge informed me that "Billy Bryan" was a good burro, just lazy



Snowballing on the mountain top before breakfast.

and soldiering; that the way to make him go was to dig him in the side with my heels.

Refreshed and encouraged, with a whoop, a whistle and a slap from the young man for "Billy," we resumed our journey with a dash over a very steep and rocky road.

Being astride, the kicking process was not hard, and the rat-a-tat-tat executed upon his sides would have done justice to a snare drummer. The result was satisfactory, for he kept up a fair pace, although feeling compelled to "He-Haw" whenever I used my heels.

After leaving the half-way house, we had not proceeded far when the clouds began closing around us: I could see but a short distance ahead, while all below was blotted out by the mist; it looked like a sea of foam with the tree tops showing through it.

A most profound silence, broken only by the drops of moisture as they fell, drip-drip, upon the leaves, pervaded the place. A terrible solitude forced its presence upon my mind. I felt like the "Last American."

Provoking as that burro had been, a fondness for him was rapidly being engendered, for we seemed to be the only living things upon earth.

The March days are not long at their best: it was now growing late, and although I felt perfectly sure the animal knew the way, I was very anxious to reach the summit before dark. However, cheering words painted on the rocks along the way had their effect. They were: "Keep smiling," "Cheer up," "The last half mile," etc. It was a mighty long half mile. Shortly after five o'clock we reached Hotel Wilson, tired, wet and hungry. When I went in the host asked: "Where is the rest of the party?" "Oh," I replied, "I am the party; the *rest* is outside hitched to a post—at least, it did little but rest all the way up."

He looked at me and said: "You don't mean to say that you came up alone?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, I'll be——" But pausing, he continued: "Well, you have nerve."

I had not thought it an unusual thing, but the way the guests crowded around, I concluded it was out of the ordinary. I can see now that it was



His favorite position. (From a photo by the author, taken under extreme difficulties.)

foolhardy, knowing absolutely nothing of the trail and being at the mercy of the beast.

The hotel is very pleasant, and the large living room with the blazing logs in the fireplace looked mighty good to me. Besides the living room, this building contains dining room, office and kitchen. The rooms are in cottages, situated on the slope of the mountain.

I enjoyed a good dinner, and about eight o'clock concluded to retire. The night was as dark as Egypt, and when I came out of the hotel I felt as though I was stepping into space. My cottage had one room, and was very comfortably furnished. I was soon in bed and asleep.

I wakened once and heard the wind blowing and the sleet beating against the window, but the cottage did not shake much.

In the morning there was snow everywhere over the summit of the Southern California Sierras; the pine and fir trees were laden with it. It looked good to a Michigander. It evidently looked good to the other guests, too, for they had a merry time snowballing.

The sun was shining brightly, but clouds lay between us and the valley. Suddenly the clouds parted, and I caught a glimpse of the bright green valley below, my gaze following the path out to a blue strip of the Pacific. The scene was wonderfully beautiful, lasting only a few moments, for the clouds rolled back again. I was disappointed at not having good weather, but not sorry I had taken the trip, for I felt amply repaid.

As the morning offered no encouraagement of clearing I joined a party returning to the city. My burro trotted along right merrily. It was interesting to note how carefully he selected his footing over steep, rocky places, almost sitting down and sliding. We reached the stables without incident, other than a good drenching.

For the past three years Mount Wilson has been prominently before the eyes of the public; for the largest photographic telescope in the world is located upon this, the highest peak of the Sierra Madres (5,886 feet.)



A good view of the mountain. (Snapped on the trail on the upward climb.)

When the plan for a large solar observatory was broached to the trustees of the Carnegie Institute, a committee was appointed to find a suitable location. California, Arizona and even Australia were tested as to atmospheric conditions. It was necessary to select a place where there were long periods of clear weather. Altitude was also essential in order to eliminate as far as possible low-lying clouds, haze and dust. The summit must not be above the timber line, for it was desirable that both summit and slopes of the mountain should be well covered with foliage to protect it from the direct heat of the sun's rays. In 1904 the choice fell upon Mount Wilson, and a long lease of the land for buildings, etc., was obtained. Timber and rock were plentiful on the mountain, but several hundred tons of cement and other building material was packed up a narrow trail on the backs of burros. The foot of this trail is about six miles from Pasadena, and before the heavy instruments could be transported to the summit it was widened to ten feet, which required about one year's labor.

The entire building is of steel, and Prof. Ritchey, who figured and ground the glass, designed the dome and mounting.

The dome is 58 feet in diameter, the walls are double, giving free circulation of air. The foundation is concrete; there are two floors, one of cement on the ground level, the other nine feet above. This is of thin sheets of steel. The opening is 16 feet, running back over the dome. In summer the top is covered with canvas two feet above the metal surface, to prevent the sun shining directly upon it.

The telescope is of the Newtonian type, with a 60 inch aperture, and 25 foot focal length, of skeleton construction, weighing four tons.

The 60 inch mirror was cast at the St. Gobian Plate Glass Works in France. It is 8 inches thick, and weighs about one ton. The first grinding was done at Williams Bay; from there it was shipped to Pasadena, where the grinding and polishing were completed in 1908. The lens cost nearly $50,000. The refractor and optical properties are of the highest order. It was installed ready for use

December, 1908. Both optically and mechanically it is most satisfactory, and a delight to visitors.

In fact, the success of the 60 inch reflector caused Mr. Hooker of Los Angeles to offer $45,000 to the Carnegie Institute for the purchase of a disk of glass and its working into a mirror of 100 inch diameter.

At the Mt. Wilson conference in 1909, thirteen nations were represented by their most eminent astronomers, and they were filled with wonder at what had been accomplished in five years.

The Mount Wilson Solar Observatory is the largest and most elaborate in existence. The world of science has nothing to compare in magnitude with the series of instruments in active use there.

To the Carnegie and Smithsonian Institutes and generous Californians credit is due for this great achievement. It is supported from endowment funds, and Prof. George E. Hale of the Carnegie Institute is the director. The cost, including land, building and equipment, was nearly one-half million dollars, but the scientific returns have more than repaid the outlay.

No doubt Mt. Wilson will be visited by many more people than in former years, as the widened trail makes it very accessible, but I hope it may be my good fortune to *try* it again over the old trail.

DISILLUSIONED

BY MYRTLE CONGER

Oh, heart of mine, didst thou once leap with joy,
 Or ever throb with youthful gladness;
Didst ever sing in Life's fair spring,
 Though brooding now in mortal sadness.

Or didst thou ever pulse with human love—
 That dream wherein all youth rejoices—
Now stirred with pain to wake again
 To dead, long dead, forgotten voices.

And didst thou ever quaff the cup of Hope,
 Desiring all and all believing?
Oh, heart of mine, what dregs were thine,
 And oh, the wine, how long deceiving!

Oh, would that I could teach thee not to feel;
 The years can bring thee naught but sorrow.
Didst thou not pray but yesterday,
 And this is yesterday's to-morrow!

OVERLAND IMMIGRATION FROM 1843-1846—NO. 3

BY CARDINAL GOODWIN

(While this paper deals with overland immigration from eighteen forty-three to eighteen forty-six inclusive, no attempt will be made to examine even in a general way all of the fifteen or more companies that crossed the plains for California during that period. Of some of them little is known, even their names in a few cases being a matter of conjecture, and the knowledge we have of others indicates that their experiences did not differ materially from those of companies which have been treated in former papers in this series, or from those considered below. So far as the writer knows, all of the routes used by overland home-seekers before eighteen forty-seven will have been included in this and preceding papers. An account will be given here of attempts made to persuade emigrants to turn to California, instead of continuing their journey to Oregon as they had planned to do; and the routes traveled, together with some of the hardships experienced by three of the best-known companies will be related.)

Tempters.

OF THE approximately seven thousand people who left the Western frontiers between the beginning of the year 1843 and December 1846, for the Pacific Coast, less than fifteen hundred came to California. That the latter number was not even smaller is probably due to two reasons: the advice of agents of the Hudson Bay Company and the inducements offered by representatives from California. Mr. Grant, the agent at Fort Hall, in order to prevent Americans from settling in the regions of the Northwest, which the Hudson Bay Company apparently wished to monopolize for commercial purposes, seems to have used every inducement possible to persuade pioneers that California was more suitable for permanent settlement than Oregon. He was evidently seconded in his efforts by men sent out from the former place for that purpose. "Every effort was made," writes one authority, "to induce emigrants to pursue the route to California. The most extravagant tales were related respecting the dangers that awaited a trip to Oregon, and of the difficulties and trials to be surmounted. The perils of the way were so magnified as to make us suppose the journey almost impossible. On the other hand, as an inducement to pursue the California route, we were informed of its shortness when compared with that to Oregon; as also of many other superior advantages it possessed. These tales, told and rehearsed, were likely to produce the effect of turning the tide of emigration thither. Mr. Greenwood, an old mountaineer, well stocked with falsehoods, had been despatched from California to pilot the emigrants through; and, assisted by a young man by the name of McDougal from Indiana, so far succeeded as to induce thirty-five or thirty-six wagons to take that trail,"

in addition to others that had been fitted out for California. This was in 1845. During the same year Hastings wrote Sutter, evidently giving the latter reason to expect a company of more than a thousand people during the summer. "I am glad they meet with some good pilots at Fort Hall," wrote the old German-Swiss in July. Glad indeed was he if the pioneers settled at New Helvetia.

Immigration in 1843.

The only expedition of any importance that came across the mountains to California during this year—the Hastings Company came down from Oregon—was the Chiles-Walker party. Joseph B. Chiles, a former member of the Bartleson Company of 1841, returned to Missouri in 1842, organized a company with the assistance of William Baldridge at Independence in 1843, and left that place in May to conduct his party to California. The company followed the old Oregon trail to Fort Laramie and Fort Hall, completing this part of the journey with several hundred emigrants who were on their way to Oregon. In the vicinity of Fort Laramie, Joe Walker joined the California expedition, probably persuaded to do so by a nephew of his who was a member of the party, and became the official guide of the company. At Fort Hall provisions began to give out, and the company decided to send a small party under Chiles down the Snake River to Old Fort Boise. If they failed to find supplies there—as they evidently did—they were to continue by way of the Malheur, Pitt and Sacramento Rivers to Sutter's Fort, near the present site of the city of Sacramento, procure provisions and return to the main company at the sink of the Humboldt River. On account of the deep snows in the Sierras, this part of the plan was not carried out.

Having waited a week at the sink for the return of Chiles, the main company, under the direction of Walker, proceeded southward to Walker River and lake. The journey was still southward from the latter place, probably along the present route of the railroad from Hawthorne, Nevada to Owens Lake in California. On account of the weakness of their animals and the hardships of the journey, the wagons —the first to be brought into California by overland home-seekers—had to



Indians hunting buffaloes with bows and arrows.

be abandoned in the vicinity of Owens Lake. Here, too, Walker buried the machinery for a saw-mill which Chiles had purchased in the East and which the latter expected to set up in what later became Sonoma County: an expectation, however, which Chiles never realized.

The most difficult part of the journey was traversed after leaving Owens Lake. Both water and game became scarce, and the glare from the hard-baked, whitened earth almost blinded them. They journeyed over a hundred miles without finding water. As they approached the "flank of the Coast Range they had to cross places covered with white, pulverulent soil, in which the horses sank to their knees." Finally, after some of their animals had died from thirst and after many members of the company had abandoned all hope of ever reaching their destination, they approached the foothills, procured water, killed some game, and after a short rest, crossed the mountains through Walker's Pass. Apparently they turned northward from here, traveling as far as the present site of Visalia, and thence west across the Tulares to the Coast Range, camping at Christmas time "in a delightful vale on the head waters of a tributary of the Salinas River." In January, 1844, they pushed forward to Gilroy's rancho, the present site of old Gilroy, and from there scattered to different points in the northern and central parts of California.

The Stevens-Murphy Company, 1844.

About five months later, probably in June, thirty-six persons arrived in the Sacramento Valley from Oregon. Some of them had crossed the plains with the Bartleson Company at an earlier date, but were disappointed with conditions in California, and had gone to the Northwest in 1843. The party has been called the Kelsey Company, because several of its members bore that name. They settled at various places in Central and Northern California, Andrew Kelsey locating in what became Lake County, and probably became the founder of Kelseyville.

The most important party of 1844, however, came across the Sierras. This was the "Stevens Company," as appropriately called the Murphy Company because of the large number of that family in the expedition. (It will be styled the Stevens-Murphy Company in this paper.) It left Missouri River in May, and followed the old emigrant trail to Fort Hall. About half of the party went to Oregon from here, while the remainder, consisting of twenty-six men, eight women and about a dozen children, turned toward California. The latter followed Bear River to within a few miles of Salt Lake, and then turned west along the northern border of the Great Salt Lake Desert, across the mountains to Humboldt, and down that stream to its sink, arriving at the latter place late in October or early in November. Here so much time was spent in preparation for the trip over the mountains that they did not resume the journey until the snow had begun to fall. Instead of taking the southern course via Walker River and lake, they continued west, following approximately the present line of the railroad and thus entering California over a new route. A short distance from the sink they secured the services of Truckee, an Indian guide, for whom the river along which they were traveling is said to have been named. At the fork of the Truckee River, John and Daniel Murphy, Magnent, Deland, Mrs. Townsend and Ellen Murphy, each with a horse, left the main company, "following the river to Lake Tahoe, and thence crossing to the headwaters of the American, and down that stream to St. Clair's rancho," arriving at the latter place after experiencing many hardships but no disasters. The main company continued westward to what later became known as Donner Lake. Here some of the wagons were left with three men, and the other members of the company climbed to the summit and pressed on to the head of the



Indians stampeding the horses and mules belonging to an immigrant train.

Yuba River. The other wagons were left at the latter place in charge of the Miller and Patterson families, old man Martin, Mrs. Martin Murphy and her four sons, and Mrs. James Murphy and daughter. They remained at this point throughout the winter, suffering considerably from cold and hunger. The others reached Sutter's Fort without serious difficulty. Foster, Montgomery and Schallenberger, who had been left at Donner Lake, built a cabin and expected to be able to live by hunting. The snows, however, soon became too deep for this. Taking some snow shoes, they started across the mountains, but Schallenberger was seized with an attack of the cramps and crawled back to the cabin. He remained here until February, 1845, living on game caught with some steel traps left by Captain Stevens. At last Dennis Martin returned from the Sacramento Valley to relieve the party on the Yuba, and extended his trip to Donner Lake to get Schallenberger also. By the middle of March the whole company had been safely conducted to the settlements. Some of the men had already joined Michaltorena's troops for a campaign in the southern part of the territory, and the others, with their families, settled in the central part of California. The Murphys, or the majority of them, located in Santa Clara County. Their descendants still live in San Jose and in various other parts of the State, and justly pride themselves upon being children of some of California's bravest and most noted pioneers.

Immigration of 1845.

The McMahon-Clyman party, the Swasey-Todd Company, the Sublette Party, the Grigsby-Ide, the Hastings-Semple and other companies of 1845, will simply be mentioned. They came over routes that have already been considered, and what little is known of their experiences furnishes few if any new items of interest. They were made up of small divisions for the most part, some of which had probably been detached from companies bound for Oregon by Mr. Grant at Fort Hall, or by representatives sent

over the mountains from California for that purpose. Of the three thousand people who left Independence, Iowa Point, Council Bluffs and other points along the frontier for the Pacific Coast during the year, only about two hundred came to California. The dispute between England and the United States over the Northwest boundary, and speeches by American politicians in Western frontier towns concerning the particular advantages for settlement which that section offered together with the desire of an opportunity on the part of a few, who had followed Jackson at New Orleans, of striking another blow at the old foe, had turned the attention and centered the interest on Oregon. Many doubtless believed in 1845 that there would soon be another war with Great Brittain, and some went to the Northwest fully convinced that that would be the seat of the conflict.

On June 15th, 1846, however, the dispute between England and the United States, except a portion of the water boundary, was settled, and that part of the Northwest south of the forty-ninth parallel, came peaceably into the hands of the latter Power. This may have had something to do with the revival of interest in California. Anyway there were about five hundred people who crossed the plains in 1846 to settle in that territory. They came in several companies, only one of which will be considered.

The Donner Party.

Perhaps no overland expedition ever started across the plains more thoroughly equipped for the journey to the Pacific than the Donner Party; certainly none ever met with greater disasters. Space will not permit a detailed account of their sufferings, and if it did, such an account would not be desirable. Many who were members of the company have left descriptions of their experiences, and imposters who claimed to be members have written untruthful and exaggerated accounts of the sufferings endured. It has been rightly said, however, that the naked truth is revolting enough without any attempts at exaggeration. The plain facts, when relieved of all rhetorical phrasing, leave a picture which could be no more horrible in its details even if drawn by the pen of an Edgar Allan Poe.

The expedition with which the Donner party left Independence, Missouri, in May, 1846, contained about two or three hundred wagons. Counting the number usually allowed of five persons to each wagon, we have a company of one thousand or fifteen hundred people. When in motion the train was scattered along the road for a distance of two miles. They traveled over a well beaten road to Fort Laramie and Sandy Creek, and this part of the trip seems to have been full of real enjoyment and of genuine pleasure. Letters written at intervals along the road to friends at home refer to abundance of game on the prairies and in the mountains, to botanical expeditions, to a Fourth of July celebration, to athletic contests, to singing and dancing around evening camp fires; but there seem to have been no accidents, no misfortunes to amount to anything, no serious discomforts, no narrow escapes from Indians, no want of agreeable anticipations as to the future. Mrs. Sarah Keys, a lady ninety years old and the mother of Mrs. J. E. Reed, died near the present site of Manhattan, Kansas, but in the light of subsequent events this cannot be termed a misfortune.

While the original Donner party was organized in Sangamon County, Illinois, in April, 1846, by George and Jacob Donner and James Reed, the official organization of the company which bore that name did not take place until they arrived at Little Sandy Creek a few months later. The Californians were met in the vicinity of Fort Bridger by Hastings and Hudspeth, and several small parties "were induced to save a few hundred miles and to avoid many hardships by taking the cut-off south of the lake," a route which had been partly explored a few

years earlier by Fremont. Hastings, for some reason, supported by Bridger and Vasquez, proprietors of the fort, who were actuated by selfish motives, exaggerated the advantages and underestimated the difficulties of the new route.

A New Route.

Thirty-six men, twenty-one women and thirty children, five of the last being infants, detached themselves from the main company and formed an organization with George Donner as captain, a place which he appears to have been entirely unqualified to fill. The other Californians who continued with the Oregon train to Fort Hall, and from there, via the old California trail along the Humboldt and



Fort Laramie in early pioneer days.

over the mountains, reached their destination in safety.

The new company left Fort Bridger on the 28th of July, and on the third of August crossed Weber River near the head of Weber Canyon. On the west bank of the river they found a letter from Hastings, who was conducting a party through the canyon, advising them to avoid the road through the latter place and to pursue a course over the mountains, which he attempted to outline for them. In order to obtain additional information, or, if possible, induce Hastings to serve as guide, three of the company were sent forward to overtake him. This was accomplished, but Hastings did not feel that he could desert the party he was with to become the guide of another. He did, however, return with Reed and his companions a short distance, and from some high bluffs near the end of Salt Lake endeavored to point out a route which he advised them to follow. Reed proceeded alone over the route indicated, taking note of the country, and blazing trees to assist him in finding the course.

Meantime the company waited in the meadows at the head of Weber Canyon until Reed returned. After hearing his report, they voted unanimously to take the more direct route across the mountains to Salt Lake. They continued westward along a small stream until they came to "a varying and irregular canyon, down which they passed . . . making roads, breaking and mending wagons, until they arrived at an utterly impassable outlet in the vicinity of the lake. Here all of the oxen in the train had to be used in drawing each wagon out of the canyon and up the steep, overhanging mountain." It was here, also, that Stanton and Pike, the men who had gone in advance with Reed to overtake Hastings, joined the company. Their horses had given out, and they had been compelled, not without a great deal of suffering, to travel on foot. A journey that the company had expected would occupy only a week, had taken a whole month, and had left men and animals almost

completely exhausted. This fatal delay was probably responsible for the later serious disaster.

The third and fourth days of September were spent resting on the southern shore of the lake, probably in the vicinity of Salt Lake City. On the fifth the journey was resumed, and on the ninth they came to the desert, which the proprietors of Fort Bridger had told them was only fifty miles in width. After providing themselves with what they considered an ample supply of grass and water for the journey the company proceeded. They spent six days or more crossing this dreary, desolate, alkaline waste. The majority of the company finally reached water after experiencing much suffering, but no serious loss. Reed, however, was less fortunate. Before the train had been on the desert three days his oxen began to give out, and he rode ahead on horseback in search of water. After traveling about twenty miles his search was rewarded, and he turned back to rejoin his companions. In the meantime his teamsters, finding the oxen unable to draw the wagons any farther, had unhitched them and driven them ahead, leaving the family with the wagons. Reed passed his men and teams during the night and hastened on to his family. Soon after passing Reed, a horse ridden by one of the teamsters gave out, and while he and his companions were attempting to raise the exhausted animal, the oxen, probably scenting water, stampeded. During all of the next day Reed and his family waited in the midst of the desert for the return of his teams. Realizing that another day without water might mean death to some of them, he took his youngest child in his arms, bade the other members of the family follow, and started on foot to cover the twenty miles of desolate waste. As they trudged along, the younger children being urged forward by alternate scoldings and coaxings, their attention was fixed for one awful moment by the rapid approach of an animal through the darkness. The creature bounded across their path and disappeared. It was one of the escaped oxen crazed and frenzied with thirst. It passed close enough for Reed to recognize the animal, and then he understood why his teamsters had not returned.

Joining the other members of the company on a small creek in the edge of the desert sometime during the early hours of the next day, Reed reported his sad plight, and immediate preparations were made by the whole party to assist him in recovering his lost oxen. About a week was spent in a vain endeavor to accomplish this. Reed had one ox and one milk cow left. By yoking these together, hitching them with another yoke loaned to him by F. W. Graves and Patrick Breen, and abandoning all his property except such as could be placed in one wagon, he was able to resume the journey.

Along the California Trail.

Before leaving their desert camp, the Donner party took an accurate inventory of provisions on hand, and estimated as nearly as they could the amount necessary to support each family during the remainder of the trip. They found that they did not have food enough to complete the journey. To increase their anxiety a storm came up the night before breaking camp, and the next morning they found the surrounding hills covered with snow. A council was held immediately. After a long and anxious discussion it was finally determined that two of their members should press forward to California on horseback, obtain supplies from Captain Sutter and meet the company as far back on the route as possible. A call for volunteers was made. It was answered by William McCutchen of Missouri and C. T. Stanton of Chicago. The former left his family behind, and, it was thought, would be most likely to return; the latter had nothing except his plighted word to bring him back from California with provisions for his compan-

ions. McCutchen was prostrated with sickness soon after his arrival at Sutter's Fort, so that he could not return; Stanton came back and literally gave his life to succor his friends.

Resuming their journey after the departure of McCutchen and Stanton, the company probably followed Grouse Creek from the border of the desert and struck the old emigrant trail on the Humboldt about the last of September. At Gravelly Ford, on the 5th of October, a quarrel between John Snyder and Reed resulted in blows, a knife thrust and the death of the former. Although Reed seems to have acted in self-defense, the deceased had been so popular with members of the company—he was engaged to Mary Graves, a daughter of one of the most prominent families—that his murderer was banished from their midst. Bidding his wife and children good-bye, Reed rode on in advance of the party, reached California after enduring untold hardships, and returned later to aid his family, snow bound in the Sierras.

The company continued along the Humboldt to its sink. Here they were delayed a while in a vain attempt to recover twenty-one head of cattle stolen from them by the Indians. An old Belgian, Hardcoop, unable to walk any farther, was left by the roadside to die, and a little later Wolfinger, a German, also perished, not without circumstantial evidence that he had been murdered by some of his countrymen who were with the party. On the 19th of October, near the present town of Wadsworth, Nevada, they met Stanton returning with food. Captain Sutter had provided him with seven mules, five of them loaded with dried beef and flour, and with two Indian guides.

Had the party now pressed forward with energy the result would most certainly have been different. They had at least as good an opportunity to reach California in safety after Stanton joined them with supplies as the Stevens-Murphy company had had along the same route two years earlier. In fact the latter was not so near California on the 19th of October, 1844, as the former was on the same date in 1846. Stevens, however, appears to have been a bold and vigorous leader. This the Donner party did not have.



Tavois.

Instead of pressing forward, the company decided to rest their cattle a few days near the present site of Reno before attempting to cross the mountains. In the meantime they planned to send two others, William Foster and William Pike, in advance to see if additional aid could be procured from the generous-hearted Sutter. While the men were cleaning or loading an old "pepper box" pistol in preparation for

the journey, however, the thing went off and Pike was killed. This accident left a widow and two babies in the camp, and evidently caused the company to lose all interest in seeking further aid.

In the Sierras.

On the 23d of October they resumed their journey. At Prosser Creek, three miles below Truckee, they ran into six inches of snow. This was on the 28th of October. On the summits they found the snow to be five or six feet deep. This frightened the members of the company, and many went far in advance of the main party, struggling to break through the snowy barriers. They could not do it. One cold, drizzly night in the early part of November, after various families and groups of immigrants had spent the day in a vain endeavor to extricate themselves from their perilous situation, they came together and agreed for the first time on a mutual plan of action. On the morrow the mules and cattle were all to be slain and the meat was to be divided among members of the party. The wagons, with their contents, were to be left at Donner Lake, and the entire company was to cross the mountains on foot. During the night, however, a heavy storm came on, and the snow began to fall in large, thick flakes. Day after day and night after night it fell. The mules disappeared, and nearly all of the cattle perished, many of them being literally buried alive beneath branches of the bushiest trees, where they strayed for shelter. The bodies of some of the latter were found by ramming sharpened sticks into the snow around the trunks of the trees. These were recovered and the meat stripped from the bones, and stored away for future use. The cabin built by members of the Stevens-Murphy company was still standing near Donner Lake, the name of which body of water dates from this period—and other crude structures covered with brush and hide were soon erected. Such hasty preparations, however, were entirely inadequate for a winter in the Sierras. November passed and December came, but time brought only death for relief. On the 15th of the latter month, a volunteer party of fifteen men and women, known as the "forlorn hope," started across the mountains on hastily improvised snowshoes to seek relief for the company. The experiences of the next few weeks, both of the fifteen and of those at camp, beggar all description. Sufficient to say that in both places, along the snowy trail and in the dreary camp, men, women and children perished, and that the bodies of the dead became the chief article of food for the living. The death scenes and the preparation of this wretched food are subjects which have been too minutely described by former writers. It will not be treated here.

Relief.

The rest of this sad tragedy will be but briefly considered. Only seven, two men and five women, of the unfortunate fifteen, lived to reach Johnson's rancho. They arrived there sometime during the last of January, 1847. They were W. H. Eddy, Wm. Foster, Mrs. S. A. C. Foster, Mrs. F. H. Pike, Mrs. McCutchen, Mrs. Fosdick and Mary Graves. They had left Donner Lake, each with a scanty six days' supply of food; it took them thirty-two days to reach the first settlement. The reader knows already of what their food consisted after the six days' supply had been consumed.

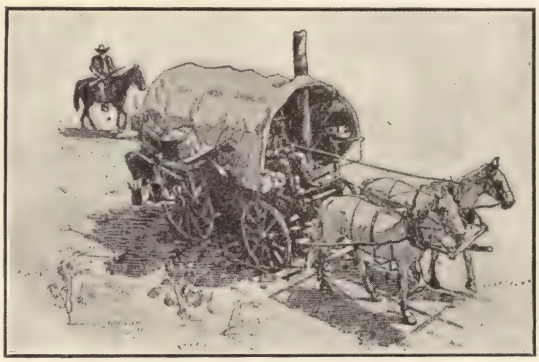
A messenger was sent by Johnson to Sutter's Fort with an urgent appeal for help. Within a week six men, fully provided with supplies, had reached Johnson's rancho, and ten days later the first relief party of fourteen men, amply equipped with food and horses, started for the mountains. On the 19th of February, 1847, footsore and almost exhausted from the superhuman efforts of the last few days, they wended their way into the gorge leading to Donner Lake. The scenes which they

found there—the delirious ravings of the dying, the feeble shouts of joy from the living, the haggard faces of those who dragged themselves from their wretched hovels twenty feet beneath the snow to get a glimpse of the relief party, the emaciated frames of others lying prostrate in their buried cabins, too weak to rise—all these things we must pass over in silence. To rescue all was out of the question. A supply of provisions was left, and with twenty-three immigrants, two of whom were forced to abandon the trip, the relief party started back to Johnson's rancho. From here a report of the condition of those left in the mountains was sent to Sutter's Fort, San Francisco and other places, and assistance was speedily procured. A second relief party reached the lake somewhere about March 1st, and on the 15th a third arrived. When the fourth came on the 7th of April, Louis Keseberg was the sole living occupant. Thirty-nine of the original eighty-seven perished during the winter. After many desperate struggles the survivors were conducted safely over the mountains, and the majority of them settled in the central part of the State of California.

Virginia Reed married John Murphy of the Stevens-Murphy party, and located at San Jose, while Mary Murphy married William Johnson of Yuba County, and was later honored by having Marysville named for her.

Keseberg lived at various places, finally, after the death of his wife, becoming a resident of Brighton, where he spent the rest of his life surrounded by poverty, the cries of his idiotic children, and the unjust loathing of his neighbors.

On the 22d of June, 1847, after the snow had left the valleys and the grass had covered the hillsides, General Kearny and his party halted on the shores of Donner Lake for the purpose of collecting and interring the remains of the dead. A pit was found already dug in one of the cabins, and into this the mutilated corpses were placed, after which the cabins, with everything surrounding them that was connected with the sad catastrophe, were burned to the ground.



One of the earliest makeshift "prairie schooners" used by the early California pioneers in crossing the plains.

(The next and last paper will deal with the conquest of California.)

NIGHT-LORE

BY GRACE E. DOUD

Faint drifting clouds across the distant blue,
Fair dreams of women.
Cold glist'ning stars—the sky's crystal dew,
Chaste tears of women.
Tall pine trees with the night winds sighing through,
Sad loves of women.

WHAT IS FORESTRY?

BY ARTHUR L. DAHL

PROBABLY no movement has made greater progress in this country within the last few years than the one having for its object the conservation of our timber resources. Every article appearing in the public press which discusses our natural resources, is replete with the word "forestry." But what is forestry? Of course we all know that it deals with trees and forests, but what does the term fully imply? Perhaps the person most competent to answer this question is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the man who, as recent head of the Government Forest Service, did more than any one else toward introducing forestry methods into this country. Here is his description of what he believes to be the true character and right field of forestry in the United States:

"In wooded regions forestry has to do with the protection and preservation of forests, but most of all with their use. The prime object of the forester is to make his forest produce wood, and to do that trees must be cut down. But in order to continue producing wood the existence of the forest must be preserved, although the mature trees which help compose it may be removed. Not only so, but the essential condition of the best health and productiveness of a forest is the timely removal of trees ripe for the ax. To put the statement of the same fact in different form, the lumberman and the forester both harvest the forest crop, with this difference: That in most cases the lumberman neither expects a second crop nor tries to provide for it, while the forester always does. Instead of being hostile or divided, as is sometimes mistakenly supposed, the forester and the lumberman are as necessary to each other as the axe and its helve. Without the axe the helve strikes but a weak blow; without the helve the axe is lacking in reach and in direction. In the same way, the forester, without the special knowledge of the lumberman, can never do the effective work in preserving the forests by using them, nor succeed in a money way, while without the methods of the forester the lumberman will speedily exhaust his supplies of timber and disappear with the forests he has destroyed. But working together, lumberman and forester can perpetuate the supply of lumber while saving the forests, and so secure the essential objects of both.

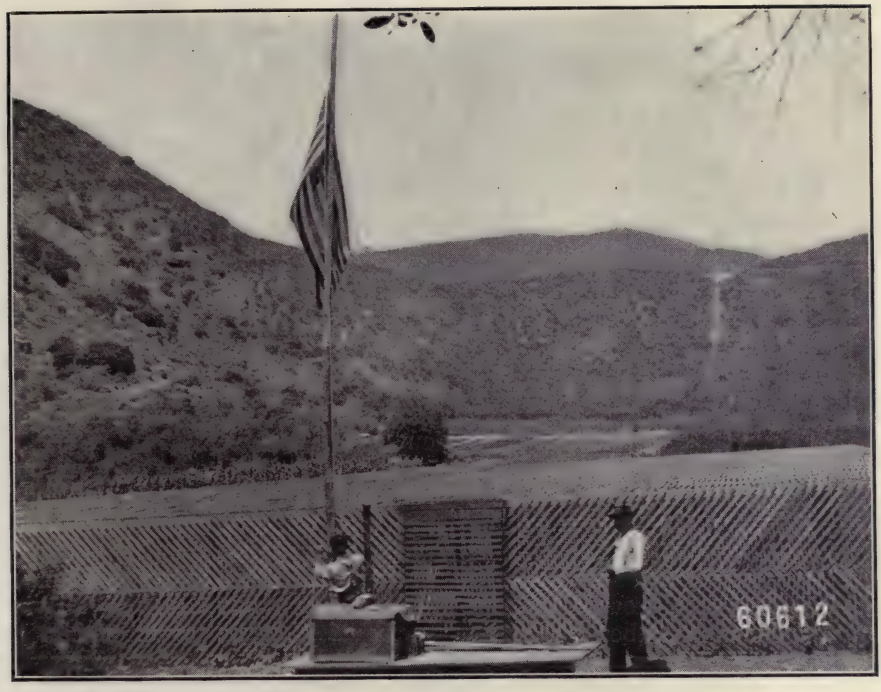
In the dryer regions of the West, where the timber is confined to the mountains and the river bottoms, the duties of the forester are somewhat different. There water is as important as wood, so that the protection of the mountain forests has a double use. In addition, there is the broad question of tree planting in the plains and the treeless valleys. At first blush such work might seem to fall outside the province of the forester, on the ground that it has to do with trees and not with forests. But when it is remembered that protection and wood supply are the two objects of the work, and how important a public service may be rendered by the introduction of better trees and better ways of planting them, it appears at once that this also is one of the tasks of true forestry."

As agriculture deals with the production of food crops, so forestry is, in the first instance, concerned in the production of wood crops. This wood



A forest under scientific cultivation.

crop, when produced, may be valuable for many different purposes, dependent upon the surrounding conditions. In one locality, the highest value which the forest possesses is measured by what the timber will bring after being converted into lumber. In another, its chief value lies in the by-products which are derived from the trees, such as in the turpentine orchards of Florida, while in another its chief value is found to be the conservation of water. It is only during the past few years that this last phase of the forest's value has been given any particular attention in this country, but public interest, once aroused, rapid progress has been made toward protecting our watersheds, particularly in the West, where large irrigation districts are located. To the old-time lumberman the forest possessed but one value, and that value was measured by the number of dollars that could be secured by cutting down all the timber indiscriminately and utilizing only such portions of the trunks as were suitable for the higher grades of lumber. This method of cutting timber was termed "destructive lumbering" because no regard was had to the future growth of the forest, nor to the entire utilization of all the wood. The trees were cut three or four feet from the ground, leaving a high stump, containing valuable lumber, to decay and serve as fuel to the first forest fire that swept along. Only the trunks of trees were used, the limbs being abandoned. Those trees which were too small to be cut, were broken down and injured by the felling of the larger ones, no precautions being taken to protect the young growth. The tops and unused portions of the trees were allowed to lie where they were thrown, to become dry and a constant fire menace. The footsteps of the lumbermen were usually dogged by the greedy flames of a forest fire, that would sweep through the high piles of refuse re-



A successful government nursery, Southern California.

maining after the cutting, destroying whatever form of vegetation had escaped the woodman's axe, leaving the country barren and wasted. Nor was this usually all, for if the cut-over area happened to be upon the sides of steep mountains, as they usually were, the first heavy rains would cause the soil to wash and erode, sweeping tons of earth and stones down to fill up the streams in the valleys, causing the disastrous floods which yearly occur along our great rivers.

The practice of forestry changes all this. It does not mean that the trees should not be cut, but it does mean that no tree should be cut until it has reached its maturity, unless its removal is necessary in thinning out a forest.

Even when mature, some trees should not be cut if their cutting would mean injury to some other industry of greater value than that derived from the lumber in them. While the tree is growing to maturity, forestry seeks for ways to facilitate the growth by improving the surrounding conditions. This is often done by thinning out some of the inferior trees, where the growth is too dense; removing and combating the ravages of injurious fungus and insects; by the prevention of fires, and by seeing that the best species are given a chance to grow, as against trees of an inferior species.

Forestry allows the harvesting of the wood crop in such a manner that all the mature timber can be cut without endangering the young growth, or the reforestation of the area. Reproduction is the aim of the practiced forester. His constant effort is not only to improve the present crop, but provide for a future crop as well. If left to herself, and the danger from fire be eliminated, Nature would provide a forest growth on land capable of growing trees, but that growth would not always be the best growth, nor produce the finest and most valuable timber. In such a case, the forester would improve the quality, and even quantity, of the wood by practice

of forestry principles. In a forest left entirely to natural conditions, a valuable and a worthless tree may grow side by side. If unmolested, in many cases the worthless tree, owing to a faster growth, would crowd out the valuable one, or at least hamper its fullest development.

Under these conditions the forester would step in to remove the inferior species, allowing the valuable one to continue its growth unhampered.

To insure proper reproduction, the forester will leave standing a certain proportion of seed trees, even though those trees are fully mature and valuable for timber. The practical lumberman, on the other hand, would have a thought only for the lumber in the tree, and cut it down.

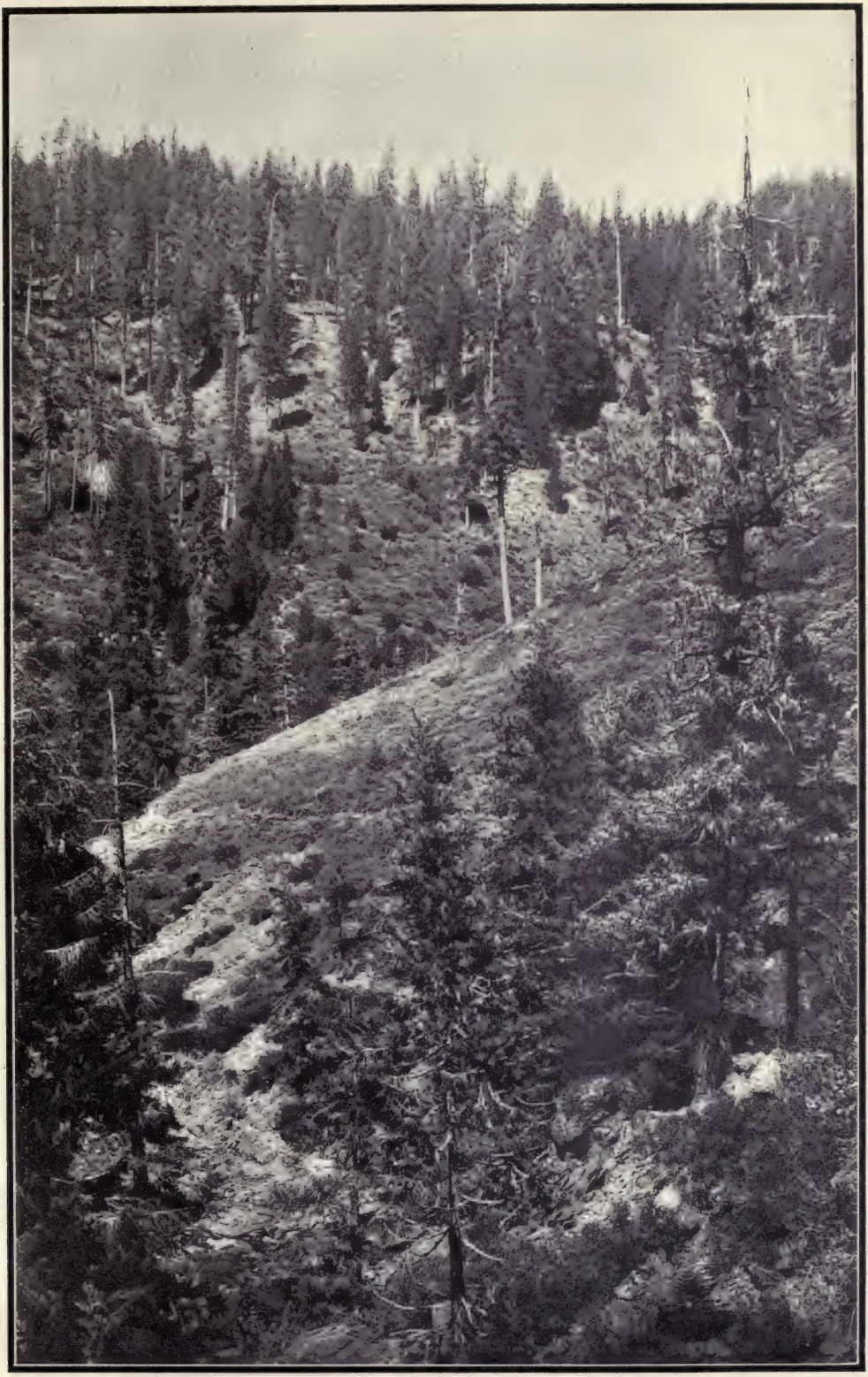
In a tract managed under forestry principles, the results would show not only in the standing timber, but in the utilization of the trees cut down. Whereas the lumberman would take only the "clear" stuff in the trunk, the forester would work up not only the trunk, but portions of the limbs as well. In fact, one of the most valuable practices of forestry is the prevention of waste in lumbering. By the discovery of new uses for inferior grades of lumber, as well as methods for artificially improving their quality, the forester has practically doubled the quantity of merchantable lumber derived from a tree. Take, for instance, the work of the Forest Service: Within that Service there are about a dozen distinct and independent lines of research and experimental work being carried on, covering practically the entire field of forestry. Each successful result of some experiment means either the saving of our existing timber supply, or the utilization of some formerly worthless portions of the tree. By scientific methods the timber cut for lumber is fully utilized and the standing growth is not injured by the lumbering operations. By experiments in the preservative treatment of timbers the life of the ordinary railroad tie, telegraph pole, piling and similar classes of timbers, has been doubled or trebled, and many varieties of inferior trees have been made into splendid substitutes for higher species which are fast disappearing.

Several years ago a member of the Forest Service devised an improved method of securing turpentine from the Florida pines. The old method of tapping the tree resulted, after a few years, in either killing the tree or weakening it to such an extent that it was easily blown down, and threatened eventually to wipe out the entire industry. The new method not only increases the supply, but is not injurious to the tree.

Though the influence of trees upon rainfall is a much mooted question, it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that tree growth has an important influence upon other forms of vegetable life. On the great plains, a windbreak of trees serves to protect the growing grain not only from the heavy winds accompanying the storms but also the rapid evaporation of moisture, by checking the air currents that sweep across the flat country.

An additional object of forestry is the creation of tree growth on areas denuded by natural or artificial causes. This reforestation work, though exceedingly expensive, has been found by experience to be well worth the effort, provided that conditions are not too unfavorable. In the United States during the last few years, numerous government nurseries have been established at various points in the West, where large quantities of trees are raised and transplanted to sites selected by experienced men. This work has progressed far enough to insure beneficial results. One of the largest of these nurseries is located in Southern California, and the entire product of this nursery is used in reforestation work on neighboring areas.

Undoubtedly the greatest enemy the forest has is fire, and hence one of the principal duties of the forester is to devise means to prevent and combat them. In the United States more timber is annually destroyed by fire than



Mountain side swept out by brush fires.



"Pickling" fence posts to preserve their life.

is cut for use. This drain upon the forest has done more than anything else to bring about the timber famine which now threatens our people, for it has been estimated that our supply of timber will be exhausted in about forty years, at the present rate of consumption. While, of course, practically none of these fires can be traced directly to the lumbering industry, yet it is only too true that many of the most disastrous fires occur on newly logged-over areas as a result of the reckless lumbering methods pursued by some companies in allowing refuse resulting from the cutting to remain undisposed of. The forester, in his campaign against forest fires, proceeds along two different lines. His first efforts are to prevent those fires by keeping his timbered area free from inflammable refuse; by constant patrol; by the construction of numerous trails, rendering the area accessible, and by the building of firebreaks to restrict fires to the smallest possible compass, and prevent their spread to surrounding territory. If fires do occur, the next step is to so organize the available force of men to fight the fires most effectually. To this end, on all the National Forests, rangers are maintained, whose principal duty during the dry season, when the greatest danger from fires exists, is to patrol their districts and watch for fires. These men have learned by experience the best method of fighting fires; they are familiar with the country, and know how to reach any particular spot in the shortest possible time. They are furnished with ample supplies of tools, which are stored in chests at various points, and they know where to go for assistance in time of fires. If persuasion fails, they have sufficient authority to compel able-bodied men to help fight fires.

Forestry has been practiced in many of the foreign countries for centuries, and in a recent government bulletin, prepared by Treadwell Cleveland, Jr., of the Forest Service, describing the progress of forestry abroad, the author states that in a comparison of the various countries, two facts stand out prominently. First, that those countries which have gone farthest in the



Sierra Mountain sides covered with thousands of miles of the best timber on the continent.

practice of forestry are the ones which to-day are most prosperous, which have the least proportion of waste land, and which have the most promising futures. Second, those countries which spend most upon their forests receive from them the greatest net returns.

The following is a brief synopsis of the progress of forestry in foreign countries:

German forestry is remarkable in that it leads in scientific thoroughness, and it has applied this scientific knowledge with the greatest technical success, having solved the problem of securing, through a long series of years, an increasing forest output and increasing profits at the same time. In spite of its splendid forestry policy, however, Germany is compelled to import one-sixth of the wood used. As a striking contrast to our policy of annually using three times as much timber as we grow, Germany allows no more wood to be cut each year than the forests produce. Germany has nearly 35 million acres of forest land, or a little over 3-5 of an acre for each citizen.

France has about 18 per cent of its area under forest, and supplies about one-third of the home demand. The State forests yield a clear profit of over four million dollars a year. The great achievement of France in forestry has been the establishment of protective forests where much destruction has been caused by floods and winds. During the 18th century many thousands of acres of forest land were cleared, only to find that they were unfit for cultivation, and should have been left to tree growth. During the 19th century the movement to reforest this area was carried forward, and to date more than two and one-half million acres have been reforested. It is estimated that fifty million dollars will be spent on this project before completed.

Switzerland has 2,000,000 acres, or 20.6 per cent of its area in forest, of which more than three-fourths is controlled by the government. The City Forest of Zurich has been managed under a forest working plan since 1680, and is to-day one of the most perfectly managed and profitable forests in the world. It yields on the average a clear annual profit of $12 per acre.

Austria-Hungary is one of the largest exporters of wood in the world, the most of which goes to Germany. Austria has 24 million acres of forest land, while Hungary has 23 million. Private forestry is encouraged by a system of taxation which relieves timber land on which forestry is practiced. Most of the land is in private hands.

Norway has 20 million acres, or 21 per cent of forest lands, of which the State owns about 10 per cent. While at the present time heavy exports are made, the forests are being so rapidly depleted that the supply will not last for long at the present rate of consumption. Norwegian forestry has not progressed very rapidly. While there is a forest service, the officers are few and underpaid.

Sweden has about 50 million acres of forest land, or about 50 per cent of its land area. It stands second in point of wood exports. The State owns or controls about 40 per cent of the forests. Lumbering is carried on much the same as in the United States.

Russia exports more timber than any other country, and has the largest forest area of any country on the globe. The government has long practiced forestry methods in the management of its forests.

India has progressed along forestry lines very rapidly. Its Forest Service is one of the most efficient in the world, while its system of firebreaks is the best to be found anywhere. Twenty-four per cent of the entire area —or 180 million acres—is under forest, of which more than one-third is efficiently protected from fires.

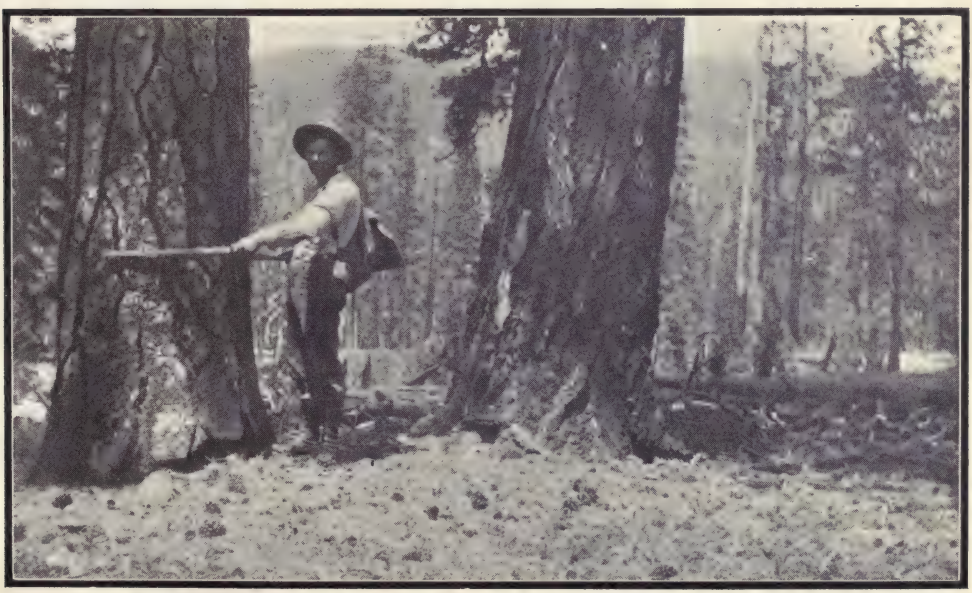
Italy is one of the examples of a country having failed to provide a wise forest policy. Though about 15 per cent of the land area is under forest, yet most of the forests are exceedingly poor, consisting of coppice wood or young stump shoots, suitable only for

fuel or charcoal. One-fourth of all the land is beyond reclamation, mainly as a result of cleared hillsides and the pasturing of goats. The rivers are dry in summer, while in spring they are raging torrents, sweeping the debris down upon the fertile portions of the valleys. An effort has, of late years, been made to improve the forest conditions, but the difficulties to be overcome are enormous.

Japan has nearly 58 million acres, or 59 per cent of its total area, under forest. The Japanese forests have been managed under a forest policy longer than any other country. They were controlled before the birth of Christ, and during the early Christian centuries forest planting on watersheds was enforced by frequent edicts, and the felling of trees was supervised by proper officers. As a result, Japan alone, among the nations, began modern industrial progress with its forests not only unimpaired, but improved after centuries of use. Private forests are under government supervision, and where they protect mountain slopes they can only be cut under permit.

China is the only civilized country which has persistently destroyed its forests. Trees have been left only where they could not be reached. Every bit of woody substance is utilized, and even shrubs are used for the making of charcoal. Nor is this true only of wood, but in certain portions of China, especially in the East, the grass is cropped so short by grazing animals that it has been practically killed out. The result has been not only a shortage of wood and forage, but the water supply is being decreased to an alarming extent.

Canada has 260 million acres of commercial forests, though more than twice that area is classed as woodland. More than two million tons of wood are exported each year, or twice the amount exported by the United States. A protective fire service is maintained by the government, and reforestation is encouraged by millions of seedlings being furnished free to settlers who desire to plant them out. More than two hundred and three million acres of Canada's forests are within Forest Reserves.



A forest ranger on his daily rounds.

THE JAPANESE COMPLIMENTED

BY C. T. RUSSELL, Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."—Joshua 24:15.

TOKIO, JAPAN.—I am deeply impressed with the great progress the Japanese nation has made, which is manifest on every hand. But I fear that here, as in civilized lands, some of the progress is injurious. The Japanese and every other people need a faith ballast. It is necessary to strength of character and a permanent civilization. Without it, in a little while the whole world will be swept into anarchy. Indeed, I foresee that awful condition approaching rapidly—in Europe, in America and here in Japan.

Laments the Lack of Faith Ballast.

The basis of anarchy is a lack of faith ballast: and alas! our wonderful schools, with their fine equipments, are the real cause of the condition which is approaching. In Europe and America this infidelity is glossed over with the name of Higher Criticism, but here I see that the Japanese more candidly label it Agnosticism and Atheism. It appalls me to find that the progress of Japanese scholars from Shintoism, Confucianism and Buddhism has not been toward Christianity, but toward total unbelief. I have been handed a report from three of the Japanese schools which has made me heart-sick. Out of a total of four hundred and nine students, four professed Christianity, seventeen the religion of their fathers, sixty declared themselves Atheists, two hundred and eighty-two registered as Agnostics, and forty-six were so bewildered as to be non-committal.

Alas, even the proverbial Japanese politeness, gentleness, kindness of character and willingness to die for their Emperor cannot exist long under the influence of such a lack of faith ballast. And what the Japanese scholars of to-day believe will surely reflect in their masses shortly. And I am bound in candor to admit that a very similar condition of things prevails throughout Europe and America. The outlook is ominous indeed.

War and Rapine Not Noble Objects.

Whatever we may be, the closing of one year and the opening of another furnishes a favorable opportunity for retrospection as well as for good resolutions. The greatest power in the universe is the power of the will, and we are all learning how important a matter it is that our own wills and the wills of our fellow creatures be rightly directed. It is in line with this thought that the wise man declared that "Greater is a man that ruleth his own spirit than he who conquers a city;" and "As a man willeth in his heart, so is he."—Proverbs 16:32; 23:7.

Of old, Alexander the Great willed to be the conqueror of the world, and at a cost of wealth and streams of blood he accomplished wonders. We are gradually learning, however, that war and rapine are not sufficiently noble objects for the human ambition and will. Instead, the bright minds of the world are turning toward the conquering of the earth. Highways are cast up, rails are laid, trains are run, mountains are pierced, rivers are spanned with bridges, and the human will is using steam and electrical power in every direction in a marvelous manner. I am not emphasizing these well known facts so common to our observation, but calling attention to the *will* behind all these results, without which they could not be attained.

And what is thus noted in the achievements of the world reminds us that we each and all have wills, which should be rightly directed and forcefully exercised in all of our personal affairs, our lives, our ambitions, our family and social attainments. A

will-less man is a good-for-naught How important, then, it is that all of our wills should be wisely, rightly directed, that our lives may be made as successful and useful as possible, for the glory of our Creator and for the welfare of our fellows, as well as for our own sakes! I suggest, therefore, in harmony with the above text, that we "choose this day" our course for the remainder of the year; yea, for life, and, finding that we have chosen wisely, that we bend every energy to the out-working of that resolution or will.

Japan a Flowery Kingdom.

This choice does not necessarily mean that all must turn right about face and go in the opposite direction to that in which we have been going. I am not a believer in the theory of man's total depravity. Wherever I travel I perceive marks of sin, depravity, human imperfection, weakness, but I also perceive evidences of good intentions, good endeavors, noble resolves.

Is it not because sin at the present time is profitable, advantageous, pleasurable, or *seems* to be one or all of these, that it is sought after, desired and given so large a control in human affairs? Is not this true because we are now under the domination of the Prince of Darkness, the Prince of this world, whom the Scriptures declare shall be bound for a thousand years and deceive the nations no more, by putting light for darkness?

When the deception shall pass away and mankind shall see clearly the joys and rewards of righteousness, will they not prefer them? And if in that glorious Epoch right-doing brings blessing and pleasure, and wrong-doing brings all the disadvantages and stripes, may we not expect that the majority of humanity will seek righteousness, seek harmony with God, and thus seek the joys and blessings of Divine favor and everlasting life?

My brief stay in Japan has given me a keen appreciation of what the Japanese have already attained as a people—entirely aside from Christianity. I perceive many things in Japan closely connected with their religious customs, which put to the blush certain conditions prevalent in Europe and America, where Christianity has been dominant for centuries. We are to acknowledge the good wherever we see it, and so now I freely acknowledge that I perceive amongst the Japanese people an esthetic taste, a gentleness of demeanor and a loyalty of heart which I fully appreciate, even though these qualities came to the Japanese, not through Christianity, but through Shintoism and Buddhism. Indeed, I must apologize for much of the rudeness and crudeness of the so-called Christian nations, of which the Japs have heard through their learned men, and of which they know something through contact with the soldiers and sailors of these lands who come to their ports.

I would have the Japanese understand, if I could, that the teachings of Christianity cover every form of courtesy, gentleness, brotherly kindness and hospitality. The very key-note of Christ's instruction to His followers is love, out of a pure heart—and that each should do unto his neighbor as he would that his neighbor should do to him. The fruits and graces of the Holy Spirit of Christ are prominently set forth in the Bible—meekness, gentleness, patience, long-suffering, faith, hope, joy, love.

I should like the Japanese to know that while these qualities are very generally ignored amongst the representatives of Christendom, there are, nevertheless, faithful disciples of Jesus who study daily to put into practice all these qualities marked by Divine approval. The difference seems to be that these esthetic qualities or graces have become a national trait in Japan, while in Christendom, so-called, they are practiced only by a proportionately small number, the remainder rather boasting of and cultivating qualities the reverse of these, as more helpful in the battle for life and for money which is manifest everywhere among them.

I find myself unable to agree with the teachings of the missionaries which have reached Japan, however honest some of them may have been. Knowing that an essential feature of Shintoism is reverence for deceased ancestors, many missionaries, I fear, have done violence to the tenderest feelings and most deeply seated convictions of the Japanese when they told them that their ancestors, instead of being objects of worship, are damned of God, and have begun their experience of a torture which will last to all eternity, because they did not know, and therefore did not accept, Jesus Christ as their Messiah and Savior, and did not become His followers.

Disagrees with Missionaries.

I will not discuss the sincerity of these brethren in thus doing violence to the sacred and tender sentiments of the Japanese people. I will merely say that to my understanding they have misinterpreted our great Creator's Plan and the explanation thereof furnished us in our sacred Scriptures. Instead, I give the people the Bible Message, that their forefathers, whom they so deeply venerate, are, according to the Bible, asleep in death, sweetly resting from all labor, strife, vexation and turmoil, awaiting the morning light of a New Epoch.

That glorious period, when they will be awakened and come forth under more favorable conditions than the present, under a reign of righteousness and to a clear knowledge of the Truth, is to be inaugurated by the coming of Christ, the world's Messiah. He comes to establish His Kingdom and to overthrow the Prince of Darkness. He comes to break the shackles of ignorance and sin, sickness and death, and to set mankind free from these. His Kingdom will set up the glorious standard of righteousness and truth and render every assistance possible for humanity to come into harmony with the Divine will.

In that glorious Day, which, I believe, is very near at hand, everything that the Japanese and their ancestors have learned in harmony with meekness, gentleness, patience, long suffering, brotherly kindness, love, will be that much of an assistance in their uplift toward the full perfection of the Divine requirement of character. And similarly be it noted, those who have failed to cultivate these heart and character qualities, whether they were Japanese or nominal Christians, will have that much whereof to be ashamed and to overcome and rectify.

Does Not Wish to Be Misunderstood.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not ignoring the fundamental Christian doctrine that "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures," and "rose again for our justification." I am affirming that doctrine and carrying it to its legitimate conclusion. The Bible, the inspired authority of Christendom, clearly teaches that the sacrificial death of Jesus, the Just for the unjust, was not for a mere handful, but for the entire race. That sacrificial death took place more than four thousand years after Adam's sin, but it is to be made efficacious for Adam and all of his race—not merely for those who have heard the Message of Divine grace, nor merely for those who have lived since the sacrifice took place, but as the Bible declares, "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."—Hebrew 2:9.

Another Scripture distinctly shows that the Divine favor and blessing resulting from Jesus' death are not only to be a benefit to the Church, to those who now believe and walk in the footsteps of the Redeemer, but will ultimately benefit all the remainder of mankind. Thus we read, "He is a propitiation (satisfaction) for our sins (the Church's sins), and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."—1 John 2:2. All mankind, therefore, must ultimately receive a benefit, a blessing, as a result of Jesus' death. This is the method God has adopted for the fulfillment of His glorious promise of thirty-five hundred years ago to Abraham—to which promise our Creator gave His oath,

that we might have strong consolation and faith in its fulfillment. The promise is that "All the families of the earth shall be blessed," and, additionally, that the blessing shall come to them through Abraham's Seed.

Christendom's Great Mistake.

The great mistake made by Christendom has been in overlooking the fact that God's great work thus far has been only the finding of the promised Seed of Abraham, through whom the blessing will reach all peoples. Primarily, this gracious offer was made to Abraham's natural posterity, the nation of Israel, if they could keep perfectly the terms of their Law Covenant. But they were unable so to do because, like the remainder of the race, they were fallen, imperfect. Then it was that God revealed to them that He would send them a Savior, Who would deliver them from their own weakness and use them in carrying the blessing and favor to the whole world.

In due time, God sent His Son, Jesus, to be the Redeemer. Jesus left the glory which He had with the Father and humbled Himself to human nature, yea, even to death, the ignominious death of the Cross. Thus doing, He provided the Ransom-Price for the sins of the whole world, for the penalty upon the race was a death penalty, the result of one man's disobedience. Thus the death of a Just One for the unjust is sufficient to constitute a satisfaction of the Divine Law, the redemption of the race from its death sentence. Thus was secured to all an opportunity for resurrection: "As by a man came death, by a Man also comes the resurrection of the dead; for as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive, every man in his own order"—not all at once.—1 Corinthians 15:21-23.

Jesus, the Redeemer, having finished His sacrifice, was returned to heavenly glory at the right hand of Divine Majesty, far superior to angels, etc. He is now ready for His great work.

Why the delay, do you ask? The Scriptures very clearly inform us that a special, saintly class, to be gathered out of all nations, peoples, kindreds and tongues, is to be associated with the Redeemer in His great work of blessing the world. It is for this foreordained company to be called, chosen and found faithful, that the Messianic Kingdom delays. It is my opinion that the delay is nearly over—that very soon the last member of the glorious company will have passed beyond the veil, and that then, forthwith, the sufferings of The Christ, Head and body, being ended, Messiah's glorious Kingdom will begin.

What Israel Did Not Obtain.

St. Paul points us to the fact that the Jewish Age, up to the time of Jesus, accomplished a great moral uplift in that nation, but that the nation as a whole was not saintly, and hence as a whole, could not be the Redeemer's associates in His Messianic Kingdom. When Messiah came to His own and they received Him not, but crucified him, they, as a nation, were rejected from Divine favor for a time. But some of them were Israelites indeed—some of them received Jesus, became His disciples, and were accepted of God by the begetting of the Holy Spirit, at and after Pentecost, to be members of the House of Sons—members of spiritual Israel.

Since then Divine Providence has been selecting the saintly ones from every nation under heaven, to complete this spiritual Israel. Thus St. Paul declares again: "If ye be Christ's then are ye Abraham's Seed, and heirs according to the promise"—the promise that all the families of the earth shall be blessed through this Seed.—Galatians 3:16-29.

So to-day and always, I urge a recognition of the power of the will, and the importance of its proper exercise in choosing the best things—the things represented in Christ and His glorious Gospel of the Love of God. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"—God or Mammon.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

QUITE the most important book of the last thirty years to contribute new and history-making material on the birth and pioneer days of the State of California is the "Life of Edward Fitzgerald Beale." Stephen Bonsal evidently traced the career of this "pioneer in the path of empire" through the three hundred and five pages with eager interest, for throughout there is that eager, thrilling pursuit from adventure to adventure, and from hardship through various tribulations to success which marks the writer in thorough sympathy with the spirit and ambitions of the West. It is the story of one of the most prominent of the California argonauts, and the story is a notable and appreciated addition to the meagre records of the pioneers which escaped the great San Francisco conflagration of April, 1906.

The early background of American history covered by the book from 1822 to 1903, contains the names of the most famous men connected with the conquest of the great West, Fremont, the pathfinder, Commodore Stockton, Phil Kearny, Kit Carson, Brigham Young, General Grant, President Diaz of Mexico, then an ambitious soldier struggling for advancement, General William T. Sherman, and scores of big figures that afterwards loomed large in severing the State of California from Mexico, and shaping its destiny into the Union. Beale played an active and very prominent part in this history-making epoch. It was through his contrivance that the mysterious 8,000 muskets reached the unarmed followers of Juarez and decided the battle of Queretaro, and thus determined the fate of Maximilian in Mexico. Later President Diaz acknowledged Mexico's obligations to General Beale at a banquet in New York, some time before the latter's appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria by President Grant, his staunch friend.

Only a Western argonaut could have encountered the perils, adventures and picturesque experiences which fell to young Beale, a Jacksonian midshipman at fourteen, in the three score and ten years which intervened till he reached the classic days in his beautiful Washington home, the counselor and friend of President Grant, Senator Blaine, Senator Chandler, Vice-President Arthur and the other leading spirits of that day. In those seventy-one years he had been a midshipman, had been sent on secret missions by Commodore Stockton in the mysterious diplomatic maneuvres between Mexico and the United States for that rich territory bordering the Pacific, and which frustrated British plans of a like object; he had been the solitary companion of Kit Carson through the mountain gaps and wildernesses in carrying messages between Washington and those doughty champions, fighting to get control of the great territory of California. On these trips he met and fought the Indians, hazarding his life daily against cold and starvation and deadly enemies, and experienced the gruelling hardships known only to the pathfinders and frontiersmen of the West.

Beale carried the first gold across the continent from Mexico, and it proved to be such an amazing sight in New York that P. T. Barnum worked every influence to obtain it for exhibition. At this period Lieutenant Beale's adventures were accounted so wonderful that Bayard Taylor dedicated his book on California to him. His fame brought him other honors, too: President Fillmore appointed him general superintendent of Indian affairs for California and Nevada, and Congress appropriated $250,000 to carry out his original plans for the protection of the Indians on reservations. His experi-

ences in gathering the savage tribes and locating them on their reservations were the wonder of that period, replete as it was in Aladdin-like stories of the unknown West. In this period of his life he passed through a series of kaleidoscopic experiences with Mormons, bandits, cattle rustlers, Mexicans and slave drivers. It was while trying to solve the problem of transportation on the southern deserts of New Mexico and Arizona that Beale, then a Brigadier-General, conceived the idea of bringing camels from Egypt. Secretary of State Jefferson Davis backed his plans, and that experiment explains how the present herds of mysterious camels sometimes met with on those deserts were introduced there. Beale's early journals of that locality are now considered invaluable to historians. The routes and trails he made in the early '50's are now the chosen routes of the great Overland trains. This exploration and constructive work in laying the hand of the government at Washington more firmly on the new Western territory brought General Beale into intimate touch with the administration, and shortly after his election President Lincoln appointed him Surveyor-General for California and Nevada. The overshadowing influence of that hour was secession. Lincoln gave General Beale special instructions and authority, and despatched him West to do everything in his power to keep California in the union ranks. Much of the private correspondence between them was destroyed in the big San Francisco fire, but enough remains in other hands to show how serious was the situation, and how delicately and successfully it was handled.

After the Civil War, General Beale resigned the office of Surveyor-General and retired to his Tejon rancho, of some 100,000 acres in extent, in the upper San Joaquin Valley, to enjoy a well earned rest. There he kept open house and entertained friends and guests by the score, after the open hearted manner of the early Mexican grandees. For years the ranch was the visiting headquarters of the early argonauts and old frontiersmen who had done so much to lay the substantial foundation of the West. Hardy as they were, they passed with the years. In the early seventies, General Beale purchased a handsome residence in Washington, where he went annually to meet the old military and naval leaders and the statesmen with whom he had become intimately acquainted during the thrilling days of the Civil War.

The seventeen illustrations are from old lithographs, and after their manner faithfully depict the old landmarks.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th street, New York. Price, $2.00.

"The Terrible Meek."

Charles Rann Kennedy's memorable play, "The Servant in the House," has had a success both upon the stage and as a book, which can only be explained as due to the union of rare inspiration with altogether exceptional skill of workmanship. "The Servant in the House" proved to be something more than the sensation of a season. It was popular as no book or drama depending upon mere novelty can be popular. It has taken a permanent place as a play that expresses a big and appealing idea. "The Servant in the House" is remembered as great novels are remembered.

The appearance of Mr. Kennedy's new play, "The Terrible Meek," is no commonplace literary event. "The Terrible Meek" has just been published by the Harpers. Readers of this drama, which is as wonderfully adapted both to the stage and to private reading as was "The Servant in the House" will expect to be startled. Mr. Kennedy has the knack of startling us in the right way. In other words, he has strong, warm convictions, and he uses his dramatic originality to enforce them most surprisingly and effectively. "The Terrible Meek" is a one-act drama, which is

played, almost to the end, upon a darkened stage. Before the curtain rises, a bell from some distant place of worship tells the hour—nine brazen notes. There is a heavy peal of thunder, then a mighty howling of wind blended with a confused clamor of voices and the hurrying of many feet. The scene gives the impression of moorlands and desolate places.

After the curtain has gone up, there is silence for a moment, broken at length by the sound of a woman weeping bitterly. She is a peasant woman, and with her is a man—apparently a captain in the British army. There has been a political execution upon this spot: the woman's son has been put to death. The captain says: "My God! this is awful! I can't stand it!" The woman answers him. His conscience is aroused, and in the dialogue that ensues the cruelty and horror of the thing that has been done is expressed by words full of bitterness and pathos. At last the woman, even in the depth of her grief, forgives him, for it appears that he has only acted under orders. His excuse is the usual excuse for legalized killing—a vague necessity which nobody is bound to explain. Government, judge, executioner —all have acted under orders and from a supposed sense of duty.

While the man and woman are talking, a soldier comes up—just a plain British soldier, speaking a broad Cockney dialect. He tells the captain that the general has "another job" for them like the last. The captain flatly refuses to obey orders. Just then it begins to grow light. The soldier says: "Look, sir; wot did I tell yer? It's coming light again." "Eternally!" exclaims the captain.

It would be unfair to the reader to spoil the effect of Mr. Rann Kennedy's climax by an attempt at description. It is enough to say that the simple coming of the light upon this scene is more impressive and affecting than any words could be. It tells more than many pages of a novel could tell. The whole meaning of the play is summed up in a flash.

"The Terrible Meek." Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The House of Pride."

Beginning with the title and running through to the last word, every one of the six stories which compose this book grips the reader. Honolulu, Molokai, the lepers' island, and others of the Hawaiian group, afford splendid setting for the tales. The stories are typical of London's work, both in material and handling. The most inventive imagination could hardly conjure incidents more full of terror, scenes more amazing or grotesque. The characters, ranging from the ultra-exclusive set known as the "missionary crowd," through humble American New Englanders, to the unhappy victims of leprosy, demonstrate Mr. London's versatility and skill. Nature is pictured in some of her gentlest and also her most relentless moods, and human beings seem akin to ninepins, set up by Life and knocked down in the swift game by Death. In the lives of the people of the island group the tragic and the gruesome are so frequent that they become almost commonplace. And these things are told in the fewest possible words, in the shortest possible sentences, with the least waste of verbal energy. Mr. London's plain words and his plain way of using them are best fitted to the tales he tells. He has chosen the medium and technique that belongs to his subject, conveying the impression he seeks with the least possible friction. In each of these stories is the unmistakable London touch which is so strongly individual as to defy imitation. Mr. London is a representative American short story writer, and this volume shows that his pen has lost nothing of that virility which first brought him into public favor.

"The House of Pride," by Jack London. Decorated cloth, 12mo., $1.20 net. The Macmillan Company, New York, Publishers.

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